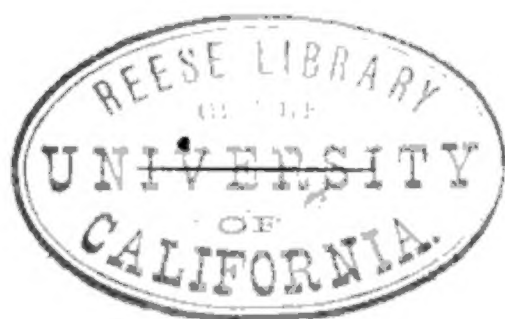


**THE BRITISH
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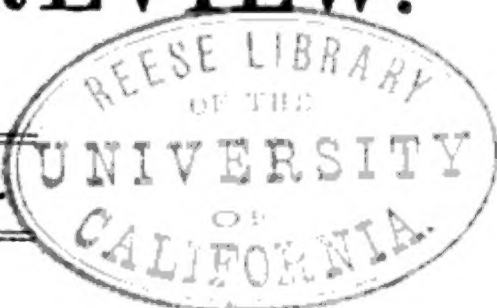
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ART. I.—(1) *Ωριγένους Φιλοσοφούμενα ἢ κατὰ πασῶν αἱρέσεων ἔλεγχος. Origenis Philosophumena sive omnium hæresium refutatio. E codice Parisino nunc primum ed.* EMMANUEL MILLER, Oxonii e Typographeo Academico. 1851.

(2.) *Hippolytus and His Age; or, the Doctrine and Practice of the Church of Rome under Commodus and Alexander Severus: and Ancient and Modern Christianity and Divinity compared.* By CHRISTIAN CHARLES JOSIAS BUNSEN, D.C.L. Four vols. 8vo. Longman. 1852.

ON the whole, these volumes form one of the most interesting and valuable contributions made to our ecclesiastical literature for many years past. We say this at the commencement, because, much as we value the properly historical material of the work, there is not a little in the preliminary and philosophical matter conjoined or mixed up with it, to which we feel that we must, however reluctantly, take decided exception. In some other respects the publication is of a sort not easy to be dealt with either by a reviewer or by a reader. Like many books of a German origin, with a great appearance of analysis and system, there is really a great want of both. Its matter is nearly of all sorts, and from all time; and though classed according to some apparent laws of affinity, to become acquainted with its material of one kind, you must make your way through material of all kinds. It is a work to be studied and collated—not merely to be read. It is made up of fragments, and for the fragments you wish to bring together you must pass from volume to volume, from preface to preface, and through books, chapters, and sections, such as in the course of our reading have proved to us a very forest of bewilderment. The purpose of the writer is not merely to give us Hippolytus and his age, but to view that age in its relation to the primitive age, which had not long since preceded,

and in relation to the ages of marvellous change which have followed. It is a work, accordingly, which meddles, not only with all church history, but with general history, and is full of material relating to man at large, and especially to the state of philosophy and religion in Christendom during the last eighteen centuries.

To assist the reader in making an intelligent use of the lore of all descriptions thus laid before him, Dr. Bunsen has assigned a considerable space in the second of these volumes to 'Aphorisms on the Philosophy of the History of Mankind, and in particular on the History of Religion.' His hope is, that by the assistance thus furnished, persons not much initiated into the mysteries of German speculation and criticism will be able to discern a path through the maze of things which he has presented to them. Dr. Bunsen speaks at times very respectfully, even affectionately, of the English people, among whom his lot has been so long, and, as he assures us, on the whole, so pleasantly cast. But the tone of his observations about us differs in different places. Upon occasions, his patience and temper seem nearly exhausted by our strange obtuseness in relation to matters which, to him, are not only clear as crystal, but more precious than rubies. Our profane disposition to laugh at some of the higher thinking of his countrymen, in place of doing them a sincere worship on account of it, is especially unacceptable to him; and these 'Aphorisms' appear to be given forth in the full confidence that by an effort to translate some of these high thoughts into a little plain English for our benefit, we may be led to see that modes of speculation about which we have been disposed to indulge in more jesting than is convenient, are really such as we should do well to ponder.

Before we proceed, then, to our examination of the general contents of these volumes, we shall bestow a little attention on these preliminary 'Aphorisms.' It is fair to suppose, from the importance attached to them, that they may consist of new truth, and truth as valuable as it is novel; but remembering some of our experiences in this path, we feel that it is just possible, after all, that they should consist only of very old truth under a new garb, or even of old errors, putting on the semblance of truths. We have wished, we can truly say, simply to ascertain how the matter stands in these respects, as regards the principles here laid down as embracing the rules of that higher criticism, and the substance of that more profound philosophy, which, in the judgment of Dr. Bunsen, are deserving of our gravest consideration.

The first section of the 'Aphorisms,' embracing more than a fourth of the whole, is intitled, 'Problems, Methods, and Difficulties,' words which suggest little as to what follows, inas-

much as they may relate to problems, methods, and difficulties, of any conceivable description. Our author begins by stating that the wisest men, in the most enlightened nations, have ever been convinced that the affairs of this world are carried on upon the principles of an inscrutable moral order; that this sentiment, being the sentiment of humanity, must be true; that every section in history has, in consequence, a relativeness to universal history; and that Judaism and Christianity are in harmony with this view. We believe the case to be as thus stated—have always so believed. But our author does not stop here. It being admitted that the Governor of the universe is ever working according to a plan, it is insisted that man must be capable of understanding that plan, and competent to give forth the true interpretation thereof.

‘ If there exist a divine rule of human destiny and development in the history of mankind, a philosophy of that history must be possible. For there is no divine rule which does not originate in reason, and which is not essentially reason.

‘ He who grants so much, must also allow that the historian who undertakes to interpret the great hieroglyphic of the times, and to restore the stray sibylline leaves of history, ought to believe, with Pindar, in the divinely-given beginning and end of man. He must at least firmly believe that if there are laws regulating the development of humanity, those laws must be founded on eternal reason.

‘ The truly philosophical historian, therefore, will believe that there is an eternal order in the government of the world, to which all might and power are to become, and do become, subservient; that truth, justice, wisdom, and moderation are sure to triumph; and that where, in the history of individual life, the contrary appears to be the case, the fault lies in our mistaking the beginning for the end. But there scarcely can be any doubt of this truth in the history of nations. There must be a solution for every complication, as certainly as a dissonance cannot form the conclusion of a musical composition. In other words, the philosopher who will understand and interpret history, must really believe that God, not the devil or his punchinello, accident, governs the world.’—vol. ii. pp. 5, 6.

Here we have the old fallacy. Because the thing is true to the Divine reason, it must be true to our reason. Because God knows the matter, *man* must be capable of knowing it. Whatever is dissonant must admit of solution, therefore *man* must be able to give us the solution. We demur to this high *à priori* reasoning on such subjects. The philosophical historian may have a multitude of facts which he can harmonize with such a conception of the Divine government; but he is surrounded by others, scarcely less numerous, which he cannot so harmonize. Our moral intuitions may assure us that the world is governed in the manner alleged—that the foundation is rectitude, and that

the history *will* be progress; but it may be very far beyond the province of our contracted and feeble vision to demonstrate, by an appeal to facts, that the case is so. For ourselves, we never think on this subject without feeling that to reconcile a large department of phenomena with the conclusion thus given by our moral consciousness is not an achievement within our reach. If Dr. Bunsen meant to say no more than that the government of the world is carried on upon principles of moral order, we scarcely need say that he would merely repeat a sentiment old as humanity. But when he proceeds to infer from this fact, that it therefore belongs to our philosophy 'to interpret the great hieroglyphic of the times, and to restore the strayed sibylline leaves of history,' he takes a course in which we dare not follow him. God in history, is a theme to which neither the lights of philosophy nor the interpreters of the Apocalypse will be found equal.

What follows in reference to old Greece, the Hebrews, the Middle Age, and the eighteenth century, gives us no new light. Of course, the Bossuet view of history, which merges humanity in the Hebraic or the priestly, is not the true one. The French, since 1815, are praised, and justly, for the larger and more humanized conception of history which many of their writers have put forth; and the danger of their dealing with religion merely as a form of philosophy, in place of bringing philosophy as a tributary to religion, is faithfully exposed.

'The serious philosopher, who acknowledges and respects Christianity, must make its records and history the subject of critical inquiry, both historical and philosophical, in order to find out in what form it agrees, or does not agree, with philosophy. This form being found to be one most conformable with the mind of its Divine Author, the philosopher ought not merely to prove it theoretically, but to adopt it practically. Otherwise the philosopher will be without religion, or the religious people without philosophy. A religiously disposed philosopher must be a worshipper and an active member of the Christian fellowship. For it is a sad mistake, or a merely defensive provisional position, to suppose that because philosophy now begins in France to take account of the religious element, religion will cease, and be replaced by philosophy. Philosophy must go a step further, and the philosophic mind join conscientiously a religious worship, proposing its reform, if a reform appear necessary. But how can it do so without making an independent, conscientious, and free inquiry into the claims and truths of Christianity?

'This truth has been deeply felt by some younger philosophers of the same school, as Barthélemy de St. Hilaire, Lerminier, Jules Simon, and particularly by Saisset, in his 'Essais sur la Philosophie, et la Religion, du 19^e Siècle' (1848), especially in the second section, which treats of the philosophical school of Alexandria. In all these works there is visible a very marked progress in the positive philosophy of history and of religion.'—Vol. ii. pp. 14, 15.

We must make room for the following extract, as presenting a widely different phase of the French mind from that given in the one preceding.

‘The thoughtful works of these Theodosian apostles in France, exhibit undoubted signs of life. Nothing is, on the other hand, more destructive and distracting than the popular philosophy of France, as it manifests itself in the French novels. The doctrines of the school of Victor Hugo, Balzac, and Alexandre Dumas, are built upon the despairing consciousness of a torn and lacerated age, incapable of believing in anything, although religion is made the principal spice of their fictions. These men sway pre-eminently the reading public of Europe; the rhapsodies of Eugene Sue have shown what power they exercise over the masses of the European people. The spectre of despair, which pervades their songs of death, passes into nine-tenths of the productions of the European stage, particularly into the ever new forms of that sad, barbarous changeling, that favourite of the higher classes of society, the Opera, which has been substituted for the ancient national drama. There the rags of religion are thrown over the spectre of death. Religion is used as a ‘sauce piquante’ of the putrid dish of incredulity. It is a sauce ‘au moyen age à la dernière mode de Paris.’ Organs on the stage instead of flutes, hymns instead of sentimental songs, processions of monks or nuns instead of military shows, are all symptoms of the same elements of destruction which are at work in the age. The public is treated like an expiring frog, wanting galvanic shocks in order that it may experience a sensation of life, or show the symptoms of it: the fulfilment of a true prophecy of Lichtenberg’s (about 1790), that the time would come when people would not eat their roast meat without molten lead. That philosopher prophesied also, that a time was to come when it would be thought as ridiculous to believe in God, as it was then to believe in spectres: to which Heinrich Jacobi said in reply, that another time would come, when men would not believe in God, but would believe in spectres.’—Vol. ii. pp. 15—17.

The fanaticism of the Romanist is not the best weapon to be opposed to these tendencies; and, unhappily, the philosophical spirit in France is not sufficiently a religious spirit to front it with the requisite earnestness. Comte’s philosophy is, of course, the last form of thought to be of any value in such an exigency. Dr. Bunsen makes honourable mention of the lamented Vinet; and before concluding this section gives us his thoughts about the state of philosophical thinking in this country. Here mention is made of the genius of Coleridge, but not a word concerning our Scotch school of metaphysicians, not even of Sir William Hamilton; the only names deemed of any consideration are those of Thomas Carlyle and Frederic Maurice.

These writers are introduced, it must be remembered, as being of the class who throw some light on the ‘Philosophy of the History of Mankind,’ and particularly on ‘the History of

Religion.' Mr. Maurice has certainly given his thoughts to the psychological—the *natural* relation of man to history, and especially to the history of religion. He has endeavoured to demonstrate the essential religiousness of the race, and to determine some of the forms which this religiousness will assume if left to itself, or in given circumstances. But in nearly all that he has said on these points, he has had precursors among his countrymen. Our philosophers, and our philosophical divines, have not perhaps dwelt on these topics with sufficient emphasis and iteration, but it is certain that they have left very little new to be said concerning them. On this ground our English deists insisted long since, that Christianity itself, as to its substance, is 'old as the creation;' and our English divines did their best to foil these free-thinkers at their own weapons. Mr. Maurice's more distinctive speculations concerning the relation of Mankind to Adam and to Christ, as wrought out in his 'Kingdom of Christ,' differ from the orthodoxy of intelligent men, in words more than in substance, or in certain nice distinctions which are much too refined to affect the general thinking of any community. It is believed by the great majority of evangelical Christians, that whatever man's relation to Adam may have been, the whole race has been placed in a new condition by the intervention of Christ; that through Him only can there be a kingdom of God for humanity, and that the race now has everything dependent on its relation to Him. We must confess, therefore, that after having sat with considerable docility at the feet of Mr. Maurice, we do not find that his instructions have put us in possession of any rare 'method' wherewith to solve 'problems' or to remove 'difficulties.' We have a great respect for that gentleman, and for his writings; and if we do not express ourselves as indebted to him as a discoverer in theology, it is simply because some acquaintance with our old English literature has put it out of our power so to do. The doctrines to which he gives prominence are truths, but their chief novelty as presented by him is, that they are truths given with exaggeration.*

* Since the above was written, a new publication, by Mr. Maurice, has reached us, intitled, 'The Prophets and Kings of the Old Testament,' consisting of a series of discourses preached at Lincoln's-Inn Chapel. (Macmillan, Cambridge.) The earnestness of the author's religious convictions seems to become stronger in everything he writes. It is refreshing to find a mind of such power acting with so much impulsive force on a state of things so loose and conventional as is that about us. But we feel, as we read him, that he is grappling with an enigma that will be—that *must* be too mighty for him. To extrude from his theology the restrictiveness of Calvinism, and to exhibit the Divine Nature as acting upon principles of rectitude and goodness, not towards a church, or a nation, but towards the race, may be pleasant as a theory, and accordant with the verdict of our moral intuitions as to the fact of the case; but, after all, this pleasant theory, this verdict of intuition, will

Dr. Bunsen describes his friend Mr. Maurice as our prophet after the Semetic or Hebrew manner, and Mr. Carlyle as our prophet after the philosophical or Anglo-Germanic fashion. But the two, though in appearance diverse, are said to be more at one than they seem. According to both, the *active virtues*, the heroic *doings* of humanity, embrace the great secret of human well-being. Mr. Maurice aims to bring these virtues into action under an Hebraic influence; Mr. Carlyle, by means of a philosophical influence; but the object is the same in both cases, though the method is different.

Now, accepting this as the sum of the matter, we feel bound to ask, is there really any great *discovery* in the doctrine thus expounded? That *well-being* comes from *right-being*, and from *right-doing*—that it is thus with individuals and communities, so that the more the world has of *rightness*, and of the *doings* of rightness, the better conditioned it will be—surely this is no new doctrine, no doctrine that should compel us to uncover the head, and to bow most reverentially before the men who give it utterance. Gratitude is a pleasant emotion; we wish to be the subjects of it whenever possible; but we have an abhorrence of being tricked, cheated, played upon, and we have often felt certain passions more moved than has been agreeable to us, when, under a great show of novel forms, and novel verbiage, we have found nothing better than certain alphabetic lessons, such as God's creatures have all had as household thoughts from the world's infancy.

With regard to Mr. Carlyle, he is, no doubt, a man of strong moral intuitions, and no doubt believes that the world has, somehow or other, come into a shape which ensures that the rogue's trade shall be, in the end, a losing one—shall so be because roguery is in itself a bad thing. But he is about one of the last men to take up the function of the historical prophet, according to the ideal of Dr. Bunsen. He—Mr. Carlyle—he solve the 'problem' of existence—he remove the 'difficulties' of

be found to be beset with innumerable difficulties, whether viewed in relation to *scripture* as a *whole*, or to *providence* as a *whole*. If our daughters are not to be kept from Rome, nor our sons from infidelity, but as we can free this great subject from the obscure and the confounding, then Rome or infidelity will have them. Explain what you can, as in harmony with this high and holy conception of the Divine relations—and Mr. Maurice does explain a great deal—but, after all, an ever-deepening mystery will lie beyond; and it must be enough to feel assured that the case is so, without our being able to see *how* it is so. The man who cannot rest there, must go beyond deism—there is nothing for it but atheism. Our object in reference to the speculators of our times, is not likely to be gained, if we are seen to have promised more than we have performed. In this case, moreover, in exhibiting the Divine Being as still related to mankind at large, notwithstanding the greatness of their moral aberrations, it behoves us to be careful not to exhibit that Being as though thinking lightly of those aberrations. In this view, if Mr. Maurice has his point against the Calvinist, the Calvinist has his point against him.

that old and awful enigma! In his view, the man who *attempts* it, writes himself what we will not name in so doing. With few men has he less patience than with the class who must be so *very knowing*—men who affect to go into the secret places of the Almighty, and to spy out there the most veiled mysteries of His nature, the most secret doings of His hand, and then, taking the works of the Great Workman to pieces, must summon all gazers to look on, and to make their contributions in reward of so much dexterity. Back, back—man! Poor fool—such ground is not for thee!

We have said that Mr. Carlyle is a man of strong moral intuitions; but he has those intuitions from the creed he has discarded, not from that which he now holds. The man who, on his own showing, goes off in a tangent at the mention of a personal God, has so far relinquished the idea of a moral Governor, that to hold to the idea of a moral government must be at the cost of consistency.

We have come, then, very nearly to the end of this chapter about the 'problem,' the 'method,' and the 'difficulties,' without deriving from it any material assistance. In the few pages that remain, Dr. Bunsen gives his impression as to the general nature and effect of German literature and philosophy. It is to Shakespeare, we are told, and not to such Christianity as obtained in his time, that men are indebted for the approach they have made since his day towards a just view of the philosophy of the history of mankind—that is, towards the idea that the world is governed by wise and just laws, in the hands of a wise and just Ruler. Schiller and Goethe, at the head of the literature of Germany, and Kant, Fichte, and Schelling, at the head of its philosophers, did, it is said, for Germany, what Shakespeare had done for England—they gave prominence to the ideas of right, retribution, and progress in human affairs. But is it not strange, that we should be believers in the divine origin of Christianity, and be obliged to conclude that so late as the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, this heaven-born faith had left even this elementary religious teaching to come from such teachers? The priesthood of revelation powerless—the priesthood of letters and philosophy the only real priesthood, even in relation to the nature and purpose of the Divine government? But as our author's aphorisms in this connexion, are merely expressions of opinion, we do not derive much help from them, and may be excused from indulging in any comment upon them. All we learn from these concluding paragraphs is, that, in the judgment of Dr. Bunsen, the literature and philosophy of Germany, without being free from defect or fault, have contributed, beyond all other exercises of modern thought, to produce elevated concep-

tions of man and his destiny. But neither the exact nature of these conceptions, nor the steps by which they have been realized, are presented—a somewhat disappointing conclusion at the end of more than thirty pages of aphorisms bearing the title—‘Problems, Methods, and Difficulties.’ But it is, we may hope, in the sections which follow that we are to find evidence, both as to what the philosophical principles thus highly commended are, and what may be achieved by them.

The second section begins, as regards its subject, at the beginning, bearing the title ‘God and Creation.’ Here, in language which to us is not a little cloudy and perplexing, we are told, that our simplest conception of God gives us his nature as three-fold, as including the Divine *thought*, the Divine *existence* as the *object of that thought*, and the idea of the *inseparable relation* in this case between *thought* as the *subject*, and *existence* as the *object*, so as to present a kind of *trinity in unity*. These ideas are all thus related in our simplest and most primitive conception of the mind of man; and what is thus true of the human mind, is presumed to be true, and may, it is said, be proved to be true, of the Divine mind. This is what the section reports concerning God.

Creation is from the Creator. ‘The thoughts relating to it, which included all that creation includes, existed from eternity in the Divine mind, as in their *subject*, and appear again in creation, as in their *object*. Creation, therefore, is the subjective in God from eternity, becoming objective in time. These thoughts in God, in respect to creation before creation was, belonged to his self-consciousness, in that solitude and then; and these thoughts, as they have come forth in creation, belong to his self-consciousness here and now. On the souls of men he sometimes bestows the unselfish, the good, and such are ‘born again,’ receive ‘grace,’ superadded to nature. Thus we reach a succession of conceptions embracing—God—Matter—Man—and man in all the actual developments of his nature and relations.

We would willingly have allowed Dr. Bunsen to state his own case on these points; but intelligible as he has meant to be, we felt that the strange terminology in which he has expressed himself could not have been interpreted by the majority of our readers, and we have therefore endeavoured, in all honesty, to say for Dr. Bunsen, what we think he has meant to say for himself. And here the questions come—Is that which is stated as true really true? and, if so, what is its value?

We regard the speculation concerning the Divine nature as wanting in religious reverence, and as being much more fanciful than true. We gravely object to such a mode of reasoning from the mind of man to the mind of the Infinite. Sound philosophy will be content to restrict such comparisons to cautious and

narrow limits. The attempt to reduce the necessary operations of thought in an infinite nature, to laws of human construction, savours more of presumption than of wisdom. Moreover, if the measuring of the Divine by the human is to be carried out after this manner, then this supposed threefoldness of the Divine nature cannot be sustained. For the relation between thought and existence, as subject and object, in the human mind, cannot be perpetuated, or even realized, without the aid of memory, which would bring a fourfoldness, nor without the aid of imagination, which would bring a fivefoldness. We cannot sever thought from the thinker; and the consciousness which holds these together involves the exercise of other powers. To halt in the threefold, therefore, is just the doing of caprice, or it may have resulted from the exigencies of system—certainly there is no true logical reason for it. We venture to say, therefore, that what is peculiar in this doctrine concerning God, is not true; and we must add, that if it could be shown to be true, we are at a loss to discover its value.

What is stated as to the relation between the thoughts of the Creator and the facts of creation, is not only true, but truth which must always have been familiar to men possessing any just conception of the Supreme Being. But the school to which Dr. Bunsen is attached has grafted error on this truth. On the ground of the relation admitted to subsist between the thoughts of the Divine nature, and the works of the Divine hand, language has been used—is used by Dr. Bunsen himself—which confounds the Creator with the creature, by describing the consciousness in the *things made*, as being in truth *the consciousness of the Maker of them*. Thus the soul of man is described by Dr. Bunsen as ‘a part of the *consciousness of God* ;’ and we read again and again of ‘the *God-conscious reason in man*,’ of the ‘*God-consciousness in man* ;’ and of the Greek philosophy, as ‘a translation of the *instinctive* consciousness of God into reasoning.’ Dr. Bunsen and his admirers would no doubt fix their brand of bigotry upon us were we to describe him as a Pantheist; but we must be allowed to say that we deeply regret to find him using, and using with such frequency and emphasis, expressions which, in our judgment, are only in place with a disciple of that school of thinkers. We are quite aware that there are passages even in the Scriptures, which Dr. Bunsen may cite in defence of such expressions. But such defence will not avail. If Dr. Bunsen has determined to do his best towards naturalizing such expressions in our language, he must lay his account with being thoroughly opposed in such efforts; and if he must write in the manner of a Pantheist, he will have no right to complain if not a few believe him to be a Pantheist, and proclaim him as such. We who venture

so to speak, are not, as we think, of the sort of people easily frightened by words; nor is it our wont, as our readers can testify, to use hard names, in the place of the more legitimate weapons of controversy. But we hold this matter as of serious tendency, and feel bound to deal with it accordingly.

The third section of our author's 'Aphorisms' is entitled 'Man and Humanity.' Its main thought is, that as progress is the property of intellect in the individual, it must be so in the race, especially as the individual man has been destined to exist as a part of the race. But here the logic of our author is seriously at fault. Does intellect always develop to the full in the case of individuals? Far otherwise. It is plain, then, that we belong to a state of things in which powers that might be expected to progress unto perfection, do come to a close every day, as by a law of necessity, without realizing that perfection. Now, everything in the *à priori* reasoning which is said to require that the intellect of the race should not fall short of perfection, must require that the intellect of the individual should not so fail. But it does so fail everywhere, in general most lamentably. That which, according to this reasoning, should take place in the history of each man, as an intellectual being capable of high development, does not take place; and that, accordingly, which upon the same showing should take place in the intellect of humanity, seeing that humanity is capable of it, may not take place. This is not a world constructed upon the plan of bringing all things to perfection, especially in the departments of intellect, morals, and religion. The rule is rather the reverse; and the mysterious law which so commonly leaves the individual man to die out a blighted being, for aught that we can tell may leave humanity at large so to die out.

We believe that the history of humanity will exhibit progress; but this sort of reasoning does not show that it must do so. The relation of the individual intellect to the intellect of the whole, is against such a conclusion, rather than in its favour. It would be so if we had a right to contemplate the spirits of the race as though they were of one essence, a unit, a great personality—which we have not. In so doing we convert rhetoric into logic, and reason upon metaphors as if they were realities. There is perpetuity in a nation, and perpetuity in the race, but it is not a perpetuity that involves identity. It is made up of parts, and the parts are different—not the same. There may be in either case an aggregate condition of thought and development, but still it is an aggregation—it is not a unity. The body politic is not a body, still less is the race a person.

This notion, taken up as it is by Dr. Bunsen, is of a pantheistic origin and complexion, and more adapted to dispose men to

transcendental dreaming, than to bring them into contact with the real and the certain. It is easy to say that the principle of the progress of humanity has its root necessarily in the law of Divine self-manifestation. The law intended by these terms does not admit of proof apart from the manifestation, and the manifestation does not prove it. It has not been a necessity of the Divine nature that a large number of the communities of the earth, each capable of high development, should be developed at all; nor that even the most favoured communities should be developed more than in part, and for a season; and we have yet to discover why that should be a necessity in the case of the nations of the future, that has not so been in the case of the nations of the past. In a word, this principle makes it a necessity that the Divine nature should act towards the intelligence of the future, *not* according to the law of the past, but according to another and a different law. But this is what we must expect when gentlemen will become transcendental, and take their place in the heavens, in order to determine what may best be done upon the earth. This working-day world of ours will progress, but it will not be much aided in so doing by the reasonings brought down to it from such non-terrestrial regions.

The section of these 'Aphorisms' intitled 'Man and Humanity,' is followed by another, intitled, 'God—Man—Humanity.' Here, again, some very profound matters are settled in a manner not by any means to our satisfaction. The first sentence reads—'If the Infinite be the necessary cause of the Finite, the key to the knowledge of the Finite must be in the Infinite mind.' The *necessity* here assumed is merely assumed—it cannot be proved; and if that point could be proved, to suppose our knowledge of the *Finite* to be dependent on our *previous* knowledge of the *Infinite*, is to declare such knowledge an impossibility. How man is to make it appear that the Divine Being could not have done in any case otherwise than he has done, and how man is to rise to a knowledge of the Uncreated, independently of all knowledge of the Created, puzzles us exceedingly. In fact, the little there is of intelligence in these speculations is derived from a source which the speculators are concerned to ignore—viz., from the mind of man and its experiences. But having ascended to the Infinite by the help of the Finite, the said Finite finds itself somewhat shabbily treated, for it is then huffed into distance and silence, that our aspirant may reason downwards, as by his own authority, towards all things made, being himself now at the very stand-point of the Maker of them!

Now we know what will be said in reply to this. 'You mistake—you do not understand the matter—we do not so mean.' Our answer is—whatever you may have meant, this, in its sub-

stance and drift, is what you have *said* ; and being sure of *that*, we are distrustful of a guidance so little adapted to our mundane capacities and need. You get from the Finite whatever you know of the Infinite; and yet you affect to derive from the Infinite whatever you know of the Finite! How such a chaos of contradictions is to be reduced to consistency and order, greatly surpasses our understanding.

What is said in this section about 'God, Man, and Humanity,' as presenting a philosophical triad, and as emblematic of Father, Son, and Holy Spirit in the Gospel, is a piece of mere fancy, the like of which may be invented at any moment, and on any subject, according to convenience. Thus we might say—woman proceeds from man, progeny from woman, and so the idea of family, as consisting of Man, Woman, and Progeny, may be taken as a triad, emblematic of a unity and a threefoldness. Childish, worse than childish, on such a subject, as this playing at analogies or likenesses may seem, it is every whit as wise as are these Hegelian exercises in the same direction. Indeed, in the section under consideration, we hardly know which to admire the most, the disposition to work out ingenious resemblances of this nature, or the facility with which mere resemblance is accepted as evidence of an identity in significance and truth. God, Man, and Humanity are successive and related forms of existence, but existence does not terminate there. Beyond mind is matter, and the boundless organizations and vitalities of matter, in all of which there is this 'God-manifestation,' of which we hear so much, as truly, if not as fully, as in mind. It is inconsistent, especially inconsistent in such a philosophy, to halt thus in a Trinity—it should develop itself as an unlimited polytheism.

Dr. Bunsen deplors the want of power in our modern orthodoxy to meet the speculative sagacity of the age; but, for ourselves, did we wish to bring Christianity into contempt with all the really clear-headed men of our time, we know not how this could be more effectually done than by attempting to identify it with visionary creations of this description.

The section on the 'Nature of Religion' treats of religion in its most elementary form, and is chiefly remarkable for the skill with which it disguises very familiar truth, so that however old your acquaintance with it may have been, it is quite necessary that you should be at the pains to strip it of the heavy and foreign drapery here thrown about it, if you would be sure that it is your own familiar truth that is presented to you under this capricious costume.

The next section bears for its title, the 'Primitiveness of Religion and Revelation.' Its purport is to show that what we

English call *natural* religion, is, in fact, and of necessity, *revealed* religion, its light being a communicated, or revealed light, both as regards the truths which it presents, and the capacity in the human soul to apprehend them. Revelation by Christ is more than this, as it gives us more truth, and truth more specially conveyed. Such expositions of this subject have long been familiar to our plain English understanding; the sole question is, are we right in restricting the term 'revealed' to the religion of the Bible, or should we, after the manner of Dr. Bunsen, extend it further? We scarcely need say that this is a dispute about words. But if we must express an opinion upon it, we feel bound to say that we regard the distinction as usually made among us, between natural religion and revealed religion, as not only expedient, on many grounds, but as being in itself just and philosophical. When we describe a religion as 'natural,' we do not therein say that it is no religion at all.

Of the next section, under the heading 'The Principles of Development in General,' we can make very little. 'The highest 'speculative principle of development,' says Dr. Bunsen, 'is this: 'there must at the appointed time be an Evolution (*Werden*), 'in a finite form, of that which is in the Divine Being (*Sein*) as 'infinite thought.' This is the German manner of saying, that whatever the Deity has *thought* from eternity of doing in time, he does, when the proper time comes; and that thought, though it may be said to come in separateness, may be described as 'infinite,' because it is part of a plan that is infinite. All this may be true enough, but we do not see how it gives us 'principles of development.' We are further told, that whatever God does in relation to moral agents, he does more or less by means of those agents. But development supposes not only continuance, or succession, but *progress*, a proceeding from lower to higher; and these facts do not give us that idea. The fact proves to be, that Dr. Bunsen, in his attempt to give us any principle of development at all, is obliged to descend from his 'high speculative principle,' to the facts of history and experience, and to construct a theory of development from that source, as he best may. His doctrine, determined by the help thus afforded him, is—consider what humanity *should be* as 'completed existence,' in regard to the True, the Good, and the Beautiful, and you have what it is in its way to become. Our answer is, as before—consider what the individual or the nation should be in these respects, and do they become such? But if neither the progress of the individual, nor of communities, is found to be necessarily such, why should the progress of the race be necessarily such? The round of things which brings life out of death, gives us perpetuity, it does not of necessity give us progress, still less a progress realizing our

loftiest ideas of perfection. There is, no doubt, a *sensus communis* beyond the sense of the individual, but neither reaches to perfection; both are sure to halt in the imperfect, and to pass away in that state. We have no warrant for regarding the *sensus communis* of the race as though it were a person, nor of course, for reasoning about it as if it were so—and if we had, the analogies of the reasoning resorted to in this case by Dr. Bunsen are fallacies. We repeat—we believe in human progress, partly on philosophical grounds, still more on biblical grounds, but transcendentalism in the hands of Dr. Bunsen gives us no certainty, no real light on the subject.

In the eighth section there are some just observations, though given in obscure terms, concerning the manner in which the symbolic and the priestly elements in religion often supervene themselves so as to repress and exclude the intellectual and the spiritual. Much similar discoursing follows in the section succeeding, as to the manner in which the letter of religious records becomes by degrees, as regards the human apprehension, inconsistent with their ideal, or their proper substance; and in respect to the battle to which men are after awhile shut up on this ground. And here we have thoughts from the pen of Dr. Bunsen that are, in the main, as true as they are weighty. Some insist that the letter of the records cannot be retained, but at the cost of the spirit. Others maintain that the letter and the spirit must stand or fall together. In the same manner, these parties come to be at issue as to what the spirit or letter really is, and as to the authority that should be allowed to decide on these points. ‘Some say the living priestly authority; some the tradition of the learned of old; some the present consciousness of men enlightened by study, thought, and earnest life.’ It is not said that this is the point at which Christendom has arrived in regard to its religious records, but this is manifestly a part of the case intended. We do not think the evil described exactly ours, and we shall state the reason for our not so thinking; but we would nevertheless recommend the following grave analysis of the elements and tendencies of such a state of things to the careful thought of our readers.

‘Those nations who stick to the letter and authority will, in a progressive age, necessarily come, sooner or later, to scepticism. If everything is true by authority, nothing is true. If every tradition is to be believed because recorded, nothing is believed. The augur of philosophical Rome laughed when he saw himself in the mirror of his colleague: so does the dervish. But then the Greek philosopher and the Sufi have their laugh too; and, besides, they have their own reasoning, which outlives both them and their opponents. In the

meantime, the faithful look aghast. Some think there is an end of religion, if not of the world: others, there is no truth. Thus a *caput mortuum* of theism or pantheism remains: general doubt prevails. The national faith is dying away, possibly, when people think that it is beginning a new life.

‘Those nations who make light of the letter, but keep to the spirit, have to go through a great inward struggle, but they fare better on the whole. For they may preserve the foundation of all religion; the belief that there is truth, that it is worth while, yea, the worthiest object of life, to find it, and the greatest duty and privilege to regulate the life of the immortal soul accordingly. But here also is the doom of death, unless the two elements which have been separated be united again.

‘In this stage, man begins to philosophize on his religion, and on religion and human destinies in general. And then there comes a stage of doubt, which, in the most serious minds, may be coupled with pious resignation. The expression of such a mind is the improved formula of the natural end of simply ritual religion: ‘Fear God and keep his commandments, for this is the whole duty of man.’ Such is the last result of speculation in the Old Testament, the end of the Ecclesiastes, of the fourth or fifth century before Christ.

‘To a similar critical stage of existence the noblest tribes of men come, which outlive their youth, without having outlived their strength. But few, only, feel the courage to pass the gulf between childhood and manhood, without leaving faith behind them. Thus many of them arrive on the opposite shore with the much heavier load of scepticism, or at least without vitality enough to plant the tree of life under the scorching sun of knowledge, and in the volcanic soil of a destroyed paradise. Political nations, therefore, are apt to give up the problem of finding a positive solution of the riddle of man’s history and of revelation. But by that they do not escape decay and finally death, whatever different means they may employ to cement their broken-up foundation; persecution or liberty, inquisition or inquiry, indifference or speculation, materialism or spirituality. By giving up the solution of the problem thrown into their way by destiny, which is providence, they have signed their own death-warrant, leaving themselves only the option as to the mode of death. For what is the preservation of life in a nunnery, but death intruding upon the living? but nuisance incorruptible, and therefore the more abominable to God and men?

‘Is more religion, or less, required in such a state of things? Certainly faith is required, and faith will be manifested, more than ever before. But with what dangers is the way beset which goes from the paradise lost to the paradise regained! from the blooming land of childhood to the fruitful land of promise, through the desert of doubt and close by the abyss of infidelity! Scepticism, armed with all the powers of civilization, comes to the market-place and asks: Is not inspiration frenzy? faith, superstition? are not rites, mummeries? histories, nursery tales? Is not the much-praised divine medal, after all, an ordinary coin or a counterfeit? the tradition about it a fiction

and a forgery? the artist who coined it, and perhaps the god or hero impressed upon it, an impostor or a dupe? So the philosopher asks: the learned critic is silent or nods assent; and the busy crowd round the market of life either burns the inquirer as an atheist and a disturber of public order and peace, or revenges itself upon its own credulity and submission by scorn and rebellion. A wide sea opens before poor humanity where a safe harbour had appeared as a refuge from the raging waves. The reaction is strongest where the moral or political constraint has been greatest. The most superstitious nations always end in being the most sceptical and irreligious, and thus often again, in melancholy turn, become superstitious when frightened by their own infidelity and unworthiness, and infidels when the iron rod of superstition becomes intolerable. Slaves who have broken their chains, without carrying self-government with them, are doomed by divine judgment to be crushed by despotic sway. This is the agony of religion. But where remains religion itself?—Vol. ii. pp. 80—83.

Here our author quits his transcendentalism, and descends to the philosophy of experience and common sense. We had hoped to meet with much more of this in these 'Aphorisms' than we have found. The religions of the Magians, the Hindoos, and Mohammedans, have all been founded upon records; and in the history of all these the crisis thus described has come. The Magian has outgrown his Zenda-vesta; and the same may be said of the Hindoo and his Shastre, of the Mohammedan and his Koran. As the philosophy of old Greece and old Rome proved fatal to their popular mythology, so has it been, in a great measure, with the religions above named and their records.

Nor is it to be concealed that to a large extent this crisis has come in relation to Christianity. Still there is a large difference. The mythologies of Greece and Rome, and the books of the Magians, the Hindoos, and the Mohammedans, all owe their origin to rude, or at least to comparatively rude times. But it has not been so with Christianity and its records. The Christian Scriptures have come to us from the centre of the old civilized world, and bear date from the Augustan age of that civilization. Had it been a rude faith, it could not have become strong in an age so critical. The philosophy which proved fatal to forms of paganism of a thousand years' duration, would have doomed this new faith to extinction as soon as promulgated, had it been of a nature to perish as exposed to the questionings of intelligence. Our speculators who talk and write as though criticism had never tried its hand upon Christianity or its records until now, forget that Christianity was born in an age of criticism, that it fought the battle of centuries against criticism, and that it is here now as having vanquished assault of this kind in

every form. That its warfare in this shape is not ended may be true, but it is no less true that its strength from the beginning has been a strength pertaining to it as the faith, not of ignorance, but of knowledge, not of barbarism, but of culture. What human intelligence could do to destroy it was done; but history shows that the intelligence brought over to its side, has been mightier than that which has been left to be arrayed against it. Christianity, therefore, may include much in common with other religions founded upon records; but it includes more that is not thus in common—more that is peculiar to itself.

According to the nomenclature of Dr. Bunsen, 'the people of the ancient world were separated into two great branches, the Semetic nations forming one branch, the Iranian or Japhetic nations the other. The Semetic nations are those distinguished as possessing, in our sense, the revealed element of religious truth, and are of course specially represented in ancient history by the Hebrew race. The Japhetic nations consist of the pagan people of those times, who have their special representative in the Greeks. But, strange to say, though the Japhetic nations possess only the revelations of nature, while the Semetic nations are supposed to be in possession of that light, and of special revelations beyond it—it is to the former, and not to the latter, that Dr. Bunsen assigns the precedence in religious knowledge. 'The Semetic nations,' he writes, 'never had epic and dramatic 'poetry, which in philosophical history means that they never 'had the instinct, nor felt the power of mind, to contemplate 'and represent the history of man as the mirror and realization 'of the eternal laws of God's government of the world.' (p. 88.) Then follows an account of the manner in which 'the godseeking race of Hellas' present their 'epic exhibition of the Divine judgment upon nations.' The Greek philosophy, it is said, 'was the translation of *the instinctive consciousness of God into 'reasoning*. After having gone through the speculations of 'physical philosophy, the Hellenic genius, in the holy mind of 'Socrates, descended to the bosom of humanity, and looked for 'the *reason of that consciousness in the laws of the human mind*, 'as discerned by the dialectic science. This was again an immense deed, world historical for ever.' To put these statements into language that our readers will be likely to understand, the doctrine intended seems to be, that the idea of the world of mankind as being subject to the rule of wise and just laws, was an idea purely Greek—the Hebraic mind did not rise to it. But is this true? It is anything but true. The Hebrew conception, given throughout the pages of Hebrew literature, is, as every child knows, that the whole world, and the whole people of

it, are beneath the oversight and control of One Nature, whose laws are wise, beneficent, and just. The men and the women, the old and the young, the educated and the uneducated, among these Hebrew—these Semetic peoples, were all possessed with this idea; while in Greece, the mass were given up to a gross creature-worship, and those who rose above the prevailing polytheism, were believers in a terrible rule of destiny, rather than in a rule determined by intelligence, rectitude, and goodness. It is true, the Hebrew poets do not give us epic poetry exactly after the manner of Homer, nor dramatic poetry exactly after the manner of Æschylus. But the scenes in the book of Job, the choral lyrics in David, and the odes from Moses, Ezekiel, and Isaiah, give us all the elements of such poetry, allied with an ethical spirit eminently worthy of mankind and of God, and all this through centuries long anterior to the development of the Greek intellect.

It is true these Hebrew poets and sages do not see in the besotted idolatries of the nations any revelations of 'the instinctive consciousness of God,' but rather so many forms assumed by the one existence antagonist to God—the existence of evil. If to judge thus on such matters is to be wanting in the power to apprehend what is meant by 'philosophical history,' then it must be admitted that they do betray this sign of incapacity. We may admit, indeed, that not a few of the Hebrew people, especially at certain seasons of their history, were ready enough to exaggerate the speciality of the Divine relation to themselves as a peculiar people. But one of the great characteristics of their literature, and of the better mind among them, was, that everything in their experiences as a nation was preliminary to a great Messianic advent and reign, the benefits of which would be common to all nations. It is sometimes amusing to us to find gentlemen who are disposed to school us so roundly for our want of perspicacity in theological matters, needing to be reminded of facts of this nature—facts so prominent in the Bible as to have given their complexion to it in nearly all its parts. In some of our modern speculators we scarcely know which to admire the most, the boldness with which they attribute to revelation matters utterly foreign to it, or the cool and settled air with which they affect to be ignorant of some of its most characteristic teachings. Even Dr. Bunsen does not wholly escape the consequence of holding much communication with such parties. To regard the Bible as from heaven, and at the same time to regard the portion of the human race possessing it as placed behind the remaining portion of mankind, and not in advance of them, by that circumstance, even as regards their conceptions of the Divine Nature and government, is to adopt conclusions, the logical

relations of which are not very perceptible. Dr. Bunsen's philosophy, however, abounds with situations of this sort.

The concluding pages of these 'Aphorisms' describe the Church in the age of Hippolytus as passing beyond nationality, in its ideas and sympathies, to mankind at large, and as contemplating the gathering together in one of all men by faith in Christ, as being the destined manifestation of the Spirit, following the previous successive manifestations of the Father and the Son. Here analogies are suggested that are ingenious as fancies, but nothing more; and some startling observations are made as to the change that must come over the spirit and form of modern churches, if there is to be any casting away of their mediæval and Athanasian systems, in favour of systems more simple and ancient. But these are topics that will come up elsewhere.

On the whole, we must be permitted to repeat, that we began the reading of these preliminary pages with a sincere wish to approve of all we should find approvable, and to praise heartily all we should find worthy of praise. We sincerely regret, that, so far as we are ourselves concerned, the attempt of Dr. Bunsen to bring the wisdom of his country down to the level of the uninitiated English understanding, should have been attended with no better result. Whatever our judgment may be concerning this recovered treatise by St. Hippolytus, or concerning his age as illustrated by this document, we feel that our impressions will be precisely as they would have been if this hundred and seventeen pages of 'Aphorisms' had never been published. We feel constrained to say, that, for the most part, what is true in these 'Aphorisms' is not new, and that what is new in them is not true. There is a thread of antique gold running through them all, but the incrustations upon it are thick and drossy—though it is manifest that, in the judgment of our author, the gold, in this case, without the dross, would be of little value.

In this connexion, as in many of like kind, we have felt amazed as we have read the alternate expressions of pity and censure pronounced on our English obtuseness, as evinced in our total want of interest in these transcendentalisms. The gentlemen certainly write as though they thought the case to be as they represent it. In their view, the evidence at all points is sufficient, and the conclusions so reached are not more certain than valuable. We must, however, be allowed to say, that the case is *not* as thus stated. Analogies are not proofs. Likeness does not imply relativeness. Hypothesis is not certainty, but something which stands in the place of certainty. So little of the truly logical is there in the reasoning of this school of thinkers, that we have sometimes felt obliged to conclude that the German understanding generally is strangely wanting in the power to

judge of moral evidence. No doubt there are exceptions to this defect, but we believe they are exceptions. Confident are we, that the fanciful inventions to which they attach so much value, will prove in due time to be 'such stuff as dreams are made of,' and will end in the manner of dreams—so that when men awake, the amazement will be, that anything so incoherent and fantastic should have seemed to them a reality even in sleep.

We are now quite ready to accompany Dr. Bunsen in his researches concerning Hippolytus and his age. But, for the reasons we have assigned, he must bear with us if we are found committing ourselves to this enterprise under the guidance, in the main, of the little English common-sense culture we have at our command, and with no more than a very partial dependence on the lights peculiar to his favourite philosophy.

Some years since, M. Villemain, well known throughout Europe both as a man of letters and a statesman, sent a native of Greece from Paris to Mount Athos, with instructions to search for treasures relating to Greek literature, supposed to be existing in that quarter. The search was not made in vain, and its fruits were deposited, in 1842, in the Royal Library of Paris. Among the manuscripts collected and so disposed of, was one written so late as the fourteenth century, written, not on parchment, but on cotton paper, and bearing the title, 'On all Heresies.' The work being in appearance a comparatively modern production, anonymous also, and on a topic so little attractive, was for a while neglected, as probably of little value. But in 1846, M. Emmanuel Miller, an officer of the Royal Library, directed his attention to it, and to his surprise found in it some valuable fragments of Pindar, and of another lyric poet whose name is unknown. By these discoveries, M. Miller was induced to extend his examination much farther. In 1850 he had come to the conclusion that the manuscript was a copy of a lost work from the pen of Origen, and as such it was offered by him to the conductors of the University press of Oxford for publication.

In this manner the manuscript passed, as we must suppose, under the critical cognizance of the most famous Grecians in that renowned school of learning, and with their sanction it was published as being a lost treatise by Origen, *On all Heresies*. Whether the error is to be traced to a want of adequate Greek learning, or to a want of care about such matters, among the residents in Oxford, is a point on which we are not required to give an opinion. But it is manifest enough that a very moderate acquaintance with the writings of Origen, and a very limited inspection of the treatise before us, should have sufficed to make it plain that the work could not have been written by the great Alexandrian teacher; while a number of

circumstances combine to show that it is the transcript of a work written at the opening of the third century, by Hippolytus, bishop of Portus, near Rome.

Dr. Bunsen is not alone in publishing such views concerning the authorship of this treatise. Professors Jacobi and Schneidewin, and the distinguished critic, Dr. Duncker, of the University of Gottingen, have arrived at the same judgment from the same evidence. Indeed, the evidence, both as to the point that Origen could *not* have written this work, and that Hippolytus *must* have written it, is such, that we see not how any reasonable controversy can arise as to either of these conclusions. We shall not, therefore, detain our readers by giving any summary of the facts on which this judgment is founded. It must be enough to say, that the facts are many, various, and that, taken together, they present a mass of proof which persons competent to judge on such a question must regard as decisive.

But who was Hippolytus? The point on the ancient Tiber, in its passage from Rome towards the sea, which was accessible to shipping, and furnished convenient harbourage, was Ostia. At Ostia, accordingly, grew up what may be called the Roman Piræus, and from the great traffic of the place it obtained the name of the *Portus Romanus*. Of the place so designated, Hippolytus became, as we have said, the bishop; as bishop of the *Portus Romanus* he became a martyr, and in honour of his orthodoxy and his martyrdom, he was at length raised to the dignity of a saint in the Roman calendar.

Eusebius and Jerome speak of him as a bishop, and as a distinguished writer, but they do not express themselves clearly as to his bishopric. Other writers, however, in less than a century after his decease, cite his authority as that of a man of eminence, who was bishop of 'the so-called Portus,' or 'harbour' of Rome. He is so described by all ancient writers who speak of his residence. In the time now under review, the six or seven bishops suburban to Rome, of whom the Bishop of Portus was one, were all presbyters of the church in Rome, though exercising a full episcopal authority in their respective cities. The episcopacy of that day was not so much diocesan as parochial. All that could be done to obscure this fact, and to divert the public attention from it, has been done by the men conspicuous in the ecclesiastical literature of this country during the last two hundred years. But traces of this very incipient condition of the episcopal authority in the second and third centuries, extend, as Dr. Bunsen has shown, both in names and circumstances, through all the subsequent history of the Roman church. Hence it happens that Hippolytus is a presbyter in Rome, and a bishop in Portus. He is supposed to have suffered martyrdom under Maximin, the

Thracian, in 238, but he was then an old man, and his writings give us accounts of what he knew as a contemporary during some fifty years antecedent to that year. 'The time of Commodus' (188-192), says Dr. Bunsen, 'is familiar to him, with all particulars of the palace and the presbytery.' A church rose to his memory, on the old Tiburtine road, some vestiges of which were visible in the seventeenth century. In that church the remains of the martyr were deposited, and on that spot his marble effigy, a piece of Christian art of the fourth century, was discovered in 1551.

The works of Hippolytus, independently of this newly-discovered treatise, are numerous. The edition of them, published by Fabricius, in 1716, is in two folio volumes. The contents of these volumes are given in the second volume of Gallandi's edition of the *Bibliotheca Patrum*, in 1760. The only writer who has since bestowed much attention on these productions, is the Cardinal Angelo Mai, who appears to have examined the fragments in the *Collectio Vaticana* somewhat minutely.

Bunsen divides the writings of Hippolytus into four parts—the polemical, the doctrinal, the chronological, and the exegetical. The works classed as polemical are seven, including the treatise *Against all the Heresies*. The doctrinal pieces are six in number, and are so designated because they do not enter into controversies. The chronological or historical department is confined to a work intitled the *Cathedra*, or the *Χρονικῶν*, which is of considerable authority in relation to the chronology of the bishops of Rome; and to a work described as *A Demonstration of the Time of Easter, according to the Table*. The exegetical pieces consist of extracts and fragments of commentaries on many portions of the Old and New Testament, and are of small value. But on some of the pieces in these sections light is thrown on the newly-published treatise, while these pieces contribute in their turn, in various ways, to determine the authorship of that production.

Hippolytus was the pupil of Irenæus, the apostle of the Gauls; Irenæus was the disciple and friend of Polycarp; and Polycarp heard the doctrine of Christ from the lips of the Beloved Disciple. Irenæus wrote largely against the heresies of his day; and the greater part of his work has survived to our time, either in its original Greek, or in a Latin translation. Hippolytus, in his work on this subject, is much indebted to his preceptor; but he brings the subject down to some forty years later, and writes concerning it, not from the south of France, but from the vicinity of Rome. The heresies assailed by him are just thirty-two, and his discussions in relation to them bring up a large and varied amount of historical matter, sufficient to place the work

among the most valuable publications of its kind that have appeared in our age.

Our readers will naturally be desirous to know what the points are on which this volume has been found to be of such rare worth; and our object, in the space that remains to us, will be to answer that question.

First—we have facts in Church history brought to light by means of this volume which demolish for ever the MYTHIC THEORY of Strauss. According to that writer, and the whole of the Tübingen school, St. John's Gospel could not have been written earlier than the year 170, or 165. During this space of about 140 years from the decease of Jesus, the man whom the Jews could not regard as the Jesus of prophecy when they saw him, was made to realize that conception by means of the qualities and deeds falsely, or credulously, attributed to him. Prophets had foreshadowed a great deliverer. Jesus, as he really was, did not answer to that foreshadowing. But in the course of this 140 years, the popular imagination ascribed to him all that was necessary to exhibit the prophecy and the reality as in harmony; and an agreement which had thus been created by fiction, came, by a natural course of things, to be accepted as fact. Such, as most of our readers are aware, is the substance of the Straussian argument.

Now, it has been maintained, and we think justly, that even this 140 years do not present an interval long enough to allow of such inventions being raised in men's thoughts to the place of grave history—especially in a state of society so thoroughly civilized, so literary, so *unmythic* in all its tendencies, as was that of the Roman empire during those years. It has been maintained, further, and again, as we think, very justly, that there is evidence of a direct kind, as in Papias, and of an indirect kind in many forms, sufficient to show that the Gospels, and the Gospel of John as the last of them, *must* have been written, and have been approved generally as canonical, long before the end of this 140 years. But all this has availed nothing. Beliefs of this nature have been *pooh-poohed* as so many childish credulities, which are about to die away for ever from men's thoughts; and the 'pitiless logic' (as the phrase is) of Dr. Strauss has been regarded as having settled everything. Nothing could exceed the grim satisfaction with which some of our polemicists—some too who have not yet relinquished the name of Christian—have traversed this ground with Dr. Strauss, gratefully accepting the substance of his conclusions at the end, and chuckling ever and anon, in the course of the journey, at the thought of the mortifications and confusions that must come upon the orthodox of all grades,

as made to feel the grounds of their confidence falling thus away, point after point, from beneath them.

But, as if to cover these complacent gentlemen—these scorers of all people save their own little sect—with everlasting shame, here is a book with citations from Basilides and others, belonging to the early years of the second century, in which there are passages given from St. John's Gospel, as from a book which had then become—and no doubt had been years before—a book of recognised authority among Christians. Basilides may be supposed to have written about the year 117. He cites the Evangelist John, accordingly, when thousands must have been *living* who *knew him as a contemporary*—for it was only some twenty years, at that time, since the venerable apostle had been called to his rest. Surely the mythic theory cannot be supposed to have been developed in the lifetime of John. But so it must have been, or, at the farthest, within some seven or ten years of his decease, if development there was. The age of Peter and Paul extends to about the year 70; that of John to the close of the century. The church, while under such oversight, was not likely to be duped into a reception of mythic gospels. But it is now clear, that before the close of that century, the gospels which have descended to us were all in the hands of the Christians as their authoritative scriptures. Valentinus, as well as Basilides, has made his appearance in court to settle this question. And the space for the working out of this pretended mythic process is thus reduced to such *very* narrow limits, as to justify us in regarding the man who should henceforth place the slightest faith in it, as a man not to be reasoned with. In this fate of Straussianism, we see what has often happened in this field of argument, and will no doubt happen again. Some new force is brought into play which is to prove irresistible—invincible. But ere long it is found that the irresistible may be resisted, and even the invincible may be slain.*

The canon in the Roman church, in the time of Hippolytus, included the whole of the New Testament, strictly as we have it, with the exception of the second epistle of Peter, (vol. ii. 133, *et seq.*) On the relative place of scripture and tradition in that age Dr. Bunsen thus writes:

* Among the Pauline Epistles quoted (by Basilides), is that to the Ephesians. Basilides not only quotes the Gospel of St. John (as well as St. Luke's second chapter), but it is evident that his whole metaphysical development is an attempt to connect a cosmogonic system with St. John's prologue, and with the person of Christ. Now these extracts are undoubtedly older than Heracleon's Commentary on St. John, which itself is already incompatible with Strauss and Baur's hypothesis about the origin of the Fourth Gospel. — *Bunsen*, vol. i. pp. 87, 88. The commentary by Heracleon belongs to the time between 120 and 130. It is a serious drawback to the value of Dr. Bunsen's publication, that he has not given us the treatise of Hippolytus entire, with a Latin, if not with an English translation. A work in four volumes should have included it.

'Scripture was considered by the ancient Church, as it is by us, as the only source of our knowledge of the saving divine truth. But Scripture was constituted as canonical by the Church. The decision of the Church was founded on good evidence, which we have sufficient materials to examine and appreciate. An impartial examination shows that where we have uncertainties and doubts, the ancient Church had them likewise, and that the ancient traditional evidence is not only in itself better than the systematical opinion of the men of the fourth century, but also agrees with the result of sober and independent criticism.

'The consciousness which the ancient Church had in the second century of the difference between canonical and other ancient and pious Christian productions, was the first manifestation of the agency of the Divine Spirit.'—Vol. ii. p. 148.

These paragraphs are followed by others, which are not so intelligible nor so admissible, but we abstain for the present from the notice of exceptionable matter.

This treatise *Against all Heresies* is further valuable, from the evidence it furnishes as regards the HISTORY OF THEOLOGICAL OPINION. 'Hippolytus,' says Dr. Bunsen,

—'not only undertook, but really carried out, with no little labour, and with the resources which Rome alone, and a life of inquiry there, could offer, a critical review of the doctrinal history of the Church, from its earliest age down to his own time. He dug into the depths of the first heretical speculations, which had remained historically an enigma to Irenæus; he inquired, in particular, into the chronological and historical order of these heresies, being the first chronographer of the West, and gave in all points, where we can follow him, the most authentic report we possess.'—Vol. i. pp. 83, 84.

Such a work, from such a man, should be in a high degree illustrative of the state of opinion among the early Christians. Most of our readers will be aware that much controversy has arisen on this point. Dr. Priestley, and since his time the Tübingen school in Germany, have done their best to make it appear that the faith of the people professing Christianity in the first and second centuries had its type in the creed of the Ebionites—a small Hebrew sect, who were believers in the humanity of the Saviour, but who taught no higher doctrine concerning him. These gentlemen of Tübingen have assured the world, that the church of Rome had ignored the Gospel of John, and had repudiated the doctrine of the Logos, down to the death of Victor, the Bishop of Rome, in 198; and this 'incredible assertion,' says Dr. Bunsen, 'they endeavour to strengthen by the gratuitous, and utterly untenable proposition, or rather fiction, that the primitive Roman congregation consisted almost exclusively of Jewish and Judaizing Christians.' (i. 245.) Against this theory concerning the late origin of orthodoxy, as against that of Strauss

concerning the late origin of the Gospels, new and most decisive evidence is presented in this work by Hippolytus. It shows that the Gospel of John was received as authoritative within a few years of the decease of that apostle; and that the doctrine of the Logos—that is, of the Divine nature of Christ, as expressed by that designation, was the doctrine which the Church had opposed to the heresies of the Gnostics from that time downwards. The views of Hippolytus himself on this point are given in the second part of his own confession of faith in this treatise, and reads as follows in the translation of it given by Dr. Bunsen. We give the passages entire, because it will convey to our readers a more just idea of the manner in which these subjects were treated by the fathers of the second and third centuries than any description of ours:

‘Now this sole one and universal God, first by his cogitation begets the Word (Logos), not the word in the sense of speech, but as the indwelling reason of the universe. Him alone of all beings he begat; for that which was the Father himself; the being born of whom was the cause of all beings. The Word was in him, bearing the will of him who had begotten him, being not unacquainted with the thoughts of the Father. For when he came forth from him who begat him, being his first-begotten speech, he had in himself the ideas conceived by the Father. When, therefore, the Father commanded that the world should be, the Logos accomplished it in detail, pleasing God. Now what was to multiply by generation, he made male and female; but that which was to serve and minister, he made either male, not wanting the female, or neither male nor female. For the first elements of these, which sprang from that which was not, fire and spirit, water and earth, are neither male nor female; nor could male and female come out of any of them, except as far as the commanding God willed that the Logos should accomplish it. I acknowledge that the angels are of fire; and they I say have no females. In like manner the sun and moon and stars, I conceive, are of fire and spirit, and are neither male nor female; but from water have come swimming and flying animals, male and female; for so God ordered it, willing that the moist element should be generative. In like manner out of the earth came creeping things and beasts, and males and females of all sorts of animals; for this the nature of created things admitted of. For whatever He willed, God made. These things He made by the Logos; nor could they be otherwise than as they were made. But when He had made them as He willed, He then marked them by giving them names. After these he created the lord of the whole, making him a compound of all the elements. He did not intend to make him a god, and fail to do so, or an angel (he not misled!) but a man. If He had willed to make thee a god, He could have done so, for thou hast the image of the Logos: but willing to make thee a man, a man He made thee. But if thou wouldst

become a god, be obedient to Him who made thee, and transgress not now, in order that having been found faithful in small things, thou mayst be trusted with great things.

'The word of Him is alone of Him: wherefore he is God, being the substance of God. But the world is of nothing; therefore not God: it is also subject to dissolution, when He willeth who created it. But God the creator did not make evil. He made nothing which was not beautiful and good; for the Maker is good. But the man who was made was a free-willed creature, not possessing a ruling understanding, not governing all things by thought and authority and power, but servile and having all sorts of contraries in him. He, from being free-willed, generates evil, which becomes so by accident, being nothing if thou dost it not: for it is called evil from being willed and thought to be so; not being such from the beginning, but an afterbirth. Man being thus freewilled, a law was laid down by God; not without need. For if man had not the power to will and not to will, why should a law have been established? For a law will not be laid down for an irrational being, but a bridle and a whip; but for man, a command and a penalty to do, or for not doing, what is ordered. For him law was established by just men of yore. In times nearer to us, a law was laid down full of gravity and justice, by the fore-mentioned Moses, a devout and God-loving man. But all these things are overruled by the Word of God, the only-begotten child of the Father, the light-bringing voice anterior to the morning star. Afterwards there were just men, friends of God; these were called prophets, because they foretold the future. These had not the word (understanding) of one time only; but the voices of the events foretold through all ages showed themselves to them intelligibly. They foretold the future, not then alone when they gave answer to those who were present, but through all ages; because, in speaking of things past, they reminded humanity of them; in explaining the present, they persuaded men not to be careless: by foretelling the future, they rendered every one alarmed, seeing things predicted long beforehand, and looking forward to the future.

'Such, O ye men, is our faith, the faith of men who are not persuaded by vain sayings, who are not carried away by the impulses of our own hearts, nor seduced by the persuasiveness of eloquent speeches, but who are not disobedient to words spoken by divine power.

'These things God gave in charge to the Word. And the Word spake and uttered them, bringing man back by these very words from disobedience, not enslaving him through the force of necessity, but calling him to liberty of his own free accord. This Word the Father sent in after times, no longer to speak through a prophet; not wishing that he should be guessed at from obscure announcements, but should be made manifest to light. Him, I say, He sent, that the world, seeing him, might revere him, not commanding them in the person of prophets, nor frightening the soul by an angel, but himself present

and speaking to them. Him we have known to have taken his body from a virgin, and to have put on the old man through a new formation, having passed in his life through every age, that he might become a law for every age, and might by his presence exhibit his own humanity as an aim for all men; and might prove by the same, that God has made nothing evil; and that man is freewilled, having the power both of willing and not willing, being able to do either. Him we know to have been a man of our own composition. For if he had not been of the same nature, in vain would he ordain that we are to imitate our master. For if that man were of another substance, how can he order me, who am born weak, to do like him? And how is he good and righteous? But that he might not be deemed other than we, he bore toil, and vouchsafed to hunger, and did not refuse to thirst, and rested in sleep, and did not resist suffering, and became obedient to death, and manifested his resurrection, offering up his own humanity in all this, as the first-fruits, that thou, when thou art suffering, mayst not despair, but acknowledging thyself a man, mayst thyself expect what the Father granted to him!"

We say nothing of the doctrine here laid down concerning the origin of evil, nor of the view presented concerning the Divine nature regarded as that of the Father. The interest of the passage consists in its being an expression of the view of Hippolytus concerning the doctrine of the Logos, as the manifested Divine nature—that is, as the Son of God. In the manner of the fathers of the second and third centuries, he does not deem it enough that this doctrine should be stated in the form in which St. John's prologue has given it. The fact that Christ is the Son of God, as being the Word of God, must be explained, and men must be made to see, by explanations for the purpose, *how* this has come to pass. In the course of these explanations, it is affirmed that the nature of the Logos is Divine, but this Divine nature is still a derived nature. This Divine nature is furthermore said to be in Christ, a personality, but a personality consistent with a Divine Unity. As applied to such conceptions, human language necessarily fluctuates, appearing to deny at one moment, what may seem to have been admitted at another. Language, as the expression of thought, must be thus at fault, where the objects of thought are of a nature to transcend our power of thinking. But it is plain, that in the view of Hippolytus, the person of Christ included the Divine nature, as well as the human.

Sound, however, as Hippolytus is thus supposed to have been as to the doctrine of the Logos, he falls short, according to Dr. Bunsen, of the standard of modern orthodoxy on the doctrine of the Trinity. Dr. Bunsen's idea is, that faith in the Divine nature of the Logos, as becoming incarnate in Christ, does not

take with it faith in a Trinity. The scriptures, it is admitted, more than admitted, do teach the doctrine of a Trinity, under the names of Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, and, what is more, the church has not in any age lost sight of that doctrine. But the doctrine of the Trinity, as known in church history, it is said, is not so much a scriptural as an ecclesiastical doctrine. It may be found in scripture as to its substance or elements, but the forms in which it has become familiar to us, are the forms into which it has been wrought by the processes of ecclesiastical controversies. Now that the creeds and canons which make their appearance on this subject, from the fourth century downwards, have taken their form and expression in a great degree under the influence of contemporary antagonism relating to it, will not be denied—but it still remains to be determined whether the general effect of discussion in this case has been to elicit error rather than truth.

Dr. Bunsen repudiates the idea that such doctrines as the generation of the Logos, or the procession of the Holy Spirit, should be regarded as beyond our power of conception or expression. In his judgment, to say thus much concerning any doctrine of revelation, is to surrender it to its opponents, inasmuch as to describe any doctrine as *revealed*, and at the same time as not to be *apprehended*, is to fall into a contradiction in terms. It is plain, that as Dr. Bunsen thinks on this point, so did the defenders of orthodoxy think in the early centuries of the church, and a pretty series of embroilments did they get into as the effect of this fallacy. We call this notion a fallacy, because we think it natural to ask the persons who hold it—do you then mean to lay it down as a principle, that in a revelation, nothing must be enunciated as a fact, the nature of which is not fully explained; that revelation must touch on no theme which it does not exhaust, present in all its entirety and relations—in short, that it must reveal to us nothing about a future state of existence, if it does not reveal to us all about it? If the concession of orthodoxy, as above stated, may be made to resemble a contradiction in terms, is not this antagonist maxim an absurdity in its very essence? To us, it is not at all surprising, that Trinitarians who attempt to explain this doctrine, should sometimes appear to lose it—that in the effort to avoid Tritheism on the one hand, and Sabellianism on the other, these would-be expositions should become singularly discrepant, cloudy, and bewildering. It is so in a great measure with Hippolytus, and so in nearly an equal measure with Dr. Bunsen himself. The fault of Hippolytus is the fault of an obscurity thus induced, much more than the fault of any real heterodoxy. Even those

who regard what we call the ecclesiastical doctrine of the Trinity as something different from the scriptural one, admit that Hippolytus approached the former doctrine so nearly as all but to have adopted it. That this admission should have been extorted in his favour will not be felt as surprising if the following passages in his works be read with attention, especially bearing in mind an old-fashioned canon of criticism, which we deem of some value, though even Dr. Bunsen seems at times to be forgetful of it, we mean the canon which requires that the obscure expressions of an author should be interpreted by the aid of what is explicit in him on the same subject, and not that the reverse course should be taken, the explicit in some connexions being ignored, because it does not appear in all connexions. The extracts we are about to cite are all from the treatise of Hippolytus against Noetus, who insisted that the divinity in Christ was that of the Father, and denied the Trinity.

‘If Noetus remarks that our Saviour himself said, *I and the Father are one* (John x. 30), let him attend and observe that he did not say, *I and the Father am one*, but *are one*. For the word *are* is not used in reference to one, but it points to *two persons* (δύο πρόσωπα) and one essence.

‘He is compelled, even against his will, to acknowledge that the Father, God Almighty, and Christ Jesus, the Son of God, who is God, and became man, to whom the Father subjected everything, except *himself* AND *the Holy Spirit*, and that *there are in this manner three*. But if he wishes to know how God is proved to be one, let him understand that his essence is one, and as far as relates to his essence, he is one God; but with respect to the dispensation *he is threefold*.

‘It is thus that we contemplate the incarnate Word; through him we form a conception of the Father; we believe in the Son; we *worship the Holy Spirit*.’

Noetus took exception to the doctrine of the orthodox concerning the divine nature of the Logos, inasmuch as it required men to believe in two Gods. Hippolytus, citing the beginning of John’s Gospel, says —

‘If then *the Word is with God*, being himself God, why would any one say that this passage speaks of two Gods? I never speak of two Gods, but one: yet I speak of two persons, and a third dispensation, the grace of the Holy Ghost. For the Father is one, but there are two persons, because there is also the Son; and the third is the Holy Ghost. The Father commands, the Son performs; and the Son is manifested as the means of our believing in the Father. A dispensation of agreement is comprehended in one God, for God is one. For it is the Father who commands, the Son who obeys, and the Holy Ghost who gives wisdom. The Father is *above all*, the Son

- is *through all*, and the Holy Ghost is *in all*. We cannot form a conception of one God in any other way, unless we really believe in the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost. For the Jews glorified the Father, but did not give thanks (see Luke xvii. 14—18); for they did not acknowledge the Son. The disciples acknowledged the Son, but not in the Holy Ghost; wherefore they also denied him. The paternal Word knowing therefore the dispensation and the will of the
- Father, that the Father wished to be glorified in no other way than this, commanded his disciples after his resurrection in these words, *Go and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost* (Matt. xxviii. 19); showing that whoever omits any one of these does not perfectly glorify God. For the Father is glorified by this Trinity. For the Father willed, the Son executed, the Spirit manifested.'—*Works*, ii. 85, 86.

Dr. Burton, from whose *Testimonies of the Ante-Nicene Fathers to the Doctrine of the Trinity* we cite these passages, very justly observes, 'There may be expressions in this passage which might seem at first sight to support the notion of the Son and the Holy Ghost being operations of the Father, but since Hippolytus wrote this treatise purposely to confute such a notion, it is plain that this could not have been his meaning, and Hippolytus undoubtedly believed the Son and the Holy Ghost to be distinct persons.' Dr. Bunsen does not so interpret Hippolytus, but regards the alleged indefiniteness of his doctrine on this subject, as compared with that of Origen, as evidence that the work on 'Heresies' could not have been written by the great Alexandrian. That point, however, is sufficiently established on other grounds; were it not so, it could not, we think, be made out adequately on such ground. Dr. Bunsen would reduce the doctrine of Hippolytus concerning the Holy Ghost, to that of a mere influence from the Divine Nature; but Hippolytus speaks concerning the Holy Ghost, as the preceding passages will show, in a manner quite incompatible with such a conception. In that view his doctrine would not have been, as he affirms it to be, a doctrine attributing a 'threefold' personality to the Divine Nature, and not merely a threefold operation or influence. Dr. Bunsen anticipates that some persons will probably hold to this view, notwithstanding all he has said in opposition to it, and he is not disposed to speak harshly of the timidity or prejudice which may prompt to such a course. How far we really need commiseration on these grounds, we must leave, after the evidence adduced, to the judgment of our readers.* It is manifest that Hippolytus had so far apprehended

* The following is a remarkable passage from Origen on this subject:

'I think that he who says that the Holy Spirit is made, and who allows that everything was made by Him, must necessarily subscribe to the opinion that the

the doctrine of a Trinity in connexion with the use of the words Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, as to have felt the need of the word Trinity to express his conception, and, as we have seen, has actually used it. The following passage teaches us thus much, and indicates, at the same time, his views in relation to the Eucharist, and the propitiatory nature of our Lord's death. 'The knowledge of the Holy Trinity (ἁγίας Τριάδος) which was promised, and His precious and pure Body and Blood which are daily celebrated on the mystical and divine table, and offered as sacrifice in memory of that ever-memorable and first table of the mystic Divine meal.' On these two points, the nature of the Eucharist, and the design of the death of Christ, the views of Hippolytus and his age, if largely and justly interpreted, were, according to Dr. Bunsen, to the following effect:

"All the nations before Christ offered sacrifices," says Hippolytus, "the Gentiles as well as the Jews, did they not?"

"So we read."

"And were not their sacrifices either those of atonement, intended to propitiate the offended Deity; or those of thanksgiving, destined to express thankfulness for benefits received from the propitious Divinity?"

"They were."

"But do you think this intention could ever be perfectly realized? Must not the dread of punishment, inherent in the feeling of sin and of wrong, have been a hindrance to perfect thankfulness? And again, could they really find relief in acts of propitiation, however often repeated, as long as that feeling of thankfulness was not perfect?"

"Undoubtedly not."

"So far, then," I continued, "Jews and Gentiles stood upon the

Holy Spirit was made by the Logos, the Logos being anterior to the Spirit. We who are sure that there are three hypostases (subsistences—persons), the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Spirit, and who hold that both are generated of the Father—this being the more religious and the true opinion—allow that, of all things that have come into existence through the Word, the Holy Spirit is by far the most worthy of honour, and first in order of those things which have been made by the Father through Christ. And perhaps this is the reason why he is not called a Son of God, as the only-begotten Son alone was by nature the Son from the beginning; and it would appear that the Holy Spirit needed him, the Son ministering to his hypostasis (subsistence), not only as regards his actual existence, but also as regards his being wise, reasonable, and just. The power of the Father is greater than that of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. That of the Son is greater than that of the Holy Ghost; and, again, the power of the Holy Ghost surpasses that of all other holy things.—(Vol. i. pp. 299, 300.) If the language of Hippolytus has its difficulties, it will hardly be pretended that this language is free from them. But such is the natural effect of two errors,—1st, of regarding the names Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, not as *economical* or *official* names, but as names of *nature*; and 2nd, of supposing that even the doctrine of the Trinity is a doctrine that must admit of clear conception by human thought, and of adequate expression in human language.

same ground of an unsatisfactory and unsatisfied religious feeling. But Christ did offer himself up to the Father, in perfect love of God and of the brethren.'

“ That is the foundation of our faith, as we have seen.'

“ This, then, was the first perfect sacrifice, or the first satisfactory act of self-devotion?"

“ Such it was, as being the great fact of the world's mental history.'

“ Well, if that be conceded, I must ask a further question. Is it not most natural that the vow of self-sacrifice should be made, when we remember that Christ died for us, which we do in the Communion?"

“ It certainly is; for otherwise we should show ourselves unmindful of the cause of our religious peace, and of our consciousness of being children of God.'

“ This is precisely what we thought in our time; and as we were very anxious to express this most solemnly, we used always to connect this eucharistic act, or act of thanksgiving, with the celebration of the Lord's Supper, which consequently was itself called the Eucharist or the Thanksgiving. But if the act of the self-sacrifice of the Church (of the united worshippers) cannot be undertaken and consummated without a thankful remembrance of Christ's sacrifice for her, it does not at all follow that this act cannot be performed in the service, except when the Communion is celebrated, that is to say, when there is a congregation of communicants. I confess that seeing what an incredible confusion has flowed from this inseparable connexion; and, to use a pathological phrase, what a metastasis of the centre of religious consciousness has been the final consequence, I cannot help thinking it would have been better to express and to celebrate the act of thanksgiving, not only in the Communion, but also separate from the same, quite by itself, as the real act of worship, the action in the eminent sense, the acme or culminating point of our common devotion. But certainly, in spite of our having given some colour and pretext for such a perversion, by the arrangement we came to, you will soon find out the truth, if you only study the most ancient records of our holy worship with a little more philosophy than that excellent antiquarian work contains, which you are used to consult on this subject. For the act of thanksgiving begins clearly with that old solemn exhortation, 'Lift up your hearts,' and the words which follow have absolutely nothing to do with the Communion as such. Moreover, the ancient liturgies are full of evidence to show that this act was quite distinct from the commemoration of Christ's death of atonement, which is the Communion.'—Vol. iv. 86—88.

Thus the death of Christ, as an atonement for sin, is the great and the everlasting sacrifice; and the act of the communicant is one befitting a Eucharist, as a feast of thanksgiving, and one befitting the believer at all times, as being, on his part, a sacrifice of praise and self-consecration. The bread and wine,

of course, according to Hippolytus, remain bread and wine; but the grace of the Holy Spirit is said to be necessary to enable the communicant to partake of these elements so as to realize the spiritual design of the eucharistic service.

Concerning the views of Hippolytus on some other points of doctrine Dr. Bunsen thus writes:

‘Vossius has interrogated Hippolytus whether he taught the orthodox doctrine of original sin; and he extorts an affirmative answer from his treatise against Noetus, by an interpretation which he would never himself have allowed in classical philology. But this does not prove that Hippolytus would have been a Pelagian. He would have raised many a previous question, both against St. Augustine and Pelagius; and finally have entrenched himself in his strong position—the doctrine of the free agency of the human will. He would have thought Luther’s theory a quaint expression of a truth which he fully acknowledged; but, as to Calvin’s predestination, he would have abhorred it, without thinking less highly of God’s inscrutable councils.

‘On the whole, if Hippolytus was no Papist, his divinity cannot be reduced to our Protestant formulas without losing all its native sense and beauty. There is nothing in his works which would contradict the general principles, and the polemic or negative portions of evangelical doctrine. But as to the positive expressions, he would not understand much of them. For, to speak frankly, they either move unconsciously within the conventional circle of councilism, ritualism, and scholasticism, all of which are equally unknown to him; or they owe their prominent place to the necessity of opposing certain tenets, or the practices connected with them, and in that case the paramount authority attributed to certain evangelical formulas is little intelligible to the ancient Church, unacquainted with those tenets and practices. He would not be able to see the necessity of opposing so absolutely the doctrine of Justification to that of Sanctification, except temporarily, for disciplinary reasons, as an antidote against the conventional doctrine and pernicious practice of meritorious works. To be inspired by the contemplation of the eternal love of God, and the divine beauty of his holiness, to lead a godlike holy life, in perpetual thankfulness and perfect humility, this is the last word of the solemn exhortation at the end of his great work. But supposing the point at issue had been explained to him, he would certainly side with the doctrine of saving faith in the Pauline sense, against that of meritorious works.’—Vol. ii. 128, 129.

In conclusion, it may be said, that the point in which the orthodoxy of Hippolytus appears to have been most defective, relates to his views concerning the Trinity, while even in that respect his creed has a nearer affinity with that of the Nicene fathers, and we may add, with that of Athanasius himself, than with any

symbol of that nature which Arianism could have presented to him. He used the words 'Holy Trinity' because his theology gave him the ideas which rendered it expedient and necessary that he should do so. As to the assertion of Dr. Bunsen in the preceding extract, that the theology of Hippolytus could not have been brought into better keeping with that of modern protestantism without a loss of 'all its sense and beauty'—that is quite a matter of taste and opinion, and speaking generally, we must be allowed to say, that our own perception of the intelligent and the beautiful does not leave us under that impression. There are people who see no beauty in the past, and there are people who have no idea of progress that does not consist in some form or other in a return to the past. We do not covet a place for ourselves with either of these classes. The question with us, as theologians, is not, what *did* Hippolytus believe, but what *ought* he to have believed—and with the New Testament before us, we think it must be our own fault if we are not in a condition to have a right to an opinion of our own on that matter.

We now pass to notice those facts in relation to the POLITY of the early church, which in the view of Dr. Bunsen have been either brought to light or confirmed by the contents of this refutation of all heresies. The passages which bear on this subject in the treatise are incidental and scattered; they are not the less valuable on that account, but from that circumstance they do not admit of being adduced as evidence in a brief space. Of the state of things in this respect, as attested by Hippolytus and other authorities in the early part of the third century, Dr. Bunsen thus writes:

'Every town congregation of ancient Christianity, the constitution of which we have to delineate, was a church. The constitution of that church was a congregational constitution. In St. Paul's Epistles, in the writings of Clemens Romanus, of Ignatius, and of Polycarp, the congregation is the highest organ of the Spirit, as well as the power of the church. It is the body of Christ, the embodiment of the person of Jesus of Nazareth in the society which was founded by him, and through faith in him. This congregation was governed and directed by a council of elders, which congregational council, at a later period, was presided over, in most churches, by a governing overseer, the bishop. But the ultimate decision, in important emergencies, rested with the whole congregation. The bishops and elders were its superintending members; its guides, but not its masters.

In most of the customs and ordinances transmitted to us, we find this active interference on the part of the congregation considerably weakened. Already a hierarchy has been established. Nevertheless the congregation elects its bishop, and invites the bishops of the neighbouring localities to institute him into his office with prayer and

the imposition of hands. If the congregation is still to be formed, the bishop names the elders, three at least, and inducts them with prayer and a benediction. They form, with him, the congregational council. The bishop elects at least one deacon as his assistant; and appoints widows and young women to take care, both spiritually and bodily, of the orphans, the sick, and the poor. If the bishopric of a congregation, already formed, becomes vacant, the form of episcopal election remains the same; the clergy elect with the people; there is no form of election prescribed, consequently none is excluded. If the office of presbyter is vacant, sometimes the bishop and clergy, sometimes the whole congregation, fill it up. The bishop consecrates the presbyters, as he is himself consecrated by his brother bishops. Their ordination (dedication to God by prayer, with imposition of hands) is the same; only that the elders have no throne, or raised chair, in the apse at the end of the church, but sit upon benches on both sides. Between the clergy and the congregation stands the communion-table, their unity and connecting link.'—Vol. iii. pp. 219—221.

This scheme, while strikingly at variance with our English episcopacy, is described as fatal to the presbyterian platform, which recognises no chief pastor except as a *primus inter pares*, and it is said to be no less adverse to the German Lutheran usage, which restricts the office of elder and the function of teaching to the clergy. According to our author, a church in the times under review was a government, her bishop and elders were magistrates; they might direct the congregation, but they possessed no legislative powers, and in the time of the Apostles, praying and teaching were open to all who were competent to engage in them. The bright feature of the early church, in Dr. Bunsen's view, consisted in the fact that each town or city church presented a union of congregationalism with episcopacy, a combination which some of our routine thinkers, on either hand, have been wont to regard as impracticable.

'The episcopate was originally the independent position of a city clergyman, presiding over the congregation with the neighbouring villages, having a body of elders attached to him. When such a council can be formed, there is a complete church, a bishopric. The elders are teachers and administrators. If an individual happen to be engaged in either of these offices more exclusively than the other, it makes no real alteration in his position, for the presbyters of the ancient church filled both situations. Their office was literally an office, not a rank. The country clergymen were most probably members of the ecclesiastical council of the city church; as the bishops of the country towns certainly were members of the metropolitan presbytery.—Vol. iii. p. 246.

All the ancient republics were municipal—that is, they were

city governments, each government being restricted to its own city, and the adjacent territory. So was it with the churches which grew up in the cities of the Roman empire. Each city had its one church, and that church had, in the ecclesiastical sense, its adjacent territory, and when the bishops of lesser cities became affiliated with those of metropolitan cities, then the representative principle made its appearance in the convening of provincial synods, and ultimately in general councils. To the church, accordingly, society was indebted for a conservation of the forms of popular freedom when they had all died out elsewhere; and to church councils, much as we may see in their proceedings to censure, the modern world owes the first practical exemplification of its great principle of representation in the science of Government. With us, these are old thoughts; it is in the following manner that Dr. Bunsen exemplifies their truth.

'The nature of things led, as early as the second century, to collective congregations. The small village communities in the vicinity of the town, already, to a certain extent, formed such an association with those of the city. This, however, was only the first, and an imperfect arrangement; because the integral parts, with the exception of the town, had no complete organization. The principal towns of the then existing provinces of the empire (and all the apostolic epistles are addressed to these) formed central points for the province or island, as mother towns or metropolises. The bishops assembled there in synod. Believers had the liberty of attending their sittings and hearing the discussions. The first bishop, in age or importance, presided. As to Rome, Alexandria, and Antioch, however, the bishops had in early times incorporated with them a more considerable portion of the province. To Alexandria, the whole of Egypt, Libya, and the Pentapolis were united. We have, therefore, three different groups of church jurisdiction, the town and adjacent villages; the principal and inferior towns of the island or province; and the great metropolis, with the entire province in the widest sense. Already in the most restricted of these spheres, each individual portion was a complete church in itself. Thus, we find the suburban towns incorporated with Rome; Tusculum and Præneste, Tibur and Velitræ, Ostia and Portus, each of them a bishopric. It is clear from the words of Hippolytus that there was no further extension of the Roman Church in his time. He makes no allusion whatever to the jurisdiction of Rome over the suburbicarian provinces placed under the *vicarius urbis*; that is, all the South of Italy and the islands, and central Italy as far as the Apennines, inclusive of Umbria and Tuscany. This stage of the development, therefore, belongs only to the end of our period, the close of the third and beginning of the fourth century. The Roman Church at the beginning of the third century had not yet become the Italian (in our sense), still less the Latin Church.

'Now the circumstance in this ecclesiastical organization, which is of

general historical interest, is this. The congregational element, which had united towns and villages, and had once formed the connecting link between the Churches of Jerusalem and of Antioch, did not extend to these wider relations. Rome and the adjacent towns were connected together, not by their congregations, nor even by their church councils, but simply and solely by their bishops. In order to provide for their common wants, the bishops of these towns entered into the council of the metropolitan congregation, which, in this way, exercised a certain jurisdiction over the other portions of the collective congregation. In this sense, and this only, can the thirty-fifth apostolical canon be understood. It is the germ of that subsequent metropolitan system, which is exhibited in the decrees of Nicæa (325) and of Antioch (341) in a more developed shape. The 'nations' which assemble round their 'first' bishop, and act in common with him, are precisely the districts of the Hellenic and Roman world which form a nation in the antique sense, together with their chief town (like Corinth, Ephesus, Alexandria, Antioch, and Rome). I have discussed at length, in my 'Ignatian Letters,' what was the peculiar development of this germ in the second century in Egypt. The Egyptian collection of apostolic ordinances, which has come to light since that publication, furnishes direct proof, that the consecration of the bishop of Alexandria by the clergy of his church was a unique instance of that kind in Egypt; and that the metropolitan position of that capital did not in the least degree stand in the way of the independent episcopal organization of each individual town-congregation.

'The churches which grouped themselves round a great church, stood in an organic, but strictly hierarchical connexion with it. It was natural that common interests should be treated of in common, and decided upon under the presidency of the bishop of the metropolis. The other bishops were joint elders in this council. They formed, with the parish clergy of the capital, the presbytery of the chief bishop. This is the origin of the college of cardinals.

'This second stage in the development of the church's constitution is, therefore, already infected with the decay of the times. There were no longer then any real nations, but only municipal unions. The ancient world did not know a free nation beyond the municipal limits, and therefore had no representative government. Christianity prepared this by clerical senates and synods; it could not create nations. The congregation was free, and her life the only living and free life of the age. But this free element of the Christian community remains within the narrow limits of the municipal constitution; all beyond that is unfree, as regards the congregations. Independent and autonomic in their parochial concerns, the congregations are excluded from the general church affairs.

'But it is these precisely which became every day of more and more importance. In proportion as the relations grew more complicated, and the differences upon points of doctrine more serious, and in proportion as more stress was laid upon doctrinal forms, as symbols of

the church and conditions of church communion, its government and destinies fell more and more into the hands of the bishop.—Vol. iii. 222—226.

Of course, these developments, which belong to an interval considerably subsequent to the apostolic age, give us no information with regard to the state of things as it *was*, in, or near, that age, and as it *should* have been in the ages following. It is very clear that the congregationalism existing in the town and city churches in the second and third centuries, was not an innovation. But we cannot say the same of Dr. Bunsen's other favourite element, the episcopate. It has long been our opinion that there is no necessary repugnance between a moderate Episcopacy and Independency. If we do not give our adhesion to such an episcopacy, it is because we believe it to be without sanction from the New Testament, because we see no precedent for it in the truly primitive churches, and because we regard it as a feature of polity which naturally tends to put the clergy in the place of the church, and to supervene, in the manner which Dr. Bunsen has explained, an episcopal tyranny in the place of a popular liberty. There is no good end accomplished by it that might not be better accomplished without it. If that *primus inter pares* which existed at the first had been perpetuated, a world of mischief might have been prevented.

But it is a material point, to be borne steadily in mind by our readers, that every new light supplied in reference to the polity of the churches of the East and West, until we reach the first half of the third century, only tends to show more and more clearly that the churches of those times were Congregational or Independent—that is, they were free organizations of believers, each organization being in full possession of the power of self-government. The power of those churches, indeed, was not, strictly speaking, a power to make laws, except in the sense of by-laws. The authority vested in them was not an authority to supersede the laws of Scripture, but simply to interpret and apply them. On all questions coming within these limits, it pertained to each church to judge finally for itself; or to judge conjointly with other churches, by delegation, when the matter to be decided was of a more general application; and it is greatly to the honour of the churches of those times, that while thus severally independent, there existed among them so large an amount of moral and spiritual association and unity. It is manifest that before the middle of the third century Presbyterianism had done much towards rendering the action of the people in church affairs less perceptible; and Episcopacy, the next stage of change, had innovated in the same direction still more; but the

Congregational element remained, even then, in such a state as to show very plainly what the more primitive usage had been.

An amusing illustration of this independence between church and church, and between bishop and bishop, in the age of Hippolytus, comes before us in the history of his quarrel with Callistus, bishop of Rome. If any church might be expected to carry it with a high hand towards other churches, it would be the church at Rome, and if any bishop might be expected to play the lord towards his brother bishops, it would be the bishop of that city. But Hippolytus, in the course of the dispute above mentioned, shows plainly enough that he knew nothing of any authority as pertaining to the bishop of Rome, or the church of Rome, to which himself, as bishop of Portus Romanus, or the church of Christ in that place, could be supposed to owe subjection. This whole story about Callistus is now known to us for the first time, and the substance of it is thus given by Dr. Bunsen :

‘There was under Commodus, when Victor was bishop of Rome, a good Christian soul called Carpophorus, who had a Christian slave, of the name of Callistus. To help him on, he gave him the administration of a bank, which he kept in that celebrated quarter of Rome called the *Piscina publica*. Many brethren and widows trusted their money to this bank, having great faith in the Christian character of Carpophorus. But Callistus turned out a rogue ; he made away with the sums intrusted to him ; and when the depositors wanted their money, it was gone. Their complaints came before Carpophorus ; he asked for the accounts ; and when the fraud could no longer be concealed, Callistus made his escape. He ran down to the harbour, Portus, some twenty miles from Rome, found a ship ready to start, and embarked. Carpophorus was not slow to follow him, and found the ship moored in the middle of the harbour. He took a boat to claim the criminal. Callistus, seeing no escape, threw himself into the sea, and was with difficulty saved and delivered up to his master, who, taking the matter into his own hands, gave him the domestic treadmill of the Roman slave-owners, the *pistrinum*. Some time passed, and, as is wont to happen (says Hippolytus), some brethren came to Carpophorus, and said he ought to give poor Callistus a fair chance of regaining his character, or at least his money. He pretended he had money outstanding, and that, if he could only go about, that he should recover it. ‘Well,’ said good Carpophorus, ‘let him go and try what he can recover : I do not care much for my own money, but I mind that of the poor widows.’ So Callistus went out on a Sabbath (Saturday), pretending he had some money to recover from the Jews ; but, in fact, having resolved to do something desperate, which might put an end to his life, or give a turn to his case. He went into a synagogue and raised a great riot there, saying he was a Christian, and interrupting their service. The Jews were of course enraged at

this insult, fell upon him, beat him, and then carried him before Fuscianus, the prefect of Rome. When this judge, a very severe man, was hearing the cause, somebody recognised Callistus, and ran to tell Carpophorus what was going on. Carpophorus went immediately to the court, and said: 'This fellow is no Christian, but wants to get rid of his life, having robbed me of much money, as I will prove.' The Jews, thinking this was a Christian stratagem to save Callistus, insisted upon having him punished for disturbing them in the lawful exercise of their worship. Fuscianus, therefore, sentenced him to be scourged, and then transported to the unwholesome parts of Sardinia, so fatal to life in summer.—(*Strabo*, v. ii. § 7, 8.)

'Some time after (says Hippolytus), Marcia, wishing to do a good work, sent for bishop Victor, and asked what Christians had been transported to Sardinia, adding, she would beg the emperor to release them. The bishop made out a list of them; but, being a judicious and righteous man, omitted the name of Callistus, knowing the offence he had committed.

'Marcia obtained the letter of pardon; and Hyacinthus, a eunuch (of the service of the palace undoubtedly) and a presbyter (of the church), was despatched to the governor of the island to claim and bring back the martyrs. Hyacinthus delivered his list; and Callistus, finding his name was not upon it, began to lament and entreat, and at last moved Hyacinthus to demand his liberation also. Here the text is somewhat obscure; but thus much is clear, that his liberation was obtained by bringing the name of Marcia into play.

'When Callistus made his appearance, Victor was very much vexed; the scandal had not been forgotten; and Carpophorus (his lawful master) was still alive. So he sent him off to Antium (Porto d'Arezo), and gave him a certain sum a month. Whether it was here Callistus fell in with Zephyrinus, or at Rome itself, no sooner was Carpophorus dead, than Zephyrinus, now become bishop of Rome, made him his coadjutor to keep his clergy in order, and gave himself up to him so entirely, that Callistus did with him what he liked. Unfortunately (says Hippolytus,) Zephyrinus was not only very stupid and ignorant, but loving money very much, took bribes. Things went on in this way until Zephyrinus died, when Callistus was elected to the eminent post he had coveted all the time. He became bishop of Rome, and the theological disputes in that church began to be envenomed.'—Vol. i. 127—131.

It was in connexion with the 'theological disputes' thus referred to, that Hippolytus took the ground, not only of an independent bishop in reference to this pretty fellow Callistus, but that of a censor, denouncing many things in his opinions and conduct. Hippolytus intimates that Callistus would have sided with the followers of Sabellius, but that he knew the bishop of Portus would in that case have accused him of heresy. With characteristic effrontery, this bishop of Rome, who had been notorious

both as rogue and convict, assumed priestly airs after a fashion hitherto new in the church; and at the same time did much to relax and corrupt the established discipline—against all of which it appears Hippolytus lifted up his independent protest.

The next section of important matter presented in these volumes relates to the DISCIPLINE and WORSHIP of the ancient Church. The criticisms of Dr. Bunsen on the writings which have descended to us under the title of the Apostolical Constitutions bear directly and considerably on these points. If we credit our learned countryman, Whiston, these constitutions should be received by us as dictated to the apostles by our Lord himself, during the forty days immediately subsequent to his resurrection. If we credit other authorities, with pretensions no less learned, we shall regard them as making their appearance some four or five centuries later. Dr. Bunsen's views are, in the main, at a wise remove from both these extremes. To enter upon the grounds of these differences would require large space, and would be to deal with investigations which would be anything but fascinating to the majority of our readers.

Dr. Bunsen concludes, as the result of much patient research, that portions of these ancient regulations may be traced to a period so remote as the close of the first century, while the apostle John was still living. But, in our judgment, the elements in them which are thus ancient, go within a small space—especially as relating to the official persons, and the general polity of the churches. These constitutions give us the three orders—bishops, priests, and deacons, as settled functions. Had this disposition of things received the sanction of a living apostle, the instruction relating to it would have been found in the inspired writings. An innovation of so much importance, upon the state of things in this respect as left by Peter and Paul, would not have been allowed to depend upon an authority so loose and uncertain as that of tradition. There is much, moreover, in these ancient regulations, which clearly suppose the preceding period, when the Epistles to Timothy and Titus were written, and when the existing orders were two only—elders, also called bishops; and deacons. For the two orders we have the authority of Scripture; for the sanction of the three orders we have to depend on an authority which comes later, and in a form not so trustworthy. The thirty-eighth of these Apostolical Canons says, ‘Let a *synod* of *bishops* be held twice in a year, and let them ask one another the doctrines of piety, and let them *determine the ecclesiastical disputes that happen*’—language which brings us far down in the second century. We should add that, concerning the most ancient portion of these constitutions, in common with the

portions of them which are manifestly from a later period, Dr. Bunsen is careful to state that they never formed any real code of law, much less were they the decrees of synods or councils. The practice of all the great churches was gradually based on this authority, but with considerable modifications, according to differences of judgment and of circumstances. Hence what are called the Apostolical Constitutions in different churches, during the first three centuries, are not precisely the same constitutions. But these differences are nothing, compared with the difference between the elements of rule presented to us in these earlier canons, and those embodied in the canon law of the hierarchy at a later period. This contrast is thus stated by Dr. Bunsen :

‘ The canon law, which began with the Council of Nice, was definitively shaped and fixed in the ninth century, by the fraud of the Roman Decretals. Now, our canons are the direct, positive, and irrefragable proof that this later canon law, the law of the Church of Rome, and, according to the theory of some English canonists, the law of the land, unless when expressly abrogated, is in flagrant contradiction with the documents of the ancient church.

‘ Our canons, as well as the constitutions, even in their latest parts, acknowledge no definition of the Catholic Church, but that it comprises the whole people of the faithful. The clergy forms a distinct order, but without having any indelible character.

‘ They know no sacrifice of the mass ; but the symbolical expression of the sacrifice of self, a sacrifice of thankfulness, represented by the oblation, and connected with the commemoration of Christ’s death. They contain no anathema against reason ; but an express and solemn recognition of reason, as kindred to the Logos, the Eternal Word of God.

‘ Neither do they acknowledge any supreme hierarchical right of the bishops, in the face of the rest of the Christian people. The people elect the bishop ; and if other churches propose a candidate to a new forming congregation, they decide whether they will have him. There is no difference between ‘ consecration ’ and ‘ ordination ; ’ one and the same word and prayer serving both for bishop and for presbyter.

‘ The canon law of the Council of Nice, and of subsequent councils in the fifth and sixth centuries, establishes the metropolitan system in the ordinary sense of the word. The ante-Nicene law exhibits every town, that is to say, every place which is not a mere *villa* (estate with peasants round it, the origin of our village), as a church presided over by a bishop and a board of elders (presbyters) ; but, at the same time, it represents the bishops (not the congregation) of the smaller places as clustered round the bishop of the large town or city which was their natural metropolis. Those bishops formed part of the council or presbytery of the mother-congregation for all matters of common interest. In the post-Nicene system, the congregation is nothing, its

bishop little. The ante-Nicene canon law is fundamentally congregational, and its bishop, as such, represents the independence, and, as it were, sovereignty of the congregation.

'The present canon law of Rome is the complete code of a ruling hierarchical corporation, governing the Church by exclusive divine right ; judging according to these its by-laws, not only the concerns of the sacerdotal corporation, but whatever in the relations of common life is in any way connected with religion, and ignoring altogether the existence of a Christian state. This theory has been carried out in the Latin church with an iron consistency, and made the stronghold of a hierarchical power over mankind. Papal Rome has shown, in the formation of its system, much of the spirit which so peculiarly distinguished the ancient Romans in the formation of their civil law. In this civil law they indeed had great men, and developed a true nationality, in times when all the rest of their intellectual and their very national life was almost extinct, from the third to the sixth century. The seeds of such a system of law were sown when the Christian religion became that of the empire ; a long process, beginning with Constantine, and terminating only under Theodosius the Great, and his sons. Papal Rome worked out this system in its own interest, with a truly Roman spirit.

'It had been demonstrated beyond contradiction, that the historical basis of the Latin canon law is forged. But what we can prove now is, that there was not only no historical foundation for connecting this canon law with apostolic traditions and customs, but that these were in direct positive contradiction with the new hierarchical despotism. Indeed, no fiction and no fraud would have been necessary, if that had not been the case. We are now able to discover the elements, yea, to restore in most cases the text, of an ecclesiastical law corresponding with what we know of the primitive state of the church in the ages immediately following that of the Apostles, with marked degrees of gradual change, from the first half of the second century, down to the age of transition, the whole of the third century. The discovery of the great work of Hippolytus is a very important link in this demonstration.'—Vol. iii. 257—260.

Among the more ancient elements in the constitutions and canons which have reached us from the first three centuries, are those which recognise lay teaching in the Church, and those permitting the clergy to be married men—at least so far as to be the husband of one wife. The language of the Greek formulary, which was adopted by the Roman Church, is, in relation to the first of these points, 'He that teacheth, although he be one of the laity, yet if he be skilful in the Word, and grave in his manners, let him teach ; for they shall be all taught of God.' The Coptic version of this canon reads thus : 'When the Teacher after the Prayer shall lay his hands upon the catechumens, let him pray, dismissing them ; whether he be an Ecclesiastic or a

‘Layman who delivereth it, let him so do.’ Very simple and childlike, too, are many of the cautions and instructions presented in these records, reminding us of a state of things which certainly existed in the churches of the first century, but which we know was only of too short a continuance.

Much, however, in the practice of this ante-Nicene age, on which Dr. Bunsen is disposed to look with great favour, does not commend itself to our approval. Not only did the distinction between clergy and laity, between the ecclesiastical and non-ecclesiastical person, become strongly marked, but, as might be expected, the germs of hierarchical power were developing themselves rapidly. Baptism, confirmation, the eucharist, all were disfigured by a number of mischievous or frivolous superstitions. When baptism was administered by immersion, it was required that the subjects should be immersed three times, and that whether the persons were men or women, adults or young children. Nor was this enough. The following are some of the usages which preceded or accompanied the administration of this rite :

‘*How the Oil for the Anointing is prepared.* And at the time which is appointed for the baptism let the bishop give thanks over the oil, which, putting into a vessel, he shall call the Oil of Thanksgiving. Again, he shall take other Oil, and *Exorcising* over it, he shall call it the *Oil of Exorcism*. And a Deacon shall bear the Oil of Exorcism, and stand on the left hand of the Presbyter. And the Deacon shall take the Oil of Thanksgiving, and stand on the right hand of the Presbyter.

‘*How those Catechumens who are to be admitted are separated and sealed for being baptized at Easter.* And when the day approacheth on which they shall be baptized, *let the Bishop Exorcise each one of them, that he may know that they are pure.* But if any one is not pure, or is not clean, let them put him apart, *that he may not hear the word with the Believers* ; for it is not possible that a stranger should ever be concealed. Let them teach those appointed to baptize, that they should wash and be made free.

‘Let them who are to receive baptism fast on the preparation of the Sabbath (Friday). But on the Sabbath, when those who shall receive have been gathered together in one place, by the advice of the bishop, let them all be commanded to pray and to kneel; and *when he hath laid his hand upon them, let him Exorcise every strange spirit to flee from them, and not to return to them from that time.* And when he hath finished exorcising, let him *breathe on them* ; and when he hath *sealed their foreheads, and their ears, and the opening of their mouths*, let him raise them up, and let them watch all night.’
—Vol. iii. 18—20.

Besides all this, it was prescribed that the presbyter should, with due ceremony, administer the ‘oil of exorcism’ before the

act of baptism, and the 'oil of thanksgiving' afterwards. We scarcely need say, that these childish and vulgar superstitions come, not from Peter or John, still less from Paul. 'I thank God that I baptized none of you—Christ sent me not to baptize, but to preach the Gospel.' Nor was the Eucharist exempt from admixture of the above description.

'How they receive the Eucharist and the Milk and Honey. Let the Deacons bring the Eucharist to the Bishop, and he shall give thanks over the Bread, because of the similitude of the Flesh of Christ, and over the Cup of Wine, because it is the Blood of Christ, which was poured out for every one who believeth on him; and *Milk and Honey mixed*, for fulfilling the promises to the Fathers, because He hath said, 'I will give you a land flowing with milk and honey.' This is the flesh of Christ which was given for us, that those who believe on him should be nourished by it as infants, that bitterness of heart may be dissipated by the sweetness of the work. All these things the bishop shall discourse to those who shall receive baptism.

'And when the bishop hath divided the Bread, let him give a portion to each of them, saying 'This is the Bread of heaven, the body of Jesus Christ,' let him who receiveth it answer 'Amen.'

'And if there are no more presbyters there, let the deacons take the cup, and they shall stand in order, that they may give them the blood of Christ Jesus our Lord, and the Milk and the Honey.'—Vol. iii. 23, 24.

What follows is more pleasant to read, and more befitting constitutions described as 'apostolic.' 'And when these things 'have been done, let every one hasten to do all good things, and 'to please God, and to take care to live in integrity, being diligent 'in the church, doing those things which they have been taught, 'proceeding in the service of God.' But such imbecile disfigurements of the simple institutes of the New Testament as we see in the above extracts tend to show very clearly the value of the principle which subordinates the highest patristic authority to the authority of Scripture.

In judging of ecclesiastical proceedings in those early times, it is important to bear in mind that during several centuries the Christian churches existing, were existing as so many voluntary organizations in the midst of a prevalent and ancient heathenism. The converts made, accordingly, were not converts by conventionalism or education, but converts, speaking generally, from conviction, consisting of men and women who ceased to be idolators, and became worshippers of Christ. Every church in those times was a *mission* church. Its converts came from the surrounding heathenism; and its baptisms, as in all such cases, were to a large extent adult baptisms, administered on a pro-

fession of faith, and commonly after a long interval of preparatory instruction. Dr. Bunsen has so poor an opinion of English criticism generally, that he does not seem to be at all aware of the extent of the learning which our scholars have been disposed by our peculiar circumstances to bring to an investigation of the questions concerning baptism. Even the ecclesiastical section of this subject has been less neglected among us than our author supposes, and the biblical section of it has been nowhere so thoroughly discussed as in this country and America. Hippolytus and his contemporaries, who had declined from apostolic example in so many things, had manifestly so done, on many points, in relation to this ordinance. The following passages, also, will suffice to show that our deference to the wisdom of these ancients should not be without discrimination and exception.

‘If thou hast blessed the Cup in the name of God, and hast partaken of it, like as of the blood of Christ, keep thyself with the greatest care: spill not of it, *lest a strange spirit should lick it up*, that God may not be angry with thee as one who hath despised it. . . .

‘If thou hast risen at midnight upon thy bed, wash thy hands and pray; but thou shalt wash thy hands in pure water. And if thou hast a wife, pray together with one another. But if she has not yet believed, thou shalt withdraw thyself into a place, and shalt pray alone, and return again to thy place. But if thou art bound in marriage, refrain not from prayer, for thou art not defiled. For those who are washed have no need to wash again, for they are purified and are clean. And *if thou breathest in thy hand, sealing thyself with the vapour which shall come out of thy mouth*, thou shalt be all clean, to thy foot, for *this is the gift of the Holy Ghost*. And the *drops of water*, are the *baptismal drops* coming out from the *fountain*, that is, *the heart of the believer*, purifying him who believeth.’—Vol. iii. 84—86.

Records even of this silly description possess historical value, but with every man of intelligence their effect must be to awaken distrust rather than to inspire confidence. Even such follies were allied, no doubt, with much religious truth and much pious sentiment; and nothing could be more emphatic than the measures taken by these early Christians to preserve, as far as possible, the purity of their fellowship, and to ensure consistency in the persons received by them as believers. We see much also to admire in the Apostles' Creed, and in the remnants of liturgical services which have survived from those times. But through everything of this nature, the hierarchical and superstitious elements become conspicuous, and dispose us to think much more of apostles than of fathers, even when fathers flourish in times very near to those of the apostles.

Dr. Bunsen attaches much importance to the picture of the ancient church which is presented in these volumes. In his view it is the sort of guide we need to enable us to make our way back towards that primitive standard from which nearly all churches have fallen away so lamentably in later times. But in modern reforms the most effective light will come, we think, not from ecclesiastical history, but from a source either much nearer, or still more remote—that is, from the source of fitness which has its home within men, or from the authority of the inspired writers, to the neglect, for the greater part, of all later authorities.

It is something, however, to see the Church of Rome, as existing in the age of Hippolytus, presented in such edifying contrast with the monstrous compound of error and evil which retained that name some centuries later. Certainly, the authority of the Bishop of Rome at the close of the second century was not precisely the same thing with the authority of an Innocent III. or of a Gregory VII. Nor were the general maxims and usages of the former age in all respects identical with those of the latter. The man who reads these volumes attentively, and shall fail to see in the developed popery in the middle age, the foulest conceivable corruption of everything Christian—in fact, the strongest embodiment of the spirit of Antichrist to be found in history, must be pitifully imbecile, or a victim of prejudice in the manner natural to men who have resolved to believe a lie which happens to be agreeable, rather than a truth which happens to be disagreeable.

Nor must the Church of England, the German-Lutheran Church, and some others, remain as they are, if there is to be any considerable return towards the more simple ideas and usages of the times now under review. We find no prototypes of diocesan and baronial bishops in those days. The hard and dry rule of fixed creeds and stereotyped Church standards did not then press heavily on the consciences and liberties of men—though the far-sighted even then could hardly fail of seeing evil in that form as among the probable things of the future. Many of the errors and mischiefs now rife among ourselves may be traced to that remote past; but many more were left to be developed and matured by the mistaken or the bad men of later generations, the fruits of whose labour have been largely entailed upon us.

One thing is especially observable in this retrospect—it is precisely in the measure in which the congregational, that is, the self-governed and independent character of the early churches is effaced, that every sort of ecclesiastical corruption becomes

strong and dominant. The most difficult, but at the same time the most indispensable element of change in all established churches, lies in this direction. There is nothing to which the upholders of such establishments, speaking generally, are so much opposed, as to any admission of the popular influence in the regulation of their affairs, while nothing can be more certain than that if such institutions are to be regenerated, so as to become more primitive in their spirit and doings, it must be mainly by such means.

We have very little faith in the efficacy of those new or restored arrangements about baptism, confirmation, and the communion, on which Dr. Bunsen seems to rely so much as means whereby to bring back what he describes as the 'consciousness' of the ancient church. That consciousness, in so far as it consisted in trustworthy religious conception and feeling, came not from such observances, but from the great truths that were supposed in them, and anterior to them. Nay, more—it is not only certain that the ritualism of the great churches at the close of the second century did not produce that life-consciousness, it is manifest that it contributed, as Dr. Bunsen is obliged to admit, in a very large degree towards the destruction of it. Everywhere in the ancient records which Dr. Bunsen has brought before us in these volumes, we trace the fact, that from the importance attached to the established observances, the people had learnt to conclude that the great evidence of being spiritually right lay in being ecclesiastically right—that is, in receiving baptism, confirmation, and the communion after the right manner, and from the hands of the right men. In that one corrupt notion lie the seeds of every possible corruption in things religious.

We are ourselves, therefore, very far from being disposed to halt in the age of Hippolytus in search of models either of wisdom or of goodness, whereby to attempt the improvement of our own age. We have our interest in knowing what the wisdom or folly, the good or evil of those remote times may have been; but in testing our own opinions, or usages, or feelings as Christians, we ascend higher, and take our position where apostles themselves are in the place of fathers. There we learn that the regeneration of the souls of men is not by ritualism, but by the truth. The Scriptures teach us that the element which moves the inner nature of man towards goodness is not the priestly, but the spiritual. The power which moves mind must come from mind. If this kind of force obtains help from ritualism, it can only be *help*; and too often what is accepted as help proves to be an impediment. All experience shows that if the symbolic may

contribute to give clearness to truth, it may do much to obscure it. The external may help the internal, or it may be fatal to it, by coming into its place. History abundantly demonstrates that if you would ensure an enlightened spiritual consciousness in the worshipper, the truthful must be very prominent, the ceremonial very subordinate. An histrionic ceremonialism may powerfully affect the imagination and emotions of the uninstructed or susceptible; but it may be in the direction of all sorts of superstitious fictions, in place of the realities which the truth would have presented. Now, it is here that we find the grand defect in the state of things in the age of Hippolytus. Not only had preaching, the great apostolic ordinance for bringing men to the faith of the gospel, fallen into disuse, but persons were obliged to become catechumens, and to place themselves in the position of the ceremonially pure before they could attain to the privilege even of those who 'may hear the word with the believers.' The aggressive action of the church, by the public proclamation of its message, becomes everywhere less and less perceptible. Classes of catechumens come into the place of congregations of heathen men, and the elementary routine of the catechist comes into the place of the manly utterances of the preacher. In this manner the way was prepared for nearly every mischief that followed. Dr. Bunsen will probably be much shocked to find us speak thus concerning the sagacity of the church leaders in those times—but in so speaking we speak advisedly. In the matters sanctioned by those grave, and for the most part pious, men, we see not a little that we are more concerned to avoid than to imitate. What we need in our day, and what must come, if there is to be any great spiritual movement among us, is something strictly the reverse of what had come to be the settled course of things in the church in the age of Hippolytus. We want less thought about the sign, more about the thing signified; less care to conserve a church, more to convert a world; less dependence on the alphabet of catechisms, more on the fulness and power of the gospel—in a word, confidence in man, as a being who deeply needs the gospel, and is capable of feeling that need; and confidence in God, as ready to give that success to the faithful preaching of the gospel in all time, which he gave to it in the first time. The disease of our times as regards religion may be complex, but the remedy is simple. Little can be done by improved machinery, much may be done by improved instruction. The conversion of the world, indeed, is the mission of the church, but the church can be strong to that end only as her ministry shall be strong—strong in *head*, and *heart*, and *utterance*.

ART. II.—(1.) *Poesie Complete di Giuseppe Giusti*. Bastia, 1849.
 (2.) *Giuseppe Giusti*. Cenni di P.L.D.E. Croce di Savoia.

THE writings of the Tuscan poet whose name we have placed at the head of this article are not generally known in England, even among the readers of Italian. To many of our readers we can believe that the very name is not equally familiar with that of authors in every respect his inferior: but in Italy the reputation of Giusti is great and universal. No modern writer has more deeply impressed his countrymen. Believing that the impression is just and will be permanent, we are anxious to contribute something towards making known to English readers the name at least, and if possible something of the peculiar merit and style, of a most genuine Italian poet.

By one of those general theories to which many speculators have a fancy for adapting facts, it has been maintained that every great and marked era in the life of a nation will have its great writer, or set of writers, to inspire, to guide, or to celebrate, its movement. Either the great man creates the great impulse, or the great impulse stirs up and discovers to the world the great man. We will not discuss this theory; it is sufficient to say, as illustrating the light in which Giusti is regarded by his countrymen, that the recent Italian movement claims him as its poet. Nor is the claim unfounded. There can be no doubt that posterity, as well as his countrymen and contemporaries, will connect the name of Giusti with that movement in an especial sense, and more than that of any other poet.

As a social and political satirist, he, for a series of years, roused and directed indignation against those oppressions, corruptions, and crimes, which thousands of true and brave Italians, under, alas! more than one banner, struggled and died in the field to overthrow.

His countrymen may overrate the immediate consequences upon action of these utterances, but we cannot be mistaken in regarding them upon their authority as exponents, stimulants, and in part creators, of a general feeling. In that view alone they would be important enough to merit examination. Even for those who believe that the present re-established tyrannies of Italy are to be permanent, these poems should have a historic interest, as illustrating the tone of mind which prompted the struggle. For those who still believe that Italy has a future, the words of Giusti retain a deeper interest. The indignation is

still merited, and the anticipations are not falsified: they are but prophecies of which the fulfilment is deferred.

The following passage of Gualterio will illustrate the position and character of Giusti among contemporary authors. The historian is tracing the causes of the Italian movement, and among its causes, designating the men who did most to originate it. From prose writers, Gioberti, Balbo, D'Azeglio, and others, he passes to the poets; and naming first the illustrious veteran Niccolini, author of *Arnaldo di Brescia*, he distinguishes four others from the mass, Giuseppe Giusti, Toscano; Giovanni Prato, Veneto; Gabriello Roselli, Napolitano; Giovanni Berchet, Lombardo. He then goes on:—

‘Giuseppe Giusti was endowed by nature with that uncommon insight which dissects the thoughts, opinions, bias, manners, lives, and hearts of men, and the forms and substance of society; which distinguishes truth from falsehood, possibility from chimera; and combats all exaggerations, knowing the weak point of each, and reducing it to its natural proportions, so as to annihilate it by making it ridiculous instead of sublime, as it had appeared to common eyes. Never was a sharper assailant of tyranny and its slaves or interested sycophants. No one with equal force or greater truth scourged that herd which supported the relics of the old system, only because no ray of hope shone for them in the new: no one struck so deeply at the ignorance of the nobility, the pride of upstarts, or the follies of the populace. His sternness towards princes and men in power gave him the reputation of a republican in the sense now attached to the word:—i.e., a lover of the most comprehensive forms of democracy, and the demagogues hoped to see arise in him at the full time a zealous *tribune*. These, however, while pulling down the high, habitually flatter the low; and them Giusti never flattered; he held up to scorn and condemnation the weakness of the one side, as he did the insolence of the other. Italy was the end of every thought with him, and dear above all, and he was truly grieved to see the divisions of parties which arose before the revolution, and foretold to an observant eye the dissensions to come.

‘He was more prone to faith than to illusions: I mean, that he had greater trust in principle than in men, of whom he knew thoroughly the defects and weaknesses: yet he was not what you would call a pessimist, nor even a political exclusive. His verses will live as the best picture of the manners of his times; of the political passions, and, so to speak, the inflammatory humours, of the society in which he moved. The *sects* (secret societies) and their followers he hated, hoping no good from them, but only misfortune for the country. He knew intuitively their incapacity to produce anything, and painted them truly, when he called them mules for their obstinacy and barrenness.

‘ His satire never descended to personalities, except when aimed at the occupants of high places, and then not from envy of their power, but so far as their public station brought them within the jurisdiction of general criticism. . . . His verses aided not a little in preparing the Italian movement, and became popular in spite of the censorship. Of this there were proofs even in the bosom of Lombardy, notwithstanding the anxious precautions of the Austrian police. . . . His death was not one of the least misfortunes which accompanied or followed close upon the memorable defeat of Italy.’—*Gualterio*, part ii. chap. 44.

This sketch, which many of his admirers would consider as scarcely doing justice to the Tuscan poet, will give the English reader an idea of his general scope and characteristic qualities.

It is not, however, very easy to classify him as a writer, or to give a notion of his poems by description or designation. When their popularity as circulated in manuscript, the publication of the foreign spurious editions, and some relaxation of the rules in the censorship, led him first to print a collection, he gave them no other than the modest name of ‘Verses.’ We may call them lyrical satires.

The class to which these poems belong is one which has not, at least of late years, been common in England. Attempts, indeed, have not been wanting, but some time has passed since real poetic genius has cared to manifest itself in this form. An admirable facility and humour characterizes the versified politics of the author of the *Twopenny Post Bag*, and some of these assume the lyric form; but they do not come up to the idea of lyrical satire, either in depth of feeling, in passion, in ironic force, or in beauty. The only political verses which have of late years excited much attention, were those contributed to the cause of disorder by the patriots of the *Nation*. Like their authors, these poems met with somewhat more indulgence than they merited. They were indifferent enough, though decidedly more successful than the rebellion to which they incited. In fact, in a really free country, all the multiplied shapes of free discussion supersede the necessity, without exactly performing the functions, of the satirical poet. A song can be remembered and can circulate even where the censorship leaves blanks in the journal, or where a stricter inspection prohibits not only speech, but even such evidence of silenced speech. There is indeed a degree of tyranny, under which verse and prose, the speech of the debates, and the *mot* of the saloons, are alike silenced by an impartial because all-reaching terrorism. But the state of things in which society is, and the leading article is not, has often been regarded as the very state in which the epigram of conversation is most in demand, and consequently most fully supplied. The commercial

principle is verified even in the airy manufacture of witticisms, and a similar principle may in some degree apply to the yet subtler essence of poetry. A poet, indeed, is born, and it is fortunately as impossible as it would be undesirable, to prescribe rules for the birth of this or that kind of poet or poetry. The spirit does not always come when it is called for; you cannot create it by calling; but if it is there, it is the more likely to come because called for.

Accordingly, it is not in England that we can look for any parallel to Giusti in any writings which may seem, by comparison, to illustrate his style and character as a poet. The two contemporary writers who most nearly resemble him, are Béranger in France, and Heine in Germany. To Béranger in particular he has been compared, not only as to a similar writer, but as to his prototype and model. Yet he would form a most incorrect conception of Giusti who should attempt to create one to himself out of his recollections of Béranger or of Heine. These names are mentioned, not so much to illustrate his individual character as to express the class to which he belongs. Of the two, widely as they differ, he approaches more nearly in form and style to Béranger; yet no view can be more incorrect than that which regards him as having made the French poet his model. Italian critics disclaim even the similarity; we concur with them in rejecting altogether the idea of plagiarism or copying. Giusti is thoroughly Italian; far too emphatically Italian to be regarded as an Italianized Béranger. He had undoubtedly read Béranger; and the influence of a great contemporary writer is necessarily felt more or less by men of genius, and sometimes manifested in their works. It will be most directly and naturally displayed, of course, by those whom similarity of genius or circumstances directs into the same line of composition, unless they should, as is sometimes the case, studiously avoid any likeness, however natural, and so perhaps sacrifice some real beauty to the possible suspicion of plagiarism. To this extent, and no more, does Giusti remind us of Béranger. The two have indeed common to them this consequence of their genuine worth as poets—that many of their simplest verses, though devoted only to subjects of contemporary interest, will outlive the more ambitious efforts on higher themes of most or all of their poetic rivals. But Béranger in no way bears to Giusti the relation of the master in a school in which Giusti is a pupil.

The real master, the constant study, we will not say the model, of the Tuscan poet, was a far greater than Béranger; the bitterest of political satirists, the greatest perhaps, save one, of European poets—the Florentine, Dante.

We shall not be misunderstood as advancing for him a claim which he would have himself treated as sacrilege—a claim to any station on that level, where the voice of mankind has throned almost unapproached *L'Altissimo Poeta*. But this much may be truly said, that the devoted student of Dante was a learner from Dante; and in particular that he had learnt from him that great merit, almost lost among his countrymen of modern times—the merit of condensation. In him more than in any recent Italian writer, do we find the short description, which, as it were, emphatically outlives the object, the single line which brands, the single indelible epithet which recalls, and seems to comprise, the character.

It must not, however, be supposed that Giusti is a personal satirist. His satire, as is observed by Gualterio, in the passage which we have quoted, never assailed individuals, except such as by their high place were necessarily public characters, and therefore proper objects for criticism. And ‘to them, *as to the people*, he was more liberal of censure than of praise.’ Let these italicized words be noted. Giusti, as we shall hereafter see more fully, flattered no one. The triumph of the popular cause raised up for him no idol. A demagogue in his eyes might be as hateful as a vigorous tyrant, as ridiculous as an effete despot, and would meet with similar or sharper treatment.

His poetry, simple and even severe in its form, yet constructed with the most careful selection of words and attention to versification, assuming, when possible, the plainest and most popular expressions of the Tuscan dialect, condensed, vivid, familiar, was, in the strongest sense of the word, original. The novelty of the means which he employed consistently enforced the directly practical character of his object. Attacking falsehood and conventions, he used no conventional language. In the strongest language of common life, he told his countrymen how base, how hateful, was much of the life around them. Perhaps we might truly describe him by saying, that very few poets have been less of ‘versifiers.’ Nothing is ever put in for mere ornament; the exact words are used for the exact thought: thought and language are not separable; they are interfused and one. This union in its various degrees characterizes all poetry worth the name; in perfection, it is found only in the highest; its presence, or absence, is the easiest and most infallible test by which to distinguish versified commonplace from genuine poetry; it is certainly among the prominent characteristics of Giusti. He was not a careless writer, because he was natural: he was a consummate, all the more because not a conventional, artist.

Holding that Italian had been corrupted by recent writers through the intermixture of foreign terms, he used, whenever it

was possible, the spoken or vernacular phrase and idiom in preference to book language. ‘Others,’ as he said, ‘put on their dress coats whenever they sit down to write; I take off my frock coat and put on a blouse.’ His consequently frequent use of purely Tuscan words and idioms, combined with the necessarily allusive nature of satirical writing, makes him for foreign readers a singularly difficult author. This character is the main cause of the hitherto limited circulation of his works in England; and it will probably continue to prevent them from becoming, so to speak, popular out of Italy. Of the leading peculiarity of his style of thought, the deep seriousness which underlies his hearty ridicule, his biographer gives, in a passage which we translate, perhaps as good an idea as can be given by mere description.

‘Giusti laughs indeed, and that so powerfully, that woe be to him who is smitten by that immortal ridicule; but in the midst of the song rushing clothed in gladness from the soul of the poet, ever and anon one word of profound melancholy slips involuntarily over the chords of his lyre, and draws a momentary veil of sadness over the brilliant gleam of his smile, with such effect that the reader, utterly lost in the fresh sentiment which he experiences, without being able to explain it to himself, can only exclaim, in this intoxication of his feelings, *That is sublime!* Giusti weeps and laughs at once: his smile is born of his melancholy; and through that alone can it be explained and rendered intelligible and plain.’

All earnest irony is born of this conflict of deep feelings; the smile may in part express contempt perhaps, or a sense of the vanity of things, but the root of it is sadness and indignation which can find no adequate direct expression. In his own beautiful words—

‘In quanta guerra di pensier mi pone
Questo che par sorriso ed è dolore!’

It was not among mere laughers that Giusti sought his audience; he wished them to be more fit, though they might therefore be few. ‘If your tendency is only to amusement,’ he says to his reader, in a short and most characteristic preface to one edition of his works, ‘do not go beyond this page; for a laugh springing from melancholy might possibly stick in your throat; and I should be sorry for that, both on your account and my own.’

This depth of feeling it was, which at once sharpened the edge of that trenchant ridicule, and raised the poet into the element of true lyric passion. This, combined with the singular force of his expressions and brief vividness of his imagery, renders Giusti not less superior to all modern Italian writers as a lyric poet, than he is unique as a satirist: if we are not to admit one doubtful exception in the single poem ‘Il Cinque Maggio.’

It will be seen, from what has been said, how intimately connected are the peculiar character of this poet and the circumstances of his time. The more naturally will our notice of his works blend itself with some account of his life, and of the Italy into which he was born. For the former the biography named at the head of our article furnishes some, though hardly satisfactory materials.

It is somewhat meagre as to facts, and deficient in traits or anecdotes, and in those life-like touches which bring in real presence the subject of a narrative before us, and make us know the man, or at least form the idea of him, as he lives in the memory of his friends. He was born in May, 1809, at a castle in the Val di Nievole, near the high road from Florence to Pescia, with which place his family were connected as rich proprietors. Among them was at least one man of considerable eminence—his grandfather Giuseppe Giusti, the friend and minister of justice to the reforming Archduke Leopold, one of the princes who, at the head of small states, have achieved something like greatness.

We catch glimpses of a lively, clever, spirited boy, difficult to manage, ‘*di spirito irrequieto e vivacissimo*,’ growing happily up into youth; learning not too much of Latin, and no Greek—a neglect of opportunities which (be it observed) he afterwards regretted, and tried to repair by earnest study of the Latin classics. Finally, he is sent to the University of Pisa with the object of studying law—an object which, in his case, as in that of other Italian poets, from the time of Petrarch downwards, was destined to merge in other aspirations. He was, we fear, no very steady student of the Pandects: he ‘crammed’ (‘*beccava*,’ is his own word, as good an Italian as English college-phrase) for his examination in a fortnight. But he has left us in the verses entitled ‘*Memorie di Pisa*,’ those happy touches and records of his college life, which prove that to him, as to many others, its indirect were worth more than its direct influences. Every one who has been himself a collegian, must read these verses with a pleasure more than half melancholy. ‘I too was once in Arcadia.’ There is a deep truth and tenderness in the tone in which Giusti recalls those four happy years spent without care; the days, the nights, ‘smoked away’ in free gladness, in laughter, in uninterrupted talk, the aspirations, the free, open-hearted converse, as it was then, of some who are not now disguised as formal worldlings; all the delights of that life, whether at Cambridge or at Pisa, which comes not again. All that was to be had, all that was to be enjoyed from converse with the world around him, Giusti made his own; and if he somewhat neglected the Pandects, he familiarized himself with the classical writers

whose value he was now more capable of appreciating. Virgil, Horace, and Dante were his most familiar studies. After the usual course, he left Pisa, and settled himself in the capital, Florence, as a law-student in the chambers of Capoquidi, a noted advocate, since Minister of Grace and Justice.

One can fancy that his relations hoped to see another Giuseppe Giusti great in jurisprudence, under another Leopold; but he had a different destiny before him. We can suppose him entering into the world with at least a fair allowance of the common youthful disposition to quarrel with much of its cold formalism and smooth-faced quackery. And the Italian world, as he saw it, contained more than the ordinary proportion of iniquities against which such a spirit could not but rebel. Of the Italy of Giusti's opening manhood—the Italy of Gregory XVI.—so much has lately been said, that it is unnecessary to dwell more than summarily on the subject now.

The great wave of the French revolution passed over Italy as over the rest of Europe, burying the old landmarks. It subsided, and they generally re-appeared, so far as territorial divisions were concerned. The shadow of a King of Rome vanished, and the States of the Church passed again under the worst of human governments. The Austrians held Lombardy, with the addition of Venice; in several other states, modified by a certain amount of cutting and carving, the old Houses re-entered untaught and unimproved. The people had not, any more than their rulers, learnt to correct some of their most characteristic faults; but the great deluge had destroyed much, and had left something behind it. The Italians had borne their share in historic events, if not as freemen, yet as the subjects of an energetic will. They had shown that under good leading they could be good soldiers; and they saw, with the feeling which might be expected, that the first act of liberated Europe was to fling them back into the old dull servitude. They remonstrated vainly: they acquiesced in a resistless necessity. But, from 1815 onwards, ideas not conducive to the permanence of such governments as Italy saw restored, were fermenting in many minds. On the other hand, the weakest and worst of the restored governments could adopt so much of modern progress as consisted in a keener and more extensive spy-system, and in a greatly increased political activity of the police. The old veneration, even the old acquiescence, were gone, mutual distrust and hatred remained. Bad governors and disaffected subjects were the staple of the Peninsula.

In 1820, as in 1830, attempts were made in various States of Italy to right themselves against their governments. These movements, in general the original work of 'sects,' or secret

societies, met, and indeed merited, far less universal response from the people than the movement of 1848; neither had the Italians, as a mass, been familiarized then, as now, with the ideas of freedom. Still they were, to a certain extent, successful. Naples and the Romagna showed themselves at least able to obtain some concessions against their governments, and possibly to maintain them, had the matter been left to themselves, as in mere justice it ought to have been. But Austria, encamped in Lombardy, cannot afford to be just, and therefore Austria stepped in. She, 'the sword, of which the Pope is the cross,' once and again struck down Italian freedom. She sanctioned, by restoring, the local tyrannies, she justly identified her name with the great or petty oppressions she upheld. The subjects submitted because they could not resist; but, except in the crowd of officials, the governments had no supporters, no real friends. All that authority and power of government which, in a well-arranged community, men have a natural tendency to respect and venerate, became included for the educated Italian in two words of bitter hatred and contempt. At home was the 'birro,' and over the frontier was the 'Tedesco.' To those alone who forget what Austria has done, in various instances, for Italy, can the now universal anti-Austrian sentiment appear unfounded or unreasonable. The bare statement of historical facts conveys a charge which admits of no answer.

Those English readers who wish to see the indictment, article by article, drawn and served up with irresistible force, will find the task performed for them in Mazzini's celebrated letter to Sir James Graham; and will find, too, that, on this point at least, the republican and the constitutionalist are one. According to Gualterio, and all other Italian writers, it was not until after 1830 that the idea of independence took any real hold, that is, not until after it had been practically found that Austrian rule in Lombardy meant force at hand to overwhelm any effort at improving the local governments. The cry of 'Independence' in Italy was anything but a factitious clamour, a fancy got up by bookmen; it was the expression of a want, taught by a bitter experience. Unfortunately, the apprehension of a truth does not necessarily give the strength or virtue required to put it into practice. That takes a further schooling; but that, too, may be perfected with time.

In the general quiescence of the Peninsula between 1830 and 1845, an interval was given to its rulers which might have been a precious one. How they used it, not to remove, but to aggravate, the causes of complaint, all readers of Farini know. They too know that the grotesque absurdities and exceeding pettinesses

of such misgovernment were almost as marked as its iniquities. The social and political fabric was something, as Giusti's biographer says, with some point, between a babyhouse and a bastille. On this state of things Giusti's Italian critics picture him to us as looking with deliberate regard. He saw, say they, that it was irremediable, except by destruction, and accepting the principle, 'Destroy in order to rebuild,' he looked round for a weapon to aid in the work of overthrowing, and found one which he adapted carefully to that end, in his peculiar form of satire.

No man, we may observe, really lays out his career for himself as those who, after the events, speculate on his life, lay it out for him. Nor did Giusti, probably, more than others, foresee from the beginning, and resolve upon the course in which circumstances and his genius conducted him. The young student of Pisa did not say to himself, 'I will be what Niccolini is not, what Farini is not; I will be, and that in a new and untried way, the poet of my generation, the voice of liberal Italy.' But he felt towards the evil which he saw as Dante felt, and as all men ought to feel, but as too many of the countrymen of Dante have yet to learn to feel; that is, as towards a thing which ought to be attacked and destroyed; and that instinct of truth, that preference for reality over convention which is one of the indications of a masculine genius, led him, when he wished to write on modern politics, to do so directly and without disguise. He did not attempt to remove his subject to a distance, either of place or time; he did not attempt to idealize it. Thus he has not produced an Arnaldo di Brescia; but he has produced, in the 'Coronation,' in 'Gingellino,' in the 'Terra dei Morti,' verses which will outlast and outweigh a score of Arnaldos.

Among the great variety of Giusti's compositions, we are necessarily led to select, for more special notice, such as from the nature of the subject have the most general interest, and are most calculated for appreciation by others than the countrymen of the writer. Our attention will be thus directed rather to the properly political than to the social specimens of his satire. Emphatically characteristic, and invaluable alike as poems and as pictures of society as are, for instance, 'I Brindisi' and 'La Scritta,' they appeal less feelingly and immediately to transalpine readers than do the odes dealing with the wider events and passions which create the history of the world.

Reluctantly, therefore, with these few words of commendation and apology to Italians, who might otherwise think that one of their poet's varieties had escaped due recognition, we pass by the poems of the social class, although they combine a curious accuracy of costume and interior—painting with bursts of high lyrical

tone, and a grave, bitter, Dantesque irony. One especial example only of the last quality we must name in the concluding passage of the 'Scritta,' where the profligate and ruined noble, who has just signed the marriage contract (*scritta*) with the uninviting daughter of the low-born usurer, while half disposed to repent of and recede from the bargain which he has made of titles against gold, falls into a dream, in which he sees his own family tree, and far back in the middle ages its real founder, a usurer of the lowest and vilest kind, surpassing in iniquity and harshness his destined father-in-law, by far more than all the superiority of old times over new. This worthy describes, in verses which really read like a portion of a suppressed canto of the *Inferno* devoted to plebeian iniquities and punishments, what he was, through what stupendous deeds of cheating and extortion he rose from vile need to viler wealth, and how his descendants bought from a ducal or vice-regal tyrant the quarterings which, through a line of slothful profligates, have come down to their worthy representative, the dreamer. The final moral, of course, is rather of the cynical than the sentimental kind. 'Take her, blockhead that you are, and be thankful; she is as good as you any day.'

Perchi ti penti, o bestia cortigiana?
Prendi dell' usurier, prendi la figlia,
Che s'iam tutti d'un pelo e d'una lana.'

The powers of Giusti as a writer of occasional verses were naturally known to his friends both at the university and in the capital, long before he had attained the age of six and twenty. The verses, however, on the death of the Emperor Francis, which took place in 1835, appear to have been the first of his political compositions generally circulated with a certain restricted publicity, not in print, but in manuscript. They are those entitled, from the two commencing words, 'Dies Irae.' In spite of the solemn name and introduction, this poem is by no means of a dirgelike or wailing, much less of a panegyric character. It is bitter and strong enough, conveying, in language neither very courtly nor very reverent, the various sentiments with which different individuals and classes might be expected to receive the dispensation. Kings and princes mourn, at least with their hats; court, army, church, and police are ready for a new oath; the court orator (an Italian is named) bleats out his panegyric; but those rascals, the Carbonari, exult—nor does the Pole weep for the death of the Cossack's ally;

'But the greedy Scythian savage
Turns an eye of hungry ravage
On the gorgeous obsequies;

As a gaunt hyena prowling
 Scents far off, with long-drawn howling,
 Where a brother's carcase lies.'

The signs of the times are shortly reviewed, as favourable to freedom. England has her share: she is turning out her Tories.

' Sir John Bull, propagatore
 Delle macchine a vapore,
 Manda i tory a rotoli.'

From an anticipation in this tone, half ironic, of a liberal millennium over the world, the poet passes to the sad and true conclusion: 'For us Italians nothing is changed, except the name of our master; nothing new, except the personal identity of the wearer of the crown.' A conclusion clenchingly expressed by a reference to the habitual form of announcement that Pope has succeeded Pope in the immutable sovereignty of St. Peter.

' Ma silenzio, odo il cannone—
 Non è nulla—altro Padrone—
Habemus Pontificem.'

This, though far from equal to many of his later poems, contains lines not unworthy of being ranked with them. But the sensation which it produced is in part to be attributed to the novel diction and style in which the unknown author presented to his countrymen his thoughts on political matters. Here was a poem on modern politics, calling things and persons by their every-day names; not presenting in a scholarlike disguise, only to be penetrated by the aid of some scholarship and historical knowledge, the hopes and fears of the nineteenth century, under names and costumes borrowed from the thirteenth or sixteenth, but speaking of contemporary events in contemporary language. The style, moreover, was studious as little of ornament as of disguise, plain, short, strong, and emphatically popular; ironical, rather than abusive; brief and bitter, rather than eloquent and prolix; condensing, not expanding passion. In all these respects the verses differed from what Italians were used to meet with; and we can guess, without being told it, the kind of timid admiration, the hesitating recognition, both of the patriotism and the poetry, with which the first verses of Giusti were received by the literary circles of Italy, the followers of Niccolini and Manzoni. It was not long, however, before the claim of the poet to the attention of his countrymen was to be put forth in a stronger and more undeniable form.

The *Stivale*, or 'boot,' was among those which attracted most early attention. It is a humorous and pointed sketch of the

fortunes of Italy. The poor Boot relates how it has passed from leg to leg, through a series of larcenous wearers; how much misuse, patching, unprofitable wear and tear it has undergone in the service of these unrighteous owners.

‘Worst of all are the priests, who have worn me spitefully and without discretion; and great is my grudge at certain blockheads of poets who have countenanced their manner of walk; as if the decretals did not especially forbid their wearing boots (*i.e.* possession of temporal dominion). Wretched, worm-eaten, and mouldy as I am, long have I needed some fitting leg to wear me and have right done to me :

‘No German’s leg or Frenchman’s—understand—
I would be worn by one of my own land.

‘Once there was a great chief, ‘*un certo Sere,*’ who might have boasted that he had in me the strongest and best boot within the world’s map; if he had not been so bent on rambling too far; as he would do,* until—

‘Alas! that snow-storm caught him far astray,
And froze his limbs, and stopped his walk midway.

‘The expense of mending me will be great; the repair must be total : for Heaven’s sake take care to whom you entrust it: not, as now, to artists who work into it all manner of colours; Imperial, Neapolitan, &c.

‘And look—this bit of blue—how ill it matches
With red-and-white, and black-and-yellow there;
I’m a mere Harlequin of shreds and patches:
If you would really put me in repair,
Make me, with loving zeal and sense to aid,
All of one piece and one prevailing shade—’

In that case, it is finely intimated, the kick of the boot will be a serious matter to any insolent provoker of the same.

We have named the Boot, because with Italians generally it appears to be a favourite. There are intrinsic defects in an allegory of this nature, which perhaps, rather than any want of skill in the execution, prevent our rating it very high among Giusti’s poems. Far superior to it, and inferior to nothing with which it can be compared, is another poem, of we believe about the same date, the ‘*Girella.*’ The name, and the dedication, ‘To the blessed soul of Signor Talleyrand,’ explain the subject of this singular, most effective, and most bitter satire. It is a sketch, as proceeding from his own mouth, in an after-dinner song, when the heart was opened by wine, of the ideal ‘*Girella*’ or weathercock of modern politics on a grand scale. Those to whom Giusti is a sealed book, must imagine to themselves such a string as never was put together before of creeds, and causes, and leaders, all

* Bonaparte he would set out, &c.

faithfully followed while strong, all in turn betrayed when weak; of professions made, recanted, and remade, with equal satisfaction and profit, in fine, of all the possible proteiform transformations of an absolute and impartial egotism, true to itself always, and to no thing or person else in the world.

We dare not attempt to translate it, no translation could give even a faint reflection of the force and simplicity of the short, sharp, pointed, stinging verses, in which is described the career of the alternate enthusiast of the revolution, and the loyalist of the restoration, the irreligious church-robber, the pious Christian, the impartial eulogist of 'Pitt, Robespierre, Napoleone, Pio Sesto e Settimo, Murat, Fra Diavolo, Il Re Nasone, Mosca e Marengo:' in fine, the man who, come what will, falls ever on his legs, and upright.

'Mangiando i frutti

Del mal di tutti.'

Every country has had its Vicars of Bray, and celebrated them probably in some form or other, but this poem is the perfection of its kind. It is not to be taken as personal, beyond what is necessarily implied in its dedication to the most notoriously versatile of modern politicians. It would be equally good were the absolute consistency of Prince Talleyrand, through the score of governments which he served, demonstrated and admitted; or had he never existed. It is not a satire on an eminent Frenchman, it is a passionate address to the countrymen and contemporaries of the writer, against the prevalent vices of the age, cold indifference to principle, and the worship of selfish gain. Even its moral is more direct than that of most satires, and Giusti, had he written the 'Girella' only, would have stood as a teacher above many lengthier moralists. A figure, self-clothed with the bitterest contempt and ridicule, is held up by the poet to his hearers, addressing to the conscience of each some such appeal as the following:—'This, where truth and honour are ignored, and principle put aside from interest, this is success. Be base enough, wicked enough, unprincipled enough, and you too may succeed. Such is the world, and such is the time. But do you wish to succeed at the price of being like this?'

No country and no time is above the need of such lessons, but in this, as in other cases, Giusti wrote in the main for Italy. She too had—what misgoverned country has not?—no lack of minor 'Girellas' (the waiters on Providence of ill-administered bureaucracies), whom this satire lashed in general, and the result is said by his, we fear, too sanguine biographer to have been a practical improvement; at any rate he does a service now and hereafter, who makes us hate vice by making us see it as it is.

In a graver, though scarcely in truth more serious tone, is one of his most famous odes, that on the Coronation of the Emperor Ferdinand, in Milan, in the year 1838. The event itself, and the manner of its celebration, are sternly noted by the historian Gualterio, under a title appropriately coupling 'La Corruzione Lombarda e l'Incoronazione.' Amid a profuse expenditure caused by the rivalry of splendour between the Viennese court and the wealthy nobles of Milan, amid shows of every kind, military and civic, aided and coloured by an exercise of cheap clemency, a kind of profitable frenzy of local loyalty, or at least what served for such, was got up for the time. Such stage effects of pompous worship, such effervescences of prostration before crowned or uncrowned tyrants, on whichever side of the Alps, whether at Milan or at Grenoble, are easily got up; and perhaps of all the forms of human baseness there is none which it is so hard for a sterner virtue to regard with forgiving charity. Giusti perhaps did not try to do so. With the oppressors he felt that he did well to be angry, even to death, and he would have made his countrymen feel with him. Accordingly, says Gualterio, 'this delirium of the Milanese inspired Giuseppe Giusti with perhaps the noblest satire that ever flowed from that pen, alas! too soon lost to his country.' In whatever Italian there existed a relic of the nobleness of the past, a smouldering hope for the future, his feelings, on viewing this combination of false splendour and real degradation, found a perfect utterance in these verses.

Of some part of the 'Coronation' we have attempted to give an English version, in which, it is right to observe, the metre has not been exactly followed. In the original, the sketches of the various princes of Italy who are supposed to bow before the Imperial throne, are singularly pointed and condensed. Such lines as that which describes the King of Naples,

' Il Lazzarone Paladino infermo,'

cling where they are thrown, and become proverbial. Mental character and outward form are seized and dashed off with one stroke. Every word hits, and every word enhances the effect of the others, and the emphatic exactness of the unflattering portrait. It will be seen that the sketch of Charles Albert naturally delineates that prince as he appeared to Italian liberals between 1830 and 1840; as the presumed betrayer of the liberal cause in 1820, earning his pardon from the Holy Alliance, first by serving it as a soldier in Spain at the storming of the Trocadero, and next by persecuting liberals at home. Charles Albert lived to merit and to receive from Giusti, as from other wise and good Italians, a different judgment. We are bound to note,

THE CORONATION.

The satirist does not forget to notice in the case of the 'Sacripant' of Naples, two characteristic accompaniments of Legitimist Absolutism, the martinet passion for drilling, and the popular piece of scandal which attributes to a 'Zoccolante,' or begging friar, the doubtful honour of a parental relation to the monarch.

‘ What wouldst, King Sacripant, with arms and thunder?
With that great fist wouldst smite the heavens asunder?
Have done, thou ape of heroes, in thy jowl
We read the friar-like soul.
The Tuscan Morpheus follows slack and slow,
With poppy-wreaths and lettuce on his brow,
Who in pursuit of immortality
Drains bogs and pockets dry.

Or if thy wish be still but as of old,
 To drink Power's cup, and curse her foes for gold,
 Then through these crowds a stronger voice shall ring:
 'This crown, which makes your king,
 ' Not from those nails of holiest renown,
 As wild tales tell, was forged this iron crown;
 Christ gave not to be tools of wrongs and lies
 His Passion's mystic ties.
 ' Not from the ploughshare blest, whose peaceful birth
 Made demigods the patriarchs of our earth—
 This crown was twisted from the robber-swords
 Of ruthless Northern hordes.
 ' O Latin race! for whom these low-bent knees?
 Your Lord is heir to those old tyrannies;
 Around your feet are clanking chains of shame—
 Their iron is the same.
 ' Lo, you are here—look round upon your numbers!
 Rush on the hirelings:—waken from your slumbers;
 Flash in your tyrant's eyes with fearless band
 A different-tempered brand—
 ' Steel of that furnace whence LEGNANO'S swords
 Reaped the full harvest of barbaric hordes,
 Even as the sickle on the autumn plain
 Reaps the full sheaves of grain.'
 Ah me—the people hears—yet looks askance:
 Turns to mock fights its glad and foolish glance:
 And gives the German columns, rushing, firing,
 Its stupid cheers admiring.
 The people—no—the giddy guilty swarms,
 Nursed and corrupted in luxurious harms,
 The scum of nations that from Europe drains
 Down to the Lombard plains;
 Hired actors, decked with servile diadems,
 Sham wreaths of laurel, and sham sets of gems;
 And liveried hounds, that smirch their gilt attire
 With fawning in the mire;
 And Folly's slaves in fashionable hosts,
 Worn by false pleasure to the ghosts of ghosts:
 And padded grandsires, with galvanic grins
 Aping their children's sins;
 All like the madman, who in brainless craze
 Laughs while the clothes upon his shoulders blaze,
 And murders with his fist, in frenzied ire,
 Him who would quench the fire.'

With this bitter description and frightfully forcible simile
 the poem concludes. Throughout, as in the last stanza, it
 will be observed that Giusti speaks not merely as a mouth-

piece of popular feeling. He has to stir up or even to create the passions to which he appeals. It was the 'delirio Milanese' which provoked his anger; and he does not assail the wearer of the iron crown so much as the slaves who applaud him. Foreign dominion is denounced; but the indifference, lukewarmness, or cowardice of many Italians is not less openly and bitterly noted. 'You who stupidly and basely admire the shows with which your foreign lords would conciliate you, the military displays with which they warn you to submit—you are *not* Italians.'

The poet is a proclaimer of a truth not unrecognised, but as yet not thoroughly felt and acknowledged. What his influence was, who can tell? Who can tell how many youthful hearts were thrilled by these verses among those who but ten years later raised and manned the barricades of Milan, bequeathing to their countrymen, if not a permanent deliverance, yet the memory at least of a victory over their oppressors? We know at any rate that many hearts were thrilled. The verses made their way wherever the language of the writer was spoken; and it was felt that Italy, whatever else she might want, had at least another poet to grace her fallen condition.

In the eyes of many, especially of those who look at it from afar, Italy is a land of the past only; a land crowded with great memories, with the proofs and relics of a double dominion, with the sculptured and painted marbles of classic and Christian art, with ancient ruins and mediæval churches, and with scenes of natural beauty, almost defying the power of art to render them; but not to be regarded as a land of living modern interests, sharing in modern conflict and progress, a portion of the civilization of to-day, a nation among the European nations. Few things can be conceived more calculated to gall an Italian than the unconsciously contemptuous judgment thus thoughtlessly passed upon his people. He knows it to be untrue, yet he feels that it has much apparent and some real truth. The partial truth makes the implied slight more bitter, and calls for a deeper resentment against those who, by foreign tyranny or by indigenous baseness, crush or paralyze the life of Italy.

This common opinion, embodied by Lamartine in a probably chance expression '*La Terre des Morts*,' drew from Giusti the poem intitled '*La Terra dei Morti*.' A grave and sometimes grim humour, relieved with touches of melancholy beauty, is its prevalent tone. 'We are dead, it seems: it is true we lived once and to some purpose; but we are quite dead now. Our life, or rather this our present pseudo-life, is a mere fiction and impertinent intrusion among the living: you of this generation, you Frenchmen who are so thoroughly alive, say so, and you must

'be right: yet from some things, one would almost think we 'were still really living; who knows? perhaps it will turn out 'so.' This is the theme of the poem. With this explanation perhaps even a most imperfect translation of some of the stanzas of this remarkable ode may give some idea of the deep strain of melancholy irony with which the poet accepts and applies the designation in behalf of the land of which he is sadly proud, and of the people whose life and right to live he indicates.

'LA TERRA DEI MORTI.

A noi larve d'Italia,
Mummie dalla matrice,
E becchino la balia
Anzi la levatrice:
Con noi sciupa il Priore
L'acqua battesimale,
E quando si rimuore
Ci ruba il funerale.

Eccoci qui confitti
Coll' effigie d'Adamo,
Si par di carne, e siamo
Costole e stinche ritti
O anime ingannate,
Che ci fate quassù?
Rassegnatevi, andate
Nel numero dei più.

Ah d'una gente morta
Non si giova la Storia:
Di Libertà, di Gloria,
Scheletri, che v' importa?
A che serve un' esequie
Di ghirlande o di torsi?
Brontoliamoci un requie
Senza tanti discorsi.

Ecco, su tutti i punti
Della tomba fanesta
Vagar di testa in testa
Ai miseri defunti
Il pensiero abbrunato
D'un panno mortuario.
L'artistico, il togato
Il regno letterario

E tutta una moria.
Niccolini è spedito,
Manzoni è seppellito
Co' morti in libreria.
E tu giunto a compieta
Lorenzo, come mai
Infondi nella creta
La vita che non hai?

'THE DEAD MEN'S LAND.

To us poor ghosts of Italy,
Us, mummies from the womb,
Our nurse is sexton, and our birth
But opens us the tomb.
On us the curates waste in vain
The holy font's expenses,
And charge our burial fees again
On purely false pretences.

Made up like Adam's sons
In human likeness fair,
True flesh you'd think us, yet we are
Mere ribs and long shin bones.
What do you here, poor souls misled,
Stray'd from your place of slumber?
Oh, be resigned, go join the dead,
The nation without number.

For a departed nation
There is no place in story,
What is Liberty or Glory
To this corpse-generation?
Garlands on graves? What good to them?
They're just as well without it.
Let's mumble off their requiem,
And make less talk about it.

Behold, wide wandering over
This cemetery ground,
Dreamily flit and hover
From skull to skull all round.
Thoughts by the funeral pall,
Shrouded in hues of mourning.
The sphere of art, and all
The realm of law and learning,

Are only burial places.
Niccolini's doom is sped,
Manzoni with the dead
Is heaped in old bookcases.
And, young Lorenzo, say,
By what enchantment rare
Thou breathest into clay
The life thou dost not share?

The allusion is to Lorenzo Bartolini, the sculptor, among other works, of the statue 'La Fiducia in Dio,' exquisitely described by Giusti in a sonnet with that title, the only sonnet we find in his works.

Romagnosi, too, what was he? a ghost,—yet a ghost who could think, and whose thoughts stirred the living. However, dead we are, and all of them, too, are dead. So you Frenchmen say; and you show that you think so from the way in which you borrow from us.

'Dei morti nuovi e vecchi
L'eredità giacenti
Arrichiron parecchi
In terra di viventi.
Campando in buona fede
Sull' asse ereditario
Lo scrupoloso erede
Ci fa l'anniversario.'

'Our dead of old and of to-day—
Their unclaimed heritages
Shall furnish yet a golden prey
For lively living sages.
Most conscientiously they prize
The riches they inherit,
And drink our solemn memories,
And spend our goods with spirit.'

As for you, our censors of the Church and the police, you may lay down your scissors; why so careful to emasculate the dead?

'Perche ci stanno addosso
Selve di baionette,
E s'ungono a quest' osso
Le nordiche basette?
Come! guardate i morti
Con tanta gelosia?
Studiate anatomia
Che il diavolo vi porti.

'Why hedge us round, poor church-yard
With bayonet plantations? [folk,
Why prying, Northmen, peer and poke,
'Mid bones and exhumations?
What! watch and spy so jealously
Among the poor dead bodies?
Oh—you would learn anatomy—
The devil aid your studies!

Ma il libro di natura
Ha l'entrata e l'uscita:
Tocca a loro la vita,
E a noi la sepoltura.
E poi se lo domandi
Assai siamo campati.
Gino, eravamo grandi
E là non eran nati.

The register of time is rife
With welcomes and farewells:
Their turn is come for busy life,
Ours for the silent cells.
And after all, we've had our day,
And done perhaps our share;
For we were great of old, ere they
Were born yet, over there.

O mura cittadine,
Sepolcri maestosi,
Fin le vostre ruine
Sono un apoteosi.
Cancella anco la fosse,
O barbaro inquieto,
Chè temerarie l'osse
Sentono il sepolcreto.

O ancient city towers,
Majestic sepulchres,
Even in your ruin stir
A life of nobler powers.
Lay level ditch and mound,
Rude and suspicious stranger,
Lest from their very burial-ground
Dead bones learn thoughts of danger.

Veglia sul monumento
Perpetuo lume il sole
E fa da torcia a vento:
Le rose, le viole,
I pampani, gli olivi,
Son simboli di pianto.
Oh, che bel Camposanto
Da fare invidia ai vivi!

In place of torchlit gloom,
Perpetual sun reposes
Upon that favoured tomb,
And violets and roses,
And vine and olive wreath,
Are all its signs of sorrow.
Oh, well may Life be fain from Death
So bright a home to borrow!

In the last stanza the thin mask of irony is almost thrown off, and the repressed passion breaks through with fierce and undisguised menaces, as the poet passes from the fair image of the dead land, to that of the 'Dies Iræ,' and Day of Judgment yet waiting the oppressors. We give it in the original only:

' Cadaveri, alle corte
 Lasciamoli cantare,
 E vediam questa morte
 Dov' anderà a cascare.
 Tra i salmi dell' Ufficio
 C'è anco il *Dies iræ* :
 O che non ha a venire
 Il giorno del giudizio?

Some idea of the intellectual and moral state of a nation will ever be found in the average character of its governing men, not so much in that of the one or two leading ministers as of the more numerous officials who administer its resources. Between their character and that of the government they serve, there is a yet closer relation; and considering the degree and extent of moral influence exercised over masses of mankind even by the satellites of power, it may be said that one of the most pernicious consequences of a base government is the individual baseness which it creates or requires in those who serve it. This is an evil clearly distinguishable from, and perhaps exceeding in amount, all the actual harm caused by mis-government in detail. It is a canker at the very heart of the social body. In a centralized and bureau-governed country, the existence of a corrupt class of officials is a curse scarcely less all-penetrating than that of a corrupt priesthood. In the eyes of Giusti, this evil, which may be abridged into 'Scoundrelism in office,' was one of the heaviest curses of Italy; one which the reformer must destroy, and which could not escape the lash of the reforming poet. In his 'Gingilino,' he has given us what may be called the epic of such scoundrelism; a picture, as his biographer truly says, 'squalidly sublime,' of the training, progress, success, and final triumph, as of a pupil and master in this school of abject vileness.

A satire more fiercely definite, alike in object and execution, was never penned; and we can easily believe, as we are told, that its effect was tremendous. Here is no allegorical beating about the bush; the form and the drift of the poem are singularly direct and plain. An essay on the subject would have been scarcely less perspicuous, probably far less downright in its language. In a prologue addressed to his friend, Alessandro Manzoni, son of the celebrated novelist, the poet simply declares a fact, and his wonder at it.

'Our rulers,' says he, 'are always in the habit of picking out the worst and lowest of men to serve them and the state; and then they wonder that in time of trouble these rabble are merely in the way. O royal and imperial highnesses, descendants of Gothic robber-heroes, when you call yourselves *We*

‘instead of *I*, is it that you may include those wolves, your ‘trenchermen, with you?’ He advises a thorough clearance of the whole tribe, and proceeds to back his recommendation by a picture of *one*. Beginning at the beginning, he introduces us to his hero-scoundrel, fit to be Mr. Carlyle’s ideal arch-scoundrel, in the cradle, under the auspices of appropriate gossips,—the deities *eponymi* of all the servile vices,—apostasy, knavery, servility, greed, &c. These, like attendant Parcæ or gift-bestowing fairies, assembled round the cradle, and pouring the leprous distilment of the precepts which are to model his future fate into the ears of the infant on whom they are about to fling with full hands such blessings as they can confer—

‘Choruss’d for lullaby this nursery rhyme
Most worthy of themselves and of the time.’

We have attempted to give some idea of this fatal chant; but the short sententious flow of Giusti’s dactylic measure can hardly be represented in English. The sustained and bitter irony needs neither comment nor explanation:

‘Hush, baby, don’t cry,
You were naked when born;
Would you learn how to die
Not so bare and forlorn?

Come list to our maxims,
Which ever hold good,
And will float you like cork
To the top of the flood.

With a back early bent,
And a pliable marrow,
Cringe, crush yourself under
The pedagogue’s harrow.

With strangers and friends
Be it ever your plan,
To become a mere nothing
As far as you can.

The brilliant, the daring,
By you be forsworn,
If you would not die naked
As when you were born.

Keep your head and your heart
Undisturbed by old story,
By weak dreams of honour,
Dim spectres of glory.

And carefully seeking
To limit your learning,
To know how to read
What will help you in earning.

Shun genius, for ever
A curse and a scorn,
If you would not die naked
As when you were born.

Grow up, and remember,
That blundering by chance
With an honest intention
More hurts your advance

Than the perfidy cool
And complete as a friar’s,
Wrought by line and by rule
Of your well-balanced liars.

An error confessed
By the heart in its fulness,
Hold the surest of signs
Of the arrantest dulness.

On the dirtiest fingers
Clean gloves can be worn;
Do this—or die naked
As when you were born.

.....

In soul and in body
Be slave to the Real,
Nor get yourself lost
In some airy Ideal.

Let the fables which Reason
Has told to your youth,
Still yield to the Dollar’s
Plain practical truth.

Let no noble disdain
Touch you with the folly
Of that simple poetic,
Half-mad melancholy.

Which would tell you the tatters
That honesty brings,
Are not the most wretched
Nor basest of things.

A great and old proverb,
To power well-known,
Has told us that *Being*
And *Having* are one.

Hold you by that oracle,
Never outworn ;
If you would not die naked
As when you were born.'

Twenty years later we find the protégé of these goddesses taking his degree at the university, a process given with much humorous reality. He is presented by the Public Orator, as we should say, to the assembled heads, in a speech crammed with eulogies on the most regular, most obedient, most decorous of pupils,—one who has ever been marked for abstaining from pipes, billiards, taverns, beards, and other disorderly proceedings, for never doing anything without leave,

' *Sempre abbassando la ragione e l'estro,
Sempre pensando a modo del maestro.*'

Confident expectations are expressed of his success in life, as a defender of things as they are. Leaving the Senate-house in glory, Gingillino is met at the door by a knot of honest scape-grace students (we greatly fear that one Giuseppe Giusti was conspicuous among the number), who, saluting with mock respect the newly-made Doctor of Laws, follow after him, chanting in a tone less complimentary than the orator's, a few verses which convey their impression of the character and prospects of the model pupil.

' *Tibi quoque, tibi quoque*
Is the faculty consigned:
Duly thou '*in jure utroque*'
Authorized to gull mankind.
All that sea of knavish troubling
There within thy cranium bubbling,
From thy skull in full relief
Raises high the bump of thief.

What is left from all you've read:
Crudest studies, bump'd and hurried
In that nutshell of a head,
Urn in which the mind is buried?
Scantiest lore is yet enough
For that soul of coarsest stuff:
Yea, the slightest tincture of it
Will fit *you* for touching profit.

Don the gown of learned brother
Or attorney, which you will:
One name fits you like another
While it pays your baker's bill:

Born a hound and hireling wary,
 Born Cossack or Janissary,
 With bow'd neck and crooked shrinking
 Making up for want of thinking.

Hypocrite, the laws to wrench
 From your face, whoever sees ye,
 Knows you travel to the bench
 By the way that's broad and easy.
 And they say, too, you for hire
 Play the spy that blows the fire,
 Follower strict and devotee
 Of the apostle of the tree.

Poor Iscariot, however,
 Was a miserable creature:
 You, past paragon more clever
 You with hard unflinching feature
 You can sell a life that's holy
 Without thinking of the folly
 Of being hang'd and burst asunder,
 Or of giving back the plunder.'

The highly approved graduate of the university has next to become the graduate of the world. For this purpose Giusti conducts him to the capital (apparently Rome), and at this point the poet pauses for a moment, and leaves the sharp ringing measures of his bitter satire, to express in slow moving Dantean verses, of singular melancholy and untranslatable sweetness, how the contrast of ancient glories and modern degradation strikes upon the soul of him who, wandering at night through the moonlit city—

' Malinconico pazzo che si giova
 Del casto amplesso della tua beltaide
 Sempre a tutti presente e sempre nova;

Lento s'inoltra per le mute strade
 Ove più lunge è il morbo delle gente
 Ed ove l'ombra più romita cade.'

But the pause is but momentary. With an indignant zest, mixed with disgust, he plunges his hero (a lawyer, be it remembered) into what, if we understand it rightly, is a kind of *Old Bailey* society—a réunion of the practitioners in every kind, on and off the bench, of every legal rascality; and hence, by a slight transition to the somewhat wider club, including the lower orders of 'Birrocratici,' heads and directors of 'police,' in the continental sense of the word. Crowded with allusions and difficult expressions as this part of the poem is, it is hard for any but an Italian—we might probably say for any but a Tuscan—to appre-

ciate it altogether. Its spirit and flow commend themselves to all; but these it would be hopeless to attempt to reproduce in English.

Standing thus amid a crowd of emulous rogues, with his foot on the lowest step of the ladder of officiality, and looking upwards with admiring envy, 'L'Eccellentissimo Dottor Gingilla' asks and receives the lesson how to climb. Most great men, it is said, owe their rise to feminine influence, and Giusti's hero is no exception. As a young man of promise, he is taken into filial favour by a lady, described in very direct and uncomplimentary verses as the worthy lady patroness of such a society, from whose mouth he receives what might be called the 'Official Scoundrel's Manual.' Sententiously and gravely are introduced the requirements of the career to which the aspirant has devoted himself. He is already perfect on the negative side; the chapter of 'What to Avoid'—

'Shun liberals, of all denominations,
All clever fellows with the mark of danger;
Talk not of journals, books, or publications,
But seem to all such things the merest stranger:
Shut close your soul to all, and be alone;—
This lore, I trow, full well to thee is known.

This falls within the great art of omission,
In which I've known you long, complete and clever;
To teach you that, were waste, and mere addition;
Wood to a forest, water to a river.
Well entered thus, for you is still remaining
The active half of your noviciate training.'

Then follow the precepts of base things *to be done*: how to choose a patron; how to treat him when chosen; what services to render obtrusively, what inobtrusively; in short, the whole duty of the crawler, set forth with a calm and scientific accuracy, an absence of exaggeration or obvious irony, in itself most ironical. It is, in fact, a collection in clear, forcible, emphatic verse, of directions which would be felt to be, if regarded as means to an end, singularly applicable and true. Giusti has done for the low placeman, who would rise to be perhaps even a Peccheneda, what Machiavelli has done for the 'Principe.' The object of Giusti's picture, at least, will not be a subject of dispute. Gingillino of course earns, by zealous adoption of the precepts, the rewards to which they are intended to conduct; and we leave him a prosperous official, already honoured with marks of his prince's favour, looking forward with devout confidence to his future admission into the higher official heaven of grand crosses and stars, and reciting every morning and evening with the deepest

reverence before his commission of office, as the symbol to him most sacred, a kind of creed to the effect, *I believe in Mammon*—a creed which, with its tone of bitter and meaning parody, might be considered irreverent in England. Many among us hold that belief devoutly enough, who would be shocked at its plain expression, and for this, as for other reasons, we shall not attempt to translate it.

Such is one of the most celebrated among those poems from which, as Giusti's biographer observes, posterity will draw a living idea of his time—of one side of it, that is to say. There was, perhaps, little hope of immediate amendment in the corruptions so bitterly denounced amid universal assent and applause. But there was dealt to the whole system of government which supported itself on such agency, a heavy and far-resounding blow; and of the many thoughts which would pass through the minds of the Italian reader or hearer (for these poems, circulating in manuscript, were, we believe, read in companies), the last would be—it cannot—it shall not stand. This was the thought which, more or less, consciously lay ever at the bottom of the poet's verses, and the thought which he would have stereotyped, if possible, in the heart of every auditor.

'Gingillino' was written late in 1844. It was the first-fruits of the poet's partial recovery from an illness which had greatly alarmed his friends; of the same kind with that which afterwards proved fatal to him, and its celebrity, perhaps, surpassed that of his former works. His name, as that of the 'Anonymous Tuscan,' was by this time bruited through Italy with that kind of underhand mysterious celebrity which perhaps is the most flattering and emphatic of all the forms of fame. He was known as an equal to the great writers of his nation; he had many and devoted friends; he was, as his biographer tells us, loved by all who knew him. The praise which came to him from all parts of Italy must have gratified a higher susceptibility than that of poetic vanity. It could not fail to make him feel that his words were something, that he, too, had a lever in his hand, and that there was already felt a tremulous response to the efforts of himself and others vibrating through the fabric which they wished to overthrow.

Few years yet remained for him, but much was reserved for those few. He was to see all but won more than he had ever expected, more than he can have hoped, and to see it all lost again; in part by misfortune, as we call it; in part, too, by visible errors and crimes which he keenly denounced, and which would have been impossible, had the Italians been such as he would have wished to see, and potently aided to make them.

At this point, in the year 1845, the last year of Gregory XVI., while from every part of the Peninsula comes a kind of response to the voices of those who, like Giusti in verse, or like Gioberti, Azeglio, and others in prose, point the way to a better future—the dim murmur of a coming change—let us pause for a moment before the portrait of the poet of the movement:—

‘Those who conversed with him at this time,’ says his biographer, ‘and also until a few days before his death, would have seen a man tall and well-made, with a countenance full of vivacity and amiability, with black hair, eyes, and whiskers; and at first might have thought him a person made, as the saying is, to live for ever; but after more careful examination of his countenance would have perceived a kind of slight yellow tinge, like that of one whose liver is affected, and especially a shade of profound melancholy, which seemed to veil over his smile, and shed around him an air of scarcely definable sadness.’

A fanciful parallel might perhaps be traced between the poet and the coming fortunes of the Italy which he loved, in the flashing smile so sadly and readily veiled, the fair appearance of strength with death already at the heart. It is more to the purpose of criticism to observe, that this look of melancholy is thoroughly characteristic, for (as already observed), as in the case of almost all genuine irony, a deep sadness is the groundwork of all the laughing satire of Giusti.

Of the private life of Giusti during these years of early manhood his biographer tells us little enough. Over many years of it, as over the life of so many eminent men, there lay the shadow of a great sorrow, in the form of a disappointed affection. A love returned, and then a broken pledge—this is all we see of an event which coloured his whole life, and even in his biographer’s opinion contributed in some degree to create or strengthen in his mind the tendency to look on the dark and censurable side of things. Often is it the case, and often rightly so, though we cannot but regret it, that the leading incident of an individual’s life, that which in his own eyes occupied most space in his mental history, fills but a few lines in his biography. Some beautiful and tender personal poems, necessarily less broadly marked by his peculiar manner than his greater works, but the more interesting through a likeness which the difference of subject does but veil—are the memorials for the world of probably the most important incident in the life of Giusti.

An anecdote of a lighter kind has reached us on uncertain authority; how the Grand Duke himself, on some occasion, sent for the suspected author of the keen satires in everybody’s mouth, and remonstrated with him in the usual paternal tone, and probably with a really kind intention. ‘You are a young

‘man of great talents; you will get into trouble if you go on in this way; you might employ yourself better for your own advantage, &c.’ And how Giusti, not being able to afford, however thin was the veil, to lose his anonymous character, calmly answered, ‘that his Royal Highness was extremely good, that he had no pretensions of that kind; he regretted to say, he was an indolent young man who was very fond of fishing, and thought little of other matters.’

It is scarcely necessary to observe that no deception was either conveyed or intended by such an answer. It simply amounted to a polite negative, a form of saying,—I decline letting out my Pegasus—always supposing I have one, a fact which your censorship does not allow me to admit, to be put into court-harness. We do not, however, answer for the story. Of Giusti’s having been subjected to sharp police supervision and censure, his poems contain a characteristic record in the verses entitled, ‘Rassegnazione e proponimento di cambiar vita.’ They are an ironical recantation and repentance of former offences, for which he has been severely rebuked, of course amounting to a very pointed repetition of them. Another, intitled ‘My New Friend,’ is an admirably witty sketch of the gentlemanlike and pleasing person, only rather extravagant in his liberalism, and given to underbreath confessions of conspiracy, who had lately pressed his flattering society on the poet; being of course a police spy.

Giusti’s abstract politics may or may not have been generally identical with those of the illustrious men whom we have named as the leaders and representatives, or teachers, of moderate liberalism. It is right to observe that he agreed with them on the most important point of all, on that fatal point, on which difference of opinion has ruined the hopes of Italy. With the best and wisest, he said, let us have no secret societies, no conspiracies. All that is gone by, in nine cases out of ten, it never was more than an imposture of the ‘birri’ spies and informers, who get up such articles to sell them in retail; and it is mere cast-off rubbish to-day:

‘Oggi si tratta d’una certa razza
Che vuole Storia, e che lo dice in piazza.’

The poem from which these lines are taken is a kind of confession of political faith, with the significant title ‘Delenda Cartago.’

We necessarily pass over much unnoticed, but among the poems of this period of hope, there is one which for its singular beauty and unusual tenderness of thought and expression,

demands especial notice, that intitled, Sant' Ambrogio. It is an instance of what the simplest of incidents may become in the hands of a real poet.

Giusti finds himself one morning near the altar in the church of St. Ambrogio, near Milan, and, as it happens, in the middle of a whole troop of Austrian soldiers—Bohemians, Croats, and others, 'the stakes of our vineyard,' standing up stiffly in truth, as if they were so many stakes, with

' Blank faces, and tow whiskers fit to kindle,
Upright before the Lord, each like a spindle.'

Moreover, the poor fellows had breakfasted on garlic, and between moral and physical shrinking, he admits that he felt a certain shock, a rush of feelings not proper to the time and place. But while he was looking on, there arose from the band near the altar a slow strain of mournful music

' D'una gente che gema in duri stenti
E de' perduti beni si rammenti.'

The music was Italian, that chorus from Verdi's Lombardi:—

' Quello ' O Signore, dal tetto natio,
Che tanti petti ha scossi e inebriati.'

Its beauty carried him away, and united him in feeling with the foreign worshippers. It ceased, and he was recovering with the thought, 'it is our music after all, and very fairly played,' when the music began again, this time a German hymn, chanted by the soldiers, half prayer, half lament, a 'bitter sweet' strain, telling of the recollections of infancy, of those home songs, which, learnt at the mother's knee, come back to the heart in the days of sorrow, of the sad longings of exile, so beautiful, so tender, so imploring, so melancholy, that it enchanted him in delight and wonder, that those wooden figures were capable of such exquisite harmonies.

' Un cantico tedesco lento lento
Per l'aer sacro a Dio mosse le penne:
Era preghiera, e mi pareva lamento,
D'un suono grave, flebile, solenne,
Tal, che sempre nell'anima lo sento:
E mi stupisco che in quelle cottenne,
In que' fantocci esotici di legno,
Potesse l'armonia fino a quel segno.

Sentia nell'inno la dolcezza amara
De' canti uditi da fanciullo: il core
Che da voce domestica gl'impara
Ce li ripete i giorni del dolore:

Un pensier mesto della madre cara,
 Un desiderio di pace e di amore,
 Uno sgomento di lontano esilio,
 Che mi faceva andare in visibilio.'

It left the poet full of deeper and kinder thoughts, and earnest compassion for those poor fellows, blind instruments of a tyranny which they do not understand, dragged from their home, harshly disciplined, solitary and disliked, among people of another race and speech, sent here by the politic despotism which finds in the opposition of races the instrument of its supremacy, slaves keeping down slaves,

'From far Bohemia and the Ban's command,
 Like droves to winter in our fat marsh land.'

A thought arises in his mind, a thought of kindly brotherhood of the subject peoples, 'and had I not run away, I really must have embraced a corporal, standing there with his cane as stiff as a clothes-peg.'

'Your excellency,' says the poet to some minister of police probably, 'why do you send that stupid deaf fellow to follow me, and 'make out what I and others are about? It is mere waste of 'money; I am perfectly ready to tell you. 'Take notes—is your 'pencil ready? First, understand that the world really is in move- 'ment, and aspires to freedom. Listen but to the bell of the Cam- 'panile, each time it tolls, 'For burial or for baptism in the morn, 'A Tory* dies, a Liberal is born.' Change, therefore, we desire; 'but we are no conspirators or destructives: no pseudo Gracchi 'or 'Robespierrini'—neither do we wish for Absolute Lords— 'Padroni—you may put that down '*Padroni no*, and to proceed. 'To republics, tyrants, slaves, all those convulsive and stimu- 'lating names, I have nothing to say: I can tell you in two words 'what we *do* want.'

Scriva—Vogliamo che'ogni figlio d Adamo
 Conti per uomo, e *non vogliam Tedeschi*:
 Vogliamo i Capi col capo: vogliamo
 Leggi e Governi, e *non vogliam Tedeschi*.
 Scriva, Vogliamo, tutti, quanti siamo
 L'Italia, Italia, e *non vogliam Tedeschi*:
 Vogliam pagar di borsa e di cervello,
 E *non vogliam Tedeschi*: arrivedello.

Respect for rights, real laws, real government, Italy: honest payment for these blessings: and above all no Germans: *Delenda Cartago*.'

There is the *mot d'enigme*, pointedly enough given. This poem was dated December, 1846. A little more than another

* Literally 'a Brigand:' but here used as a mere party designation—*muore un Brigante e nasce un Liberale*. The coincidence in original meaning with the English equivalent is curious enough.

year, and the dream was all but realized; the time thought distant was at the very doors. As is so often the case in such things, the Revolution of Italy came, not without warnings indeed, but still like a thief in the night. Pius had succeeded Gregory, and the distant shock was already given.

There is a deep and most natural sadness in the tone with which, now that all is past, the Italian writers refer to those days of 1847, days of almost intoxicating promise and gladness, when hope after hope, as it arose, seemed to lead to its own fulfilment, when the cause of freedom, sanctioned by authority, and blest by religion, seemed, if to-day ever were to be trusted as a prophet of to-morrow, destined to a success, speedy, complete, and unstained. Unfortunately it is not so that the world is changed, and all that seemed to be won so easily without labour or tears, was yet to be struggled for and lost with tears of blood. Much undoubtedly of the excitement which prevailed was of that transitory kind, no better calculated than the flower-garlands of a popular fête to survive the storm of adversity and war. Many frivolous and many wicked follies were committed, both perhaps in rather more than the usual proportion in times of great popular excitement. It is the distinction of writers of the Macfarlane school to make the most of both, and to ignore altogether the efforts made, and the sufferings undergone, by the true friends and supporters of a cause to which only victory was wanting.

We will not attempt to retrace here the history of that great failure which came so near to being the most blessed and glorious of successes. From the brilliant and transitory heroism of Milan, to the nobler perseverance of Venice—from the blessing of the Crusading banners by the Pope, to the slaughter of his subjects on the breach of Sant' Pancrazio by the French, in the name and interest of the Holy Father; all are familiar with the leading events of the eighteen months during which Italy was more than a geographical appellation. The part individually taken in these events by one of the noblest sons of Italy is all that we are now dealing with.

Towards the end of 1847 Giusti published a small volume of poems, with his name for the first time openly attached to them, and took the opportunity of expressing what may be called a hope that, in the changed relation of things, his voice, as it had been heard hitherto, might be needed and heard no longer.

‘I feel,’ he said, ‘that this style of verse is becoming a fruit out of season, and I would gladly raise myself to the level of the new facts which are unfolding themselves before our eyes with such majesty of motion; but who can say whether the spirit accustomed to confine

itself within the narrow circle of the 'No,' will have the vigour to break the bounds of its old pasture, and range over a wider and more productive field? If I should feel the courage and power to try it, I certainly shall not stand idle: should I, however, find myself not strong enough, I shall not be so obstinately foolish as to persist in tolling the passing bell, at a time when all others are ringing the peal for a new birth.'

These words are worth noting, as showing not only how deeply Giusti felt the accomplishment of his desire for Italy, but how distinct and definite his purpose as a writer had become. His weapon had done its work—it might be laid aside. His language indicates, too, a sense not always possessed by those whose especial vocation, from nature or circumstances, has been to utter and reiterate the No—that there is a *Yea* as well. Giusti, feeling this, was fit and qualified to defend good as well as to attack evil. But the time was not yet come, nor likely to come, when the satirist could be spared. Forms of evil were rife, both new and old; and a combatant for truth and right was not likely to find rest.

In the period of the short-lived union between princes and people, there was one class who saw their own calamity in the general rejoicing, that class who, at Naples and elsewhere, have since repaid themselves with interest so abundant for the temporary suspension of their system of government.

The efforts of the 'birrocracy' to clutch back the sceptre which was passing from them, are celebrated by Giusti in the poem entitled 'Congresso dei Birri.' All who have seen and see, or who have learnt from Mr. Gladstone's letters to appreciate, the venom and force of this revived serpent,—the boa constrictor which strangles out the life of Italy, may also appreciate the value of a blow which paralyzed those efforts for the time.

The poem, as its title implies, is an admirably humorous and sustained parody, so to speak, of the parties and forms of deliberative assemblies. Still there are the three shades of opinion,—right, centre, and left,—ultras, moderates, and a third section which guides and governs the others, as we shall see, all bent to consider what course becomes them in the present threatening aspect of affairs; when the actions of the governors are, so far have things gone, certainly criticised by the governed, and there is even talk of giving the people some voice in the management of their own affairs.

The Birri are met in solemn parliament, or rather, the object and interest of all the members being the same, we may regard it as what the Americans call, or used to call, for their political nomenclature is of rapid and transitory invention, a *caucus*,—

let us say a meeting to concert rabid measures for the protection of the great Birro interest.

The first speaker naturally is one of the 'corrabiato,' an ultra conservative, or as we say, Tory 'Birro.' Like other less strictly professional Conservatives, this honourable member cannot see that in fact there is any difficulty in the case, except what arises from fearing to act upon the wisdom of our ancestors. We have left the old ways; the remedy is to return to them. Our business is simple repression. What need of talk? 'Seize, imprison, and hang.'

'Ecco la Massima
Spedita e vera,
Galera e Boia
Boia e Galera.'

'Would you a maxim?
Two words will comprise one,
Imprison and hang 'em,
Hang and imprison.'

This savagely emphatic 'bear' of a birro, be it observed, does but follow in the very steps, and almost the very words of the ten times illustrious Duke of Modena, with his famous autographic despatch, as laconic as if it had been sent by electric telegraph. 'An insurrection took place last night. The conspirators are in my hands. Send me the hangman.'

Fiction is ever short of truth, and Giusti's birro is scarcely equal to the Prince—to the descendant of all the D'Estes. Simple and impressive as is this view, it does not, in the opinion of the next orator, altogether meet what he asserts to be the really dangerous position of affairs. You cannot stop the world by threats of hanging. Such simple methods are behind the age.

'Collega riformatevi;
Siete antediluviano.'

'My honour'd colleague deems we live
Still in those blessed times
When none e'er spoke of Italy,
Save letter'd men in rhymes.

My friends, to-day that name is taught
To children by their nurses,
To-day 'tis in the peasant's mouth,
Not in Arcadian verses.'

'No doubt the peoples will come to perdition: but there is no use in trying to stop a runaway horse, which only pulls the harder. Suppose the princes were thrown first, why should we sacrifice ourselves for them? Let us watch and see what turn things take, with an eye to the permanency of our own pay; rather than to any other result.'

This reasonable advice of the 'juste milieu' partisan meets with a good deal of acceptance; but the climax of the discussion

is still reserved for the third orator, at whose rising a hush of expectation silences and thrills the assembly.

‘ Hush! Silence! Hear, hear!
 Ran through all the Consistory:
 Hear him give us the word
 Of the Birrian mystery!’

The solution of the problem, we see, has till now but ‘loomed in the distance;’ it has now passed into the hands of the consummate artist who leads the house; and the true end and interest of the ‘Birrocacy’ are to be explained.

He states calmly and impressively his differences from his honourable friends who have preceded him. They have, he respectfully submits, missed the true point at issue, in misapprehending the real scope of the great institution of which they are members. Our business is not to save the state,—to coax favour out of either the people or the court, to secure a little pay. *It is to have power, and be ourselves.* (‘Vivian Grey’ condensed into a line.)

The brilliant orator proceeds to explain his position as regards the abstract theories laid down as the articles of belief of the party.

‘ I hold not strict as items of my creed,
 Far less reject, your block and thumbscrew fancies:
 I say strength aims to stand, and to succeed:
 The *how* depends on time and circumstances:
 The truly wise no stubborn systems heed,
 But take the task that suits, as the wind chances;
 Look to the end: be that your constant rule:
 Who sticks at means, is a pedantic fool.’*

And now for the application of their principles to the case in hand. Regarded thus philosophically, the present position of affairs, alarming as a superficial view may represent it, is in fact the most desirable of all positions,—the one state of things best adapted to promote the power and interests of our order. Only let the question be thoroughly apprehended. We are not here to prevent evil. A pretty trade that would be. Conceive a really good and happy government. What need would there be of us? What place, what importance have we in a well-ordered and contented community? To keep up a good *misunderstanding* between governors and governed; to prevent their agreeing; to blow the flames which we are needed to quench; to make the princes

* We assure our readers that we translate closely. It is not our fault if these generalities admit of application to the leaders of other parties besides that of the Birrocacy.

hated by the people, and ourselves necessary to the princes, is the way to remain, as we are, supreme; to pass, as we have passed, from being slaves of slaves, to being lords of our lords! *Padroni dei Padroni*. The word of the 'Birrian' mystery is this—'*Dividete e regnate*.' At this point there breaks in upon the assembly, from the neighbouring piazza, the shout which tells that the people and the prince are united in hope and will; the genius of the illuminated orator is quenched on his lips; and the congress for the protection of the birro interest vanishes despairing from our sight, into the limbo of past iniquities.

The aspect of things in 1847 justified such a conclusion. This, too, has passed, with so many other hopes; yet the 'Congress dei Birri' was well-meant and effective in its day. In any case it remains, in verse which will not soon perish, an unmistakable embodiment of a hideous social and political evil; and it may yet aid in realizing the anticipations with which it concludes.

But there was another evil which threatened the prospects of Italy—a canker at the heart of her newly-born liberty; this, too, Giusti was one of the earliest to perceive and denounce. In verses of almost prophetic exactness and singular force, he exposed those pernicious and cowardly demagogues who sprang up in the cities of Italy, rank weeds in the midst of so much noble growth; the men who successfully laboured to bring discredit abroad and ruin at home upon the movement, which, generally speaking, they had done little to originate, and did less to support in the field. We refer especially to the poem '*Agli Spettri del 4to Sept.*' ('To the Ghosts of the 4th Sept. 1847'), of which the key-note is given by the first line,

' Su Don Abbondio! è morto Don Rodrigo;'

a line, hitting with a force of concentrated contempt, which needs no explanation to the readers of Manzoni's novel. It is difficult not to think that the objects of this fierce ridicule and heartfelt indignation must have blushed at the picture of themselves. So vivid is the unflattering daguerreotype of these coffee-house brawlers, amid flasks and cigars, the submissive slaves of yesterday, the extreme republicans of to-day, in whose hands liberty changed itself into licence, aspirations after independence into calumny of the most effective champions of that cause, the 'sacred war' in Lombardy, into safe sedition at home.

' Bravo! Take courage: yet with calculation:
Take counsel from the time and the occasion:
Now that the conies' feeble folk can dare
The lion's hide to wear.

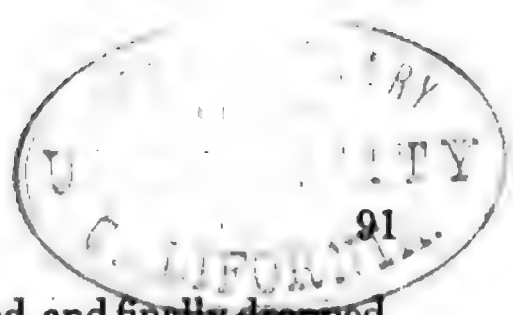
Now take your side, and as the people stand
 Wondering at you, who live by second-hand:
 Roar that you were, yea, ere the world began,
 A stanch republican.'

This poem is enough to show that the changed state of things would have presented themes for the sarcasm as well as for the enthusiasm of the poet. In the meantime, it opened to him another field, in which he had the opportunity of showing that his vocation was not censure alone, and that practical good sense was not wanting to his genius. Tuscany, like the other States of Italy, entered with all fair hopes and promises into a course of constitutional freedom. An assembly was elected, and to this assembly, by the constituency of his native district, the illustrious poet was returned. The unhappy differences and errors which contributed so much to the destruction of the Italian cause in the field, were not wanting in the Tuscan assembly. Giusti seems to have been an uniform adherent of prudent and moderate counsels.

The assailant of absolutism, whether paternal or not, he had already, in his Ode to Leopold II., held out to the constitutional prince the hand of frank reconciliation. With a poet's misleading enthusiasm, he placed some trust in the compact between prince and people, which he had himself seen sealed with oaths taken amid tears.

Not the less as an honest politician and citizen did he bind himself to make easy the preservation of that compact. To cement the unhoped-for alliance between prince and people; to keep things as steady as possible during the transition from absolute to constitutional government; to avoid distrust and the causes of distrust, even in show; this was his wish. It is almost superfluous to say, that in following this course he did not escape the attacks of the Don Abbondios of politics.

Under the excitement of the times, and the sudden liberation of all tongues and pens, a crop of scurrilous papers grew up in Florence, calumniating the best of the Italians, by way of forwarding the interests of Italy. Giusti, too, was in this form to feel the ingratitude of the base; and if we may judge from the tone of his letters, he felt, with some of the sensitiveness of a poet's nature, the attacks upon him, but without the least shrinking; they had no effect upon his conduct. 'Those who abuse me now,' said he, 'might reflect that I spoke when others were silent.' A scheme for a paper or periodical, to be conducted under his directions, to neutralize the effect of these publications, was set on foot. But the failing health of Giusti,—not to add his strict and high ideas of what the tone of such a periodical



ought to be,—caused the scheme to be deferred, and finally dropped. In the chamber he spoke seldom; when he did speak, it was with point and vigour, and in a style resembling, to a certain extent, his poetry. Very probably every deep feeling with him took, with scarce an effort, the form which he had so sedulously cultivated. He would often meet his friends, after a sitting, with some epigram upon his lips, or slight versified sketch of some absurdity which had marked the day; but he never took the trouble, it is supposed, to write them down.

After the first defeat of Charles Albert had given strength to the more violent and unreflecting party, the first Tuscan assembly, a body of moderate and sensible, but not sufficiently energetic character, was dissolved, and another named. In spite of his own wish to avoid re-election, on the ground of his failing health, Giusti's constituents would vote for no other candidate; and from a sense of duty, though with the certainty of injury to himself, he accepted the mandate, in words of some solemnity—

‘*Fiat voluntas vestra.*’

In the second chamber, his conduct remained unaltered; but on the flight of the Grand Duke, in February, 1849, this chamber, too, was dissolved, and a convention summoned. The revolutionary party, left by the desertion of the prince in unchecked power, did all they could to exclude Giusti. The election took place by universal suffrage; but once more his constituents of the Val de Borgo sent back, by an unanimous vote, the name which they valued highest. In legislative chamber or in constituent assembly they would have no other representative than their illustrious countryman.

Giusti took no part in the proceedings of this short-lived convention. In a few weeks' time, its existence and that of the provisional government was terminated without a struggle, by the spontaneous and general movement which invited the Grand Duke to return from his voluntary exile, and administer the constitution which he had sworn to maintain.

Meanwhile the history of Italy went on. The sword of her independence was broken at Novara; the heroic resistance of solitary Venice, leaving to future times an invaluable example and memory, could for the present only defer the inevitable restoration of Austrian dominion in Lombardy,—and the French, ever emulous of Austrian glory beyond the Alps, seized at the opportunity of restoring to the peninsula the second of its curses, in re-establishing the priestly government of Rome.

The end of 1849 saw scarcely a trace remaining of the hopes which made glorious the beginning of 1848.

A melancholy destiny permitted the poet to survive the disappointment of all his expectations as a patriot, to survive it, and no more. He did not lose his hopes for the better future; but he knew that it would come too late for him. His health had ever been precarious, and the agitation, first of hope, and then of regret over the calamities and errors which he saw so truly, had contributed to its rapid decline.

On the last day on which his biographer saw him, he conversed at some length on the state of Italy; the mistakes of the past, the hopes of the future; the contrast between the bright dawn of their revolution, and the darkening gloom of their present political horizon; and quoting, with a sigh, the words of Dante:

‘O buon principio

A che vil fine convien che tu caschi!’

‘may God grant,’ he added, ‘that at least the lesson may be profitable. When the time comes again, I shall be here no longer; do you and others, *who will be here*, and who have seen the causes that have ruined us, proclaim them aloud, and avoid dissensions. Thus alone can Italy rise again, and soon.’

Yet he thought something had been gained, for Tuscany at least. ‘They can hardly,’ said he, ‘ever take away from us our constitutional forms again.’

It seems he gave the Grand Duke credit for some degree of good feeling and justice; the Austrians, for that degree of foresight which would make one or both parties shrink from setting up among an easily ruled and affectionate people a mere despotic throne supported by foreign bayonets.

Possibly he thought, unreasonable as it must appear to those to whom the millions are ciphers and the units all, that though there had been offences on both sides, yet between the Prince who absconded unnecessarily from his states and his duties, and the people who, after a short period of confusion, unanimously and earnestly invited him back, bygones might with some degree of equity be held bygones, and some restoration of confidence be possible. He was wrong; he overrated, as we trust it will prove, the prudence of the Austrian cabinet; he overrated, also, as poets are apt to overrate, the generosity of a prince.

He saw the Tuscan restoration, as an English poetess saw it, from the Casa Guidi windows, and as she has described it for us in the best pages of her volume under that title. He saw the return of the paternal ruler, who had given his subjects the voluntary assurance, ‘Before all things, I am an Italian prince,’ preceded, followed, and symbolized, by the steady tramp of Austrian troops and the slow roll of Austrian cannon, through the streets of the fairest city of Italy.

Giusti has left us no record of the feelings with which he viewed the ignominy of that restoration, an ignominy gratuitously incurred for himself, and inflicted on his people, by a prince of whom better things had been hoped. But he could have expressed no other feelings than those expressed by the English poetess; the shame, the sadness, the bitter blame of all alike, who by thoughtless folly, by deliberate wickedness, or by the mere braggart hollowness and cowardice of weak hearts and heads, had falsified hopes so fair and so well founded.

‘ Bitter things I write
Because my soul is bitter for your sake,
Oh Freedom! Oh my Florence!’

Yes—let the bitter lesson be taken to heart, even as Giusti would have wished his countrymen, the countrymen of Dante, to take it; but never let our anger against those who betrayed or weakly defended the right, pervert us into forgetting on which side the right lay, or incapacitate us from doing justice to those whose conduct was worthy of their cause. It is an old saying, ‘The blood of martyrs is the seed of the Church,’ and like every similar struggle for right, the Italian struggle had its martyrs too. One died at Oporto, others on the battle-fields of Lombardy or Piedmont, others at Brescia, others at Rome.

The winter of 1849-50, the last of Giusti’s life, he spent in the house of Gino Capponi, whose admiration for the poet was joined with a paternal affection for the man; and there, on March 25th, 1850, he died, having for some time calmly foreseen the end. The Austrianized government of Florence offered some mean, however natural, opposition to the public funeral with which the Florentines desired to honour their anti-German poet. The opposition, however, on second thoughts, was withdrawn, and on April, 1850, crowds accompanied to the grave, on the hill of San Miniato, the remains of the last and not the least illustrious of the many great men who have added an accumulated glory to the city of Dante.

We have already, to the best of our ability, characterized the peculiar style and manner, both of thought and of expression, if these two can ever be distinguished in a poet, of this emphatically original writer. We have also pointed out how close a relation his short career bore to the circumstances of his time, and how he sought to modify those circumstances; and we know, on the authority of his compatriots, how potent an influence his writings exercised. Of the man himself we could have wished to give a more living picture, but the materials before us are scarcely sufficient for the purpose. It is always pleasant, how-

ever, to feel towards those whose writings have delighted or instructed us, that we could have wished to have known them. The biographer has enabled us, with the aid of the poet himself, to feel this towards Giusti. Here is a description of a man worthy to be remembered:

‘All loved him who knew him. Leaving apart his genius, and the admirable sagacity and steadiness of his politics, he was, in the converse of domestic life, of manners so gentle, and of temper so sweet and open, that it was impossible not to love him after having been even but once brought together with him. Sad, both by nature and habit, but serene and tranquil in his sadness, he had a spirit open to every noble and elevated feeling. Generally he was rather silent; but when, in a rare moment of gladness, he gave free course to his laughter, he enchanted you with delight. He was a worshipper of beauty and goodness; he adored virtue, and abhorred the vices which polluted the society in which he was born, to such a degree that in this horror it was that he found the will and the strength to become a poet. Constant in his friendships, careless of inquiries which affected only himself, kindly helpful, modest, devoid of envy or jealous ambition, without false glitter or polish, he would have been a model of a citizen for his private merits, even if his genius had not raised him to the height which he attained as a poet.’

Such was Giuseppe Giusti, a poet, a thoughtful patriot, a man worthy to be added to the long roll of great Italian names. Much of what he might have done has been lost by his comparatively early death, yet he can scarcely be counted among the ‘inheritors of unfulfilled renown.’ There is nothing incomplete in what he has left, nothing in which, however imperfect in itself, you recognise a promise which may or may not be verified. He had perfected the style of composition which he may be almost said to have introduced as a novelty into Italy; he has a distinct place of his own as a poet. He felt most deeply and bitterly the social evils and political degradation of his country; he did what one man could do to expose them, with a view to their removal. His verses will illustrate the history of this time, while they preserve his own name and character in the memory of men. He was not vain, but he claimed for himself with truth, the rarest of praises for a satirist, when he said, as he more than once did—‘Credo di non aver mai derisa la virtù, ne burlati gl’ affetti gentili.’—‘I believe that I have never scoffed at virtue, or cast ridicule on the gentle affections.’ A thorough reformer, and alive, as few others have been, to the extent of evil operated on the national character by base and oppressive institutions, he yet felt that it was little to change the

institutions unless you could reform the men also. With this end he aimed at the vices of a corrupt and trifling society his bitter ridicule interfused with so deep a seriousness.

Shaming some and stirring others, he who began as '*Vox clamantis in deserto*,' lived to hear one responsive cry in answer to his words, and among the names of those to whom Italy will yet owe the renewal and recognition of her bound and sleeping life, she will place few, if any, above that of the author of the '*Terra dei Morti*.'

ART. III.—*Buenos Ayres and the Provinces of the Rio de la Plata: from their Discovery and Conquest by the Spaniards to the Establishment of their Political Independence. With some Account of their Present State.* By SIR WOODBINE PARISH, K.C.H. Second edition, enlarged. Murray. 1852.

INTERESTING and important as have been the contents of the monthly mails during the last eighteen months from the Rio de la Plata, there are, probably very few amongst us who have followed with accuracy and precision events which have called forth a new interest, and, for a time at least, inspired new hopes of the South American States on that river and its tributaries. In this article we propose to reduce to a narrative form, occurrences that will show the value of these countries to our own welfare, and that may also suggest the opening of a brighter future in them. As our story may encroach a little on our space, we shall not tarry on its threshold, but proceed at once to points that should be borne in mind throughout.

One, perhaps the chief, misfortune of the long and ensanguined struggles of the Spanish colonies for freedom and self-government was, that they rendered the establishment of independent monarchies impossible. Reconciliation with Spain was abandoned at very early stages of the contests; and though there were Bourbons, not Spanish, who might have been called in to perpetuate the connexion of these possessions with their family, there were none with personal qualities sufficiently attractive to promote their selection; probably there were few who, had the choice fallen on them, would have accepted positions at variance with their amicable relations to each other. Efforts were, indeed, made by other governments to preserve South America for monarchy; but Spain so obstinately refused to abandon her dominion, that perseverance in them would have involved a

rupture with that Crown; perhaps embarrassments and difficulties of a general character in Europe. So the colonies were left to achieve their independence as best they could, and to adopt what form of government they thought fit. Nor had they at last any choice; for Iturbide's fate in Mexico extinguished all hope of establishing native monarchies. Their necessity was not, however, the less unfortunate; for long experience has proved how unfit the great majority of South-American Spaniards were (and continue to be) to found and carry out a republic; whilst the example of their cognate race, the Portuguese, in Brazil, suggests that they might have secured continued tranquillity, rational liberty, political progress, material prosperity, and independent nationality, under a monarchy.

Their next misfortune was—and in Mexico and the States of the Plate still is—that they were unable to agree on the particular form of the republic best suited to their wants. They differed as to whether it should be a federal republic, or a republic one and indivisible. And it is out of this secondary difference that nearly all the troubles of the South-American States have directly and immediately sprung. Excluded, under the Spanish colonial system, from participation in the higher offices of government, the emancipated colonists had neither traditions nor habits of self-government in such abundance as to supply the elements of a series of local States with separate administrations, obedient to a common head; and the old vice-royalties, when turned into new republics, were too vast in size, too difficult of transit, and too unconnected by their capitals, to be readily adapted to the rule of a central authority. Federal and centralized constitutions have rapidly alternated; each producing in its turn evils of its own; each overthrown by bloodshed and war; until in some, the commonwealth first formed has been broken (to the imminent advantage of its fractions) into smaller States. In Mexico* and the Argentine Confederation, however, the question still remains a practical one.

The Argentine Confederation, lying between the 22nd and 44th degrees of south latitude, and containing upwards of 700,000 square miles, is composed of thirteen separate States, usually classed in three divisions—viz., four Riverine provinces on the banks of the Parana; Buenos Ayres, and Santa Fé on the one side, and Entre Rios and Corrientes on the other; six upper

* New troubles are rising in Mexico, where there is at present a federal constitution, on this very subject; and they suggest, more clearly than before, that there are not in that country the elements of distinct national existence and life. Out of a population of seven millions and a half, there are only one million of whites; and amongst six millions of Indians, there are forty or fifty different languages!

provinces connecting Peru with that river; and the three provinces of Cuyo, at the foot of the Cordillera of the Andes, which separates the Confederation from Chile and the Pacific. On the northern mouth of the Plate lies the state of Uruguay, or the Banda Oriental; the capital of which, Monte Video, is the commercial rival of Buenos Ayres. And from Corrientes as a base, between the river Paraguay and the Brazilian frontiers, stretches up the long parallelogram, known on the map, but little known out of it, the republic of Paraguay. The population of all these countries does not, probably, exceed one million and a quarter. Of it, the people of the Argentine States may number 900,000, one-third of whom belong to the sea-board province of Buenos Ayres. The greater part are gauchos, or graziers, and their families; a simple, credulous, but passionate and excitable race; as much American Tartars as the Spaniards themselves are said to be European Arabs; living in the saddle, always armed; easily convertible, therefore, into soldiers. They inhabit vast prairies or pampas; where an illimitable amount of cattle might be raised; but which, for the last forty years, have been, at no distant intervals, devastated by wars, to the serious diminution* of their stock.

The Plate, though popularly spoken of as a river, is really an estuary of the sea, into which flow the Parana and the Uruguay, both rising in the highlands of Brazil. At the mouth of the Parana, guarding and commanding access thereto, lies the island of Martin Garcia, in the State of Entre Rios. Diverging to the north, along the base of Paraguay, towards Brazil, the Parana receives, a little above the city of Corrientes, and near the point of divergence, the river Paraguay; and into it descend the Vermejo from the higher parts of the confederation, and the Pilcomayo, which is navigable even into Bolivia. Hence it is that the Plate and its tributaries are said to be the highway of the interior of South America; even to those portions of Peru which lie east of the Cordillera of the Andes. And when we observe, that along an Atlantic coast of 2000 miles, this is the only access to countries of such boundless extent and exceeding fertility, the importance of opening all their rivers to the mercantile navigation of the world can hardly be exaggerated.

The true interests of all the Argentine States, their political development, their social civilization, the increase of their capital, and the augmentation of their population, are all dependent on freedom of trade and navigation. They want everything that

* This diminution was at one time so great in Uruguay, that cattle had to be imported from the Argentine State of Entre Rios, and the Brazilian province of the Rio Grande do Sul, to breed from.

commerce only can supply or will advance—markets for their produce, cheap foreign commodities for their consumption; means to carry out, and enterprise and spirit to suggest, improvements. Where nature has been so abundant and generous in providing for material development, the population might be expected to be found taking full advantage of their natural outlets. It is, however, otherwise; and the artificial obstacles they themselves have thrown up to impede their own prosperity may be distinctly traced to that difference of opinion as to a federal or unitarian government already referred to. It is the littoral and upper provinces that are the adherents, the advocates, and the soldiers of federalism; because that principle, assigning to every separate member of the Confederation co-equal rights, would enable them to secure all the benefits of free outlet and inlet. On the contrary, the strength of unitarianism is in the seaboard province, which, by far the richest, most populous, and intelligent, objects to submit its interests to the inferior enlightenment of the higher states, and has hitherto endeavoured to monopolize the trade, as well as the political authority, of the Confederation at Buenos Ayres. This always has been, and, as we shall see, still is, the real cause of Argentine quarrels, wars, and devastations. To master their outline, to follow their latest phase, to comprehend the present position of affairs, and to get, if we can, a glimpse of happier prospects, we must, however, ask our readers to cast a retrospect on the earlier history of the Plate.

The Spaniards first sought and ascended the Plate and its tributaries, neither to settle the countries they water, nor in search of precious metals; but to reach Peru by a shorter route than by doubling Cape Horn.* Mendoza, their foremost explorer, did indeed try to form a settlement at Buenos Ayres: he was, however, disastrously repulsed by the hostile and warlike natives; and it was at Assumption, the present capital of Paraguay, that the first Spanish town was founded. There the Spaniards met with a more docile race of Aborigines, the Guaranis, with whom they intermarried, whose language they adopted, and whose tongue—not the Spanish—is even now general throughout both Paraguay and the Argentine Confederation. The great hero of Paraguay was Yrala. After an arduous journey

* It is not long since the newspapers gave an account of a party of Frenchmen—old soldiers of Algeria—bound for California, seeking refuge from sea-sickness by debarking, in their passage *via* Cape Horn, at Buenos Ayres. They resolved to make their way across the Pampas to the Pacific, and, adopting the fashion of the country, first took to horses; but, unaccustomed to riding, they soon abandoned their cattle, and prosecuted their march on foot. They encountered a party of hostile Indians, whose designs they repelled by exhibiting a bold front; and at last reached Valparaiso, where they again embarked for San Francisco.

he at last penetrated into Peru; not, however, to participate in its mineral riches, or in its intestine struggles; but, wisely withdrawing from both, to bring back into the countries of the Plate sheep and horned cattle; and by their introduction, to lay the foundation of their present wealth. Under him, the 50,000 or 60,000 natives of Paraguay were divided amongst some 400 Spanish settlers. Their servitude was, however, light. Mineral labour did not, as in Mexico and Peru, diminish their numbers. Village communities were formed under native organizations; missions were established under the Jesuits; and an apparently* prosperous society was established. It had not, however, as yet, any command of the rivers connecting it with the Atlantic and Europe.

Yrala's successors extended their dominions; but under inferior skill and intelligence to his, the Spaniards were broken up into factions. The Portuguese settlements in Brazil were attacked; and in their quarrels, the seeds of even recent discussions and dissensions were first sown. The most remarkable of them was De Garay, like Yrala, a Biscayan: he established means of military communication and safety down the rivers; first founding the city of Santa Fé, for vessels to refresh in on their tedious ascent, and then Buenos Ayres, commanding the mouth of the great estuary. These settlements completed the Spanish conquest of the Plate.

And now commenced its difficulties. The mercantile corporations in Spain, to which a monopoly of all trade with Peru had been sold, regarded these new colonies as high roads for smuggling into the richer countries of the Pacific. Unfortunately, they were able to infuse their jealousies into the policy of the Court of Madrid. Restrictions were imposed on the commerce of the Plate; their result was the contrabandista system of England and Portugal; whereby Spain lost both markets in, and revenue from, the Plate. To carry out this illicit trade, the Portuguese, in 1726, founded Monte Video, and thither went part of the population of Buenos Ayres. War between the two countries ensued; and under the ambitious policy of Pombal, the Portuguese became masters, for a while, of Uruguay.

The Court of Madrid was at last obliged to give a wiser and more generous attention to the affairs of the Plate. In 1776 it was separated from the vice-royalty of Lima, and placed under a new government established at Buenos Ayres. On Pombal's

* It may be doubted whether the prosperity was more than apparent, for the population declined, and the mental condition of the people was dwarfed and stunted.

fall, the Portuguese retired from the Banda Oriental; and Florida Blanca issued the celebrated Trade Regulations, which liberated the Spanish colonies from some of their commercial restrictions. Still, however, all offices were strictly and exclusively given to Spaniards; no American was permitted to hold a place of power or trust.

Under these regulations trade was extending, prices rising, wealth increasing, when the French revolution broke on the world. It found the Plate loyal, but apathetic; contented, but ignorant of its own power and strength. These, however, it learnt in 1806, when the Spanish Americans repulsed the British attack on Buenos Ayres; and it has never since forgotten, though it has sometimes exaggerated them. After this discovery, it was impossible long to maintain the exclusion of the natives from political power; yet the old system was persisted in by Viceroy Limiers, even subsequently. The province rose against him, and he was overthrown. Juntas were established at Monte Video and Buenos Ayres; and from them, in their turn, all Spaniards were excluded. Despite the fidelity of these juntas to their ancient sovereigns, they were regarded as revolutionary; and civil war followed. Ferdinand VII. denounced the juntas; and all hope in him was destroyed. The old king was, in 1815, invited to resume a crown and regal functions at Buenos Ayres; but anxious as he had once been to reach his transatlantic possessions, he preferred repose with his wife at Rome; and on the 9th of July, 1816, deputies from all the provinces met at the distant city of Tucuman, declared their independence, and constituted themselves an independent State. For awhile the English government looked unfavourably on this policy; but our trade extending rapidly, and needing protection, Lord Londonderry, in 1822, made his famous declaration* as to the necessity of having some recognised government; and in 1824—after the French had invaded Spain, and put down constitutional government there—Mr. Canning recognised† their independence; calling, as he

* ‘So large a portion of the world,’ he declared, ‘could not long continue without some recognised and established relations; and the State which, neither by its councils nor its arms, could effectually assert its own rights over its dependencies, and thus make itself responsible for maintaining their relations with other powers, must, sooner or later, be prepared to see those relations established, by the overruling necessity of the case, in some other form.’

† ‘If,’ said Mr. Canning, in a higher vein of intelligence, and with rare eloquence—‘if the total irresponsibility of unrecognised States be too absurd to be maintained; and if the treatment of their inhabitants as pirates and robbers be too monstrous to be applied, for an indefinite length of time, to a large portion of the inhabited globe, no other choice remained for Great Britain, or for any other country having intercourse with the Spanish-American provinces, but to recognise in due time their political existence as States, and thus to bring them within the pale of those rights and duties which civilized nations are bound mutually to respect, and are entitled reciprocally to claim for each other.’

boasted, a new world into existence to rectify the balance of the old. In the beginning of that year he sent out, in diplomatic form, Sir Woodbine Parish, as the representative of England; by whom the treaty which still regulates our intercourse with the Argentine Confederation was concluded; and whose book (some important prejudices, notwithstanding) is much the best work that has yet been published on these countries.

The Spanish colonies of the Plate and its tributaries formed, as we have said, a vice-royalty. Its capital was Buenos Ayres, at that time perhaps the largest, most important, and richest city in South America. Buenos Ayres, therefore, brought into the new State all the habits, traditions, and advantages of a capital accustomed to govern the upper provinces and to large general expenditure. The sanguinary war of the colonists against the Spanish troops was, after their independence, almost immediately followed by a civil war amongst themselves, equally bloody and cruel; for the purpose of solving the character and form of the republic into which they had resolved themselves at Tucuman. From the fatal consequences of this war, some members of the new State sought safety and repose by separation from the rest. Paraguay resolved on isolation. Under the guidance of Dr. Francia, it adopted, what perhaps was indispensable to its isolation, a completely despotic government; and rather than run the risks of further disturbance, its timid inhabitants shut themselves out from communication with their fellow creatures. Upper Peru also seceded, and formed a separate but a freer republic, under the name of Bolivia. In the province of Uruguay, the gaucho chief, Artigas, taking advantage of the general disorder, encouraged inroads into the neighbouring territories of Brazil. In self-defence the Portuguese retaliated. General Lecor, at the head of a Brazilian army, overran Uruguay and occupied* Monte Video, avowedly with the view, however, of saving the southern provinces of Brazil from the troubles and demagogism which prevailed in Uruguay, thence indulging in material rapine and political propagandism in their neighbours' territories. The other provinces, of what is now known as the Argentine Confederation, fell one by one into such a state of anarchy, as, for a season, set at defiance the adoption of any form of general or common government.

On the declaration of Brazilian independence, Uruguay solicited its incorporation with the newly-formed empire; sent

* Sir Woodbine Parish, rarely favourable, and not unfrequently unjust, towards Brazil, admits that the 'anarchical proceedings' of the 'notorious Artigas' afforded a 'plausible pretext' for the occupation of Monte Video.—*Buenos Ayres from the Conquest*, p. 82.

deputies to its constituent assembly, and became the Cisplatine province of Brazil. The antipathies of the Spanish and Portuguese races soon, however, produced discontents in the new Brazilian territory. They were fostered and encouraged by the government of Buenos Ayres, jealous of the rise of a great commercial city—Monte Video—favourably situated for marine and mercantile purposes, on the opposite bank of the estuary. Insurrection, having for its object re-union with the other Spanish provinces, broke out in the Uruguay; and Brazil, feeling that it had been produced by Buenos-Ayrean intrigues, and was supported by Buenos-Ayrean assistance; indignant, too, at the treatment her representative had experienced at Buenos Ayres, where he was grossly insulted by a mob, instigated by the authorities, in 1826 declared war against the government of that province. Substantially this war was for the possession of Monte Video and the country lying between the Plate and the Rio Grande do Sul.

As in other similar cases, danger at first produced some little union, if not reconciliation; and it was during this war with Brazil, that a constituent assembly of the old Spanish colonies was held. It decreed a constitution in which the federal form of government was, notwithstanding the experience of its success in North America, condemned; and the unitarian model, such as lately failed in France, was adopted. The unitarian constitution was, however, rejected by the provinces of Cordova, Santa Fé, Tucuman, and Rioja, which, with perhaps a correct appreciation of their own interests, saw, under it, the importance and wealth and commerce of the upper provinces sacrificed to Buenos Ayres. They declared for federalism; appealed to the sword; and, whilst both were engaged in a common war against Brazil, unitarians and federalists might be seen slaughtering each other on plains left undevastated by troops of that empire; until at last, such was the confusion, that when General Paz triumphed over the federalists of Cordova and Santa Fé, the unitarian government which he served had fallen in Buenos Ayres.

Nor was the war accompanied by much greater concord in Brazil itself. Free institutions were not, as yet, consolidated in that empire. Don Pedro enjoyed great popularity, and exercised almost unbounded power. But scarcely had he effected the separation of Brazil from Portugal, than, apprehensive of the colonial feeling, which in the dependencies of every country is essentially republican, he withdrew his confidence from the native Brazilians, and transferred it to the Portuguese. The liberal Brazilians, at that time a majority in the Chambers, in their turn

grew alarmed, lest the influence to be acquired by the emperor in a successful war should be sufficient to enable him to become absolute, and to suppress free institutions. They accordingly employed every means and artifice to embarrass the war, and to give success to Buenos Ayres. Events favoured them. In February, 1828, a Brazilian army, 11,000 strong, was surprised by a Buenos-Ayrean force still stronger, under General Alviar, on the plains of Itusaingo. After a severe and sanguinary battle, the two armies separated; the Brazilians with the loss of all their baggage; the Buenos Ayreans unable to take advantage of their success. General Alviar was brought to a court martial by his own government; and the Brazilian opposition found, in a defeat little more than nominal, additional reasons for not pursuing a war which, on other grounds, they so strongly disliked.

It was in the midst of these perturbations, calamities, and contradictions in the Argentine States, and after this battle in Uruguay, that Mr. Canning—again in the interests of humanity and of commerce—resolved to interfere, not in the domestic quarrels of the Confederation, but in the war between Buenos Ayres and Brazil. He did so, to the infinite mortification of Don Pedro; for he, though the resources of Buenos Ayres were exhausted, was now obliged to treat under the imputation of defeat, regardless of his ability to have brought another well-equipped army into the field to retrieve his disaster. Both governments felt, however, that Mr. Canning's determination involved the cessation of hostilities. Humane and excellent in motive as was that great minister's intervention, it gave, what he certainly never intended, a death-blow to Don Pedro's influence in Brazil. From that time the liberal party rose to power in the empire, secured for it representative and free institutions, and have ever since remained the opponents of any extension of the Imperial territory. Mr. Canning confided his policy to the care of Lord Ponsonby, then British Minister at Rio de Janeiro, and in 1828, under that distinguished diplomatist's mediation (but without any English guarantee), Buenos Ayres and Brazil agreed on a preliminary treaty of peace.* By it, Uruguay became a republic, independent as well of Buenos Ayres as of Brazil; and its independence was guaranteed by both. Unfortunately, how-

* The following are the first three Articles of the Treaty of Rio de Janeiro, signed 27 August, 1828:—

I. His Majesty the Emperor of Brazil declares the province of Monte Video, at present called the *Cisplatine*, separate from the territory of the Empire of Brazil, in order that it may constitute itself into a free and independent state, from every and any nation, under the form of government which may be judged suitable to its interests, necessities, and resources.

II. The government of the Republic of the United Provinces, on their side, consent to declaring the independence of the province of Monte Video, now called

ever, no definite treaty of peace was, as intended, subsequently negotiated. The delimitations of the frontiers of Uruguay and Brazil, the relations of their commerce, and the clear establishment of their rights of navigation of the upper rivers, were all left unsettled. The only security provided against a recourse to war on the old quarrel was, that Brazil and Buenos Ayres undertook not to recur to hostilities without giving six months' notice to each other of the intention, through England; a provision of some importance, it will be seen, in the more recent occurrences.

It was, we may remark in passing (for we cannot stop to enter into his history), whilst these dissensions were going on in the Argentine States between unitarians and federalists, that Don Juan Manuel de Rosas made his appearance in public life as a federalist. At length federalism prevailed; and after its triumph under Viamont, a convention, or provisional arrangement, was entered into by the provinces of Buenos Ayres and Santa Fé, to which the other States gradually assented, confiding to the government of Buenos Ayres the direction of their foreign affairs. By this slight and fragile link they voluntarily considered themselves as constituting a federal republic, each State continuing, however, to have its separate administration; and a congress of representatives from all the provinces, it was agreed, should assemble in Buenos Ayres, for the purpose of framing a definitive federal constitution. This provisional state of things was, however, by a great variety of schemes, and under as many pretences, prolonged by Rosas until his downfall. The chief of these pretences was war. To avoid assembling the constituent assembly, Rosas was continually engaged in hostilities with one State or other; in this way he had ruptures with England, France, the Banda Oriental, and Brazil, in rapid succession; and it forms one of the justest of the charges made against him, that he purposely kept the Confederation in this unorganized condition. For until the Confederation was practically developed, and a general government formed, Buenos Ayres remained pre-eminent, if not despotic, in the general concerns, and directed everything in conformity with its own interests. So that Rosas, a federalist in pretence, was in reality the strictest of unitarians; a strange ending, says Sir Woodbine Parish, of a struggle for federalism.

Having, though of humble origin, acquired, first as an over-

Cisplatine, and to its constituting itself a free and independent State, in the form declared in the preceding Article.

III. Both the high contracting parties bind themselves to defend the independence and integrity of the province of Monte Video, in the time and manner which shall be determined upon in the definitive treaty of peace.

seer, and then as a proprietor and agent, great wealth, and even greater influence in the rural districts of the province of Buenos Ayres, Rosas rose slowly to political power in the capital. With consummate craft, he yielded up the reins of government to acquire military reputation in punishing and driving back the Indians of the Colorado River; thereby gaining territory and security for the European population, and political influence and power for himself. Subsequently he refused to re-assume the governorship when elected thereto, because the tenure of the office did not confer on him authority sufficiently great. Soon afterwards, however, he headed an insurrection against Governor Balcega, and on his overthrow, assumed despotic rule over Buenos Ayres, and thenceforward played the tyrant over the upper provinces also. How he preserved and augmented the power he had thus violently acquired, of his terrorism, his cruelties, his massacres, and of his various quarrels with foreign powers—these we do not stop to detail. It is rather the circumstances which more immediately led to his downfall that we must hasten to develop and explain.

From its conclusion, Buenos Ayres had been dissatisfied with the peace of 1828; it feared the growth of Monte Video, more advantageously situated in some important respects, we repeat, for commerce; and it knew but one way of arresting the rivalry: that was, its subjection to Buenos-Ayrean influence. Rosas, fully adopting this feeling, prepared to carry it out with all his characteristic craft. His cruel disposition and savage instincts were joined (it is impossible to deny) to great political abilities; and extraordinary, if not admirable, was the talent with which he concocted diplomatic difficulties and perplexities; all directed towards enterprises only too flattering to the passions and too agreeable to the interests of the people of Buenos Ayres.

His project was to re-unite to the Argentine Confederation, or rather to the government of Buenos Ayres, the republics of Paraguay and Uruguay. For this purpose he obtained the authority of the congress of his province to dispose of all its resources for the subjugation of Paraguay. Paraguay was, however, a distant State, between which and Buenos Ayres lay Argentine provinces not to be depended on; whilst Uruguay was on the opposite shores of the estuary and its tributary so called. Military movements against it were easier, and the political advantages of its subjection were greater; Rosas therefore postponed acting on this authority to subdue Paraguay, until he should first have established his influence in Uruguay. There, however, owing to the treaty of 1828, and to the maintenance of its independence by England, France, and Brazil, Rosas was obliged to commence operations indirectly.

At this time, Oribe, a military chief, was President of Uruguay. By the constitution of that state he could not, on the expiration of his presidency, be re-elected. Unfortunately, some three months ere his tenure of office expired, he was overthrown by another soldier of fortune, Rivera, who, in due course, was legally elected President. Oribe, however, insisted on serving the remainder of his time, and appealed to arms. In this conflict of authority Rosas interfered, refused to recognise Rivera, supplied Oribe with an army, and to perpetuate the power of Oribe for the remaining three months of his presidency, that unhappy State was, for nearly ten years, plagued and tormented and depopulated by a ruinous and devastating war, disgraced by inhuman atrocities; and Monte Video, notwithstanding a resistance which out of South America would have been deemed heroic, was kept continually in a state of siege.

The disturbed state of Uruguay was quickly felt in the Brazilian province of the Rio Grande, where a dangerous rebellion, aiming at separation and a republic, was raging. In character and habits and industry, the inhabitants of the Rio Grande very much resemble their Spanish neighbours; like them their riches consist in cattle, their lives are passed on horseback, and arms are always in their hands. During the minority of the young emperor, they became impatient of the rule of the regency, and sought independence. A lengthened struggle ensued. During the war, the Brazilian rebels, when worsted, were able to retire into Uruguay. Now they were succoured by one party in that State, then by another. For awhile Rosas professed to sympathize with Brazil in its complaints against the assistance given in Uruguay to the Rio-Grande rebellion. At one time, indeed, his minister at Rio concluded a treaty with Brazil for the pacification of the Uruguay; but Rosas refused to ratify it; and accompanied his refusal by indications which left no doubt of his own designs on that State. In proportion as he was unimpeded in these designs, so did his lieutenant Oribe give assistance to the rebellion. When it was over, he assailed and despoiled the rich properties of Brazilian subjects in Uruguay, prohibited all communication between it and the Brazilian province of the Rio Grande, and at last made inroads into that province. This rendered Rosas' attack on the independence of Uruguay not only a political, but a material, question for Brazil. It was at once a breach of the treaty of 1828, and a violation of Brazilian territories.

Brazil, thus deeply concerned and injured, in 1844 urged England and France to join her in interfering and preserving the independence of Uruguay. Lord Aberdeen and M. Guizot

agreed on intervention, without having made a single arrangement with the countries interested. But from their intervention they excluded Brazil. Unfortunately, we think; for later events have proved that Brazil was able, without the sacrifice of a single soldier, and in a few weeks, to accomplish that which English and French diplomacy and fleets failed in attempting, and were at last obliged to retire from achieving. England and France did, however, interfere. They supported their influence by fleets very expensively.* They shed blood very uselessly. They blockaded Buenos Ayres† (jointly for 659 days, and France separately for 341 days—in all, 1000 days) very mischievously. And at length England concluded with Rosas a treaty very ignominiously; for by it Mr. Southern, the British negotiator, recognised Oribe,‡ the tool of Rosas, as President of Uruguay, and so substantially confirmed the power of Buenos Ayres over that State; and acknowledged the right of Buenos Ayres,§ as representing the Confederation, to close the navigation of the upper streams. Thus the intervention of England, commenced in 1844, and carried on by a great naval force for nearly five years, at enormous expense to the finances, and great hurt to the commerce, of this country, ended in November, 1849, by resigning the very objects|| for which it had interfered in 1844—a conclusion which at least suggests how very ill-advised Lord Aberdeen's intervention in such distant countries and perplexed politics was, though this termination had for its justification, so far as Lord Palmerston was concerned, the notorious existence of French intrigues at Monte Video, and the dangerous state of Europe consequent on the Revolution of 1848.

Up to the period of the retirement of England from the Plate,

* See Returns moved for by Mr. Cobden, Sept. 1849; Sess. Pap., No. 110.

† 'In the last twenty-four years, Buenos Ayres has been subjected to no less than three blockades, each lasting nearly three years, altogether more than eight years, or about one-third of the whole period.'—*Parish's Buenos Ayres from the Conquest*, p. 358. And yet, during that period, notwithstanding these interruptions to trade, the total value of British goods imported into the Plate has reached the great sum of 14,033,032*l.*; the value of our imports into Spain, with ten times the population, in those twenty years, being only 9,792,469*l.*

‡ Article VI. Treaty, Nov. 24, 1830.

§ Article IV. of same Treaty.

|| See Lord Aberdeen's *Instructions to Mr. Ouseley, H.M. minister at Buenos Ayres, for his guidance in the joint intervention by England and France between Buenos Ayres and Monte Video, presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of her Majesty, in 1846.* 'The war in which the Argentine arms are at present 'engaged,' Lord Aberdeen instructed his minister, 'is waged against a State, the 'independence of which England is virtually bound to uphold.' 'To open up the 'great arteries of the South-American continent to the free circulation of commerce, would be not only a vast benefit to the trade of Europe, but a practical, 'and perhaps the best, security for the preservation of peace in South America.'

the reclamations addressed by the Brazilian Minister in Monte Video to General Oribe—treating him only as a power *de facto*, or a general in campaign—were to some extent heeded and attended to. Freed, however, from the English and French conjoint intervention, they were subsequently neglected. The aggressions became more and more aggravated in character, and larger and larger in extent, until claims for compensation for no fewer than 800,000 head of cattle alone were raised; and rather than give satisfaction, General Oribe refused to hold any further correspondence on the subject with the representative of Brazil.

Concurrently, discussions were in progress at Rio de Janeiro, between the minister of Rosas and the Brazilian government, on a variety of subjects, some relating to trifles admitting of easy arrangement; others on accomplished facts admitting of no alteration. No satisfactory termination of these disputes could, however, be arrived at. Rosas, in truth, desired none; for it was his policy to have in hand excuses for a rupture with Brazil, which he could at any moment use. His plan had long been to excite through Oribe, in Uruguay, a republican revolt in the Brazilian province of Rio Grande, and thus, if possible, to overthrow the monarchy which his adherents and partisans had repeatedly denounced to the Buenos-Ayrean chambers as the only blot on the map of South America.

The time for this plot had now come. England had retired from interference; the Revolution of 1848 had given France other things to do than attend to the affairs of the Plate; Oribe, though still kept out of Monte Video, was all-powerful in the country of Uruguay; and Brazil, which had not then commenced her anti-slave-trade legislation, was unpopular in Downing-street. The representative of Rosas was, therefore, instructed to interfere at Rio de Janeiro on the complaints Brazil had addressed to Oribe, and to contest its right to satisfaction, and its claims to compensation. This interference the Brazilian cabinet refused to permit, Uruguay being a State independent of Buenos Ayres, and bound, it was contended, to conduct itself peaceably towards its neighbours. Thereupon Rosas directed his minister to demand his passports; and they being furnished, he quitted Rio. His departure, of course, brought matters to a crisis. Rosas began to prepare for war; and Brazil came to the determination of tranquillizing Uruguay, from the disorders of which her southern provinces had suffered so much and so long. But in the first instance, Brazil, content with self-protection, did not propose to attack Buenos Ayres.

At this point British diplomacy, which about eighteen months previously had retired from Lord Aberdeen's unlucky inter-

ference in the quarrels of the Plate, and now alarmed at the prospect of their renewal and of British commerce being once more disturbed, again became uneasy; and Mr. Hudson, our representative at the court of Rio de Janeiro, on the 12th of March, 1851, addressed two Notes to Senhor Paulino, the Foreign Minister of Brazil. In the one he reminded the Brazilian government of the stipulation in the treaty of 27th August, 1828, which required notice of any intention to resume hostilities with Buenos Ayres to be given to England, and claimed the fulfilment of that article. In the other he offered to Brazil, on general grounds, the mediation of England in its quarrel with Buenos Ayres. Senhor Paulino, in his reply to the former, disclaimed any such obligation as was imputed to Brazil. The treaty, he reminded Mr. Hudson, was but a preliminary convention; and the 18th Article,* he contended, referred only to a rupture arising out of questions relating to the conclusion of a definitive treaty of peace as contemplated by the preliminary arrangement; but which, in accordance with the policy of Rosas to keep open and irritable all possible questions with Brazil, had never been negotiated. The present discussions between Buenos Ayres and Brazil, he further argued, had no reference to such a treaty; and on that ground alone, he said, Article 18 had no application to the existing state of things. Nor, he added, were the discussions which had been so suddenly broken off by Buenos Ayres, such as necessarily to provoke a war, at least, the imperial government had taken no resolution to commence hostilities against that State. General Rosas, he continued, had always repulsed English intervention in his policy towards and transactions with Uruguay; so Brazil could not, he concluded, recognise any liability under the treaty of 1828 to accept such mediations in its dissensions with that intermediate State. In answering Mr. Hudson's second note, Senhor Paulino advanced a step further; and stating, in some detail, how long and deeply Brazil had suffered injury and depredation from General Oribe and his party in Uruguay, and how in those attacks he had been instigated and aided by General Rosas, he avowed it to be the intention of the Emperor, in defence of his territories, and in protection of his subjects, to require satisfaction, redress, and security from Uruguay; adding,

* Article XVIII. is as follows:—'If it should happen, contrary to expectation, that the high contracting parties do not come to an adjustment in the said definitive treaty of peace, owing to questions which may be raised, and upon which (notwithstanding her Britannic Majesty's mediation) they may not agree, hostilities between the republic and the empire shall not recommence until after the five years stipulated in Article X.; nor shall hostilities then commence without six months' notice being given, with the knowledge of the mediating power.'

however, that as the British Government sincerely desired to avert hostilities, the best mode in which it could contribute to so humane an object would be by inducing General Oribe to lay down his illegal authority in Uruguay, and General Rosas to desist from his arrogant interference with the affairs of that State. Content with having made these efforts to compose differences, which, however, it was impossible, under the circumstances, to settle, except by the arbitrament of war; wiser, from sad experience, than its predecessor had been in 1844, and recognising the force of Senhor Paulino's reasoning, the Russell cabinet withdrew from further official interference, and left things to take their natural course and find their own spontaneous remedy.

Though substantially master of the state of Uruguay, General Oribe had, we repeat, never been able to subdue its gallant capital, Monte Video; and there, opposed to him, was a lawful government, which had been recognised and dealt with both by England and France. To this government Brazil now turned. By it, the Brazilian resolution to protect its own interests, even by the expulsion of Oribe and Buenos-Ayorean arms from Uruguay, was, of course, hailed with joy: for that had been the end of its prolonged resistance, and of all its sufferings. Negotiations did not lag where the object aimed at was identical; and within a month after these answers had been given to Mr. Hudson, a treaty, offensive and defensive, was concluded between the Emperor of Brazil and the republic of Uruguay; and to it the state of Entre Rios became a party. The adhesion of a single state of the Argentine Confederation to such a treaty, forms, however, a new importation into the current of this singular narrative, requiring a little preliminary explanation.

The Riverine States, Corrientes, Santa Fé, and Entre Rios, though federalist in principle, had long been alienated from the policy and proceedings of Rosas. However loudly Rosas had proclaimed his federalism, and savagely persecuted unitarianism, he had, notwithstanding, ruled on an unitarian policy. The constitution of the Confederation had been kept by him in suspense for twenty years; and both state and federal rights were, consequently, imperfectly developed. He had concentrated everything at Buenos Ayres. That city monopolized the foreign trade and the customs' revenue of the Confederation; it closed the upper streams to foreign navigation, and even to the countries they watered; it compulsorily isolated them from the rest of the world; and it enriched itself by taxing goods imported for their consumption. This great highway to the coast of the Pacific was, in short, closed to mankind, because of the terrorism of Rosas at Buenos Ayres.

The chief of the important state of Entre Rios, which lies between the Parana and the Uruguay, was Urquiza,* once the friend and supporter of Rosas; like him, too, a federalist, and in origin a gaucho; having risen to wealth also, in his own state, in a similar career; distinguished in its quarrels and disturbances; but more distinguished for having raised his province from a state of disorder and confusion, to be a model of order and security. Uneducated, but intelligent; taught by his intelligence, and by his own personal interests, that prosperity could only be restored to the upper provinces by their emancipation from Buenos Ayres, and their intercourse with Europe; though a soldier of fortune and a successful military chief, humane and temperate, and therefore disgusted by the cruelties and butcheries of Rosas. Annually, Rosas performed the ceremony of resignation; and on the last time, however, that he did so, Urquiza, as chief of Entre Rios, declared that State's acceptance of the act, and so deprived Rosas of the legal authority longer to represent and conduct the foreign relations of the Confederation.

Thus alienated and dissatisfied, the Brazilian movement found Urquiza; he saw in the expulsion of the power of Rosas from Uruguay a road to the downfall of the tyrant in the Argentine Confederation; and with that view he became a party to the treaty of the 29th of May, 1851, by which it was agreed to drive Oribe and the Argentine forces out of Uruguay, and then to proceed to a free election of a president under its constitution. To this example set by Urquiza the Riverine provinces gradually responded. The federal states of Corrientes and Santa Fé also joined the alliance; and the independent republic of Paraguay again looked beyond its own frontiers, and entered into relations with its neighbours.

The treaty of offence and defence was quickly followed by five others. One settled the boundaries between Brazil and Uruguay, and so removed a source of continual disputes; another regulated the commercial relations between all these states, and threw open to each other all their internal waters; a third arranged the terms on which Brazil should find the pecuniary means of supporting the war; a fourth was for the extradition of criminals; and the fifth contained relations of further and more definitive and permanent alliance.

This, obviously, was a formidable League. It was composed of a great and powerful empire, possessing a well organized army,

* Urquiza had been governor and captain-general of Entre Rios since 1840. He sided with Rosas during the civil wars of Lavallé and Rivera, and routed the latter at the battle of India Muerta in 1846. He is remarkable for the temperance of his habits, using neither wine nor tobacco, and though an admirer of beauty, he is unmarried. Urquiza is upwards of fifty.

and a compact available fleet,* which also had the pecuniary means of carrying on war; of the lawful government of the republic of Uruguay, helpless enough in arms, but strong in right; of the Riverine provinces of the Argentine Confederation, thereby limiting the support of Rosas to his own state, Buenos Ayres, where also he had hosts of enemies; and of Paraguay, at last roused to a sense of national dignity.

The first and main design of the alliance, as we have seen, was to release the Banda Oriental from the influence of Rosas, and to restore to its legal government their proper functions, not to attack the power of Rosas in his own province. It was, however, impossible to overlook the probability of his supporting Oribe, and retaliating on the allies. Such a contingency was therefore provided against in the treaty of the 29th of May, 1851; and its 15th Article converted the alliance intended to be confined to Uruguay only, into a combination against Rosas, if he should resist its primary object; and in that event the protection and command of the rivers Parana and Uruguay, as indispensable to military operations in the province of Buenos Ayres, were consigned to Admiral Grenfell and the Brazilian squadron.

Nor was Rosas long in acting on the anticipations of the allies. Sir Woodbine Parish, with that partiality which is the defect of his otherwise valuable work, says, indeed, that the Brazilian squadron entered the Parana without any declaration of war; and this assertion, though literally correct, is substantially inaccurate. Brazil issued no declaration of war, for none was necessary on its part; as Rosas himself had declared war against Brazil, announced his declaration to the legislature of Buenos Ayres, communicated it to the British minister there on the 18th of August, 1851, and published it to the world on the 20th.

The events of the war now demand our attention.

On the 28th of June, 1851, Urquiza was at the town of Gualiguaychu, on the western coast of the Uruguay, in the province of Entre Rios; he had no troops collected, nor indeed any other force than a vigilant patrol at the principal passes of the rivers and the police of the towns. Count Caxias, commander-in-chief of the Brazilian army, had intimated to him his readiness to cross without delay the frontier, and commence conjoint operations against Oribe, who, at the head of the Buenos-Ayrean forces, was maintaining the siege of Monte Video; and,

* Commanded by Admiral Grenfell, who, we need hardly say, is an Englishman. In early life this distinguished sailor entered into the East India Company's marine service; thence he joined Lord Cochrane in the service of Chile; and from it he passed with his lordship into the Brazilian navy. He commanded a fleet on the lakes of the Rio Grande during the rebellion in that province. There he destroyed the rebel flotillas, and at last reduced the insurgents to capitulate in the island of Famfa.

on the day above mentioned, Urquiza had an interview with Admiral Grenfell. Urquiza required that officer to support the land operations by occupying the Uruguay and Parana, so as to cover the coast of Entre Rios against the naval forces of Buenos Ayres. Admiral Grenfell having undertaken this duty, Urquiza at once issued orders for assembling his troops; and on the 19th of July crossed the Uruguay, with 5000* cavalry. A body of Oribe's troops, 1000 strong, which had been despatched to observe Urquiza's movements, immediately passed over to his side, giving, by their disaffection, an early and a fatal blow to the cause of that general. Thus reinforced and freed from opposition, Urquiza commenced his march for the passes of the Rio Negro. Bad weather, and the flooded state of the rivers, somewhat retarded the advance, but the Rio Negro was crossed on the 1st of September, after a slight skirmish with an advanced guard of Oribe.

The junction intended to have been effected here with the Brazilian army, was frustrated by difficulties equal to those encountered by Urquiza, but much more sensibly felt by an army† numbering 15,000 men of the three arms. Urquiza, however, proceeded, without waiting for his allies, and on the 20th of September came in sight of the army of Oribe, 8000 strong, which had left its cantonments before Monte Video, and crossed the Santa Lucia. Urquiza, wanting infantry and artillery, refrained from attacking Oribe; but the superiority of his cavalry was too decided for Oribe to meet them alone in the field. Thus situated, the two armies observed each other for some days. Time was acquired for the employment of seduction, so formidable in civil wars, and for the development of the discontent which for some time had been rising amongst the Orientals, or Uruguays, in the army of Oribe. Sensible of this, and alarmed by the approach of the Imperial army, Oribe retraced his steps. Urquiza followed him, and encamped, on the 20th of September, on the Arrago de la Virgüe. Here commenced a series of communications between the two generals, in which Oribe proposed to give up the Oriental troops, provided the

* This force consisted of the small proprietors of Entre Rios, living under the protection of their chief. Each man provided himself with his own arms, and with four horses also. Pay they had none; and when pressed on one occasion by scarcity of provisions, Urquiza remarked to his Brazilian allies, that his followers did not eat.

† The Brazilian troops, unlike Urquiza's, constituted a regular army, properly organized and equipped, well provided and cared for, and having good pay. In the Uruguay, there were in this force 2000 Holstein infantry; but their insubordination and misconduct were so great, that they were not permitted, at a subsequent period, to cross the river, and only fifty of them were present in the battle which decided the fate of Rosas.

Argentinos were allowed to embark and retire in safety to Buenos Ayres; and an appeal was made to the French and English admirals to protect this operation against the Brazilian squadron. Those officers, on grounds of humanity, were at first disposed to favour the measure; but the energetic remonstrance of the Brazilian minister and admiral, and the avowed determination of the latter to sink the Argentine transports, if an attempt at embarkation should be made, at last induced them to remain within the sphere of neutrality. Their retreat prevented the rapid approach and formidable numbers of the Brazilian army, and the demoralization which rapidly spread in the ranks of Oribe, compelled that general to abandon his position, and retire to the strong position of the Cerrito, a league from Monte Video. Urquiza pressed forward, and on the 4th of October established himself at Las Piedras, four leagues from that city, thereby cutting Oribe off from all resources of the country, and reducing him to the necessity of either fighting at great disadvantage or speedily surrendering for want of provisions. On the 8th of October things came to a crisis; Oribe renounced his command, and was permitted to retire to his country house; whilst the troops proclaimed their adherence to the cause of Urquiza, with the exception of about fifty officers, who effected their escape in the boats of one of the British men-of-war.

Thus bloodlessly terminated the nine years' siege of Monte Video, and the war in Uruguay.

On the 14th of October, Count Caxias, with the advanced guard of the Brazilian army, arrived before Monte Video. On the same day the count arranged with Urquiza and Admiral Grenfell the plan of operations for the overthrow of Rosas. The imperial army at once occupied the town of Colonia del Sacramento, opposite the city of Buenos Ayres, and transports were forwarded thither for its embarkation. The imperial squadron, consisting of a frigate of 50 guns, six corvettes, three brigs, and five steamers, took up their positions before Monte Video, Colonia, Buenos Ayres, and Martin Garcia; having an advance squadron of two corvettes and a brig in the Parana, opposite the town of San Pedro.

The army of Urquiza, augmented by the Argentine troops of General Oribe, and the Oriental division of the defenders of Monte Video, amounting in all to 11,300 men, with 30 guns, were successively embarked in the port of Monte Video, and transported to the province of Entre Rios; and by the end of the month the combined army was all re-united in Entre Rios. Rosas, infuriated by the loss of his army in the Banda Oriental, strained every nerve to repair it, and to meet the formidable

combination he had brought down on himself. General Mansilla, his brother-in-law, commanding at the town of San Nicolas, on the Parana, was reinforced with a body of 3000 men and 16 guns; he occupied the banks of the river at the pass of Tonclero, where he threw up entrenchments, and constructed batteries commanding the river, with furnaces for hot shot. The Buenos-Ayorean squadron, too (which had been restored by England to Rosas, on the conclusion of Mr. Southern's treaty), consisting of half a dozen brigs and schooners, was completely equipped; and, augmented by the purchase and armament of two steamers, was placed under the command of Commodore Coe, an experienced North-American officer.

Urquiza had appointed the 20th of December for the general rendezvous of the army and navy, at the pass of El Diamante, twelve leagues below the city of Santa Fé, on the Parana, and for the passage of that river by the allied forces. On the 14th of December, Admiral Grenfell embarked, at Colonia, the 1st division of the imperial army, consisting of 3000 infantry, 500 cavalry, and 12 guns, under the brigadier Marques de Souza,* and steered for the Parana. Proceeding a-head with the *Affonso*† and three other steamers, on the 16th he joined the other division off the town of San Pedro, and the following morning, taking the corvettes and brig in tow, continued his course up the river. At noon they reached the pass of Tonclero, where General Mansilla was ready to receive them. From some strange infatuation, he allowed the vessels to approach to within half musket-shot of his position without firing a gun; his batteries then all opened together, but were replied to with such spirit by the imperial squadron, that disorder soon became evident in his fire, and the vessels, enveloped in smoke, came under the muzzles of his guns, suffering very trifling injury. The firing lasted fifty minutes, and 500 cannon-shot were exchanged.

As soon as the pass was cleared, the corvettes were anchored, and the admiral, with the steamers, pursued his voyage. The following day, Mansilla, spiking his heavy guns, abandoned his position on the river, and left the passage free for the rest of the division of General Marques, who proceeded on unmolested. On the 19th, the admiral reached the pass of El Diamante, and found there Urquiza, who had arrived only a few hours before. Simultaneously with the arrival of the steamers and troops at

* This gallant officer, now Baron de Porto Aligre, is the brother-in-law of the late Brazilian minister in London, Commander Marques Lisbon, at present the representative of Brazil in Paris.

† It was this vessel, with Admiral Grenfell and the Prince de Joinville on board, which rendered such effective assistance to the *Ocean Monarch* in the Mersey, two or three years ago.

El Diamante, came the news of the defection of the province of Santa Fé from the cause of General Rosas, and the presentation of a large body of its cavalry to Urquiza. The Parana, at El Diamante, is deep and rapid, and a thousand yards across. On the 23rd, the passage of the troops commenced, and continued till the 29th, when 23,300 combatants, with 30,000 horses, and 42 guns, were assembled on the right bank of the Parana. The whole force was now put in motion to the south, marching at a short distance from the river, where the steamers accompanied its movements. On the 12th of January, 1852, the vanguard passed the frontier of Santa Fé, near San Nicolas, and entered the province of Buenos Ayres. The march continued with trifling opposition from the enemy, whose forces retreated before them, but with great suffering to the troops, from the extreme heat of the weather and want of water on the plains, when the line of march led them any distance from the river. On the 1st of February, the army arrived within four marches of Buenos Ayres. The admiral had now left the Parana, and assembled the principal part of the naval force in front of Buenos Ayres, and to draw the attention of the enemy, made demonstrations of passing the troops still remaining at Colonia, across the river. Rosas had concentrated all his forces, to the number of 30,000 men, with fifty pieces of cannon at Monte Caseros, a strong position four leagues from Buenos Ayres. His right was defended by a marsh; his centre occupied the rising ground and buildings of Monte Caseros; and his left extended to some enclosures and broken ground. His infantry and artillery formed his front line, while his cavalry was kept in reserve in rear of his left and centre. On the night of the 2nd of February, the allied army bivouacked in front of the enemy; on the right was the Correntino division, with General Virasoro; in the centre the Brazilian division, under General Marques; and on the left, the Montevidean division, under Colonel Cæsar Diaz. The whole of the cavalry, 12,000 strong, was massed in one body, under the commander-in-chief, leaving in the vanguard the 2nd regiment of Brazilian lancers, under Colonel Osorio. At daylight, Urquiza visited the different divisions; encouraged the troops; gave orders to form for the attack, and to advance simultaneously against the enemy. His commands were obeyed with alacrity and enthusiasm; the Orientals plunged into the marsh to turn the enemy's right; the Brazilians, in columns of battalions, advanced steadily against the centre and batteries of Monte Caseros, disregarding the concentrated fire of the whole of the enemy's artillery, which was directed against them. As soon as the action was general along the line, Urquiza, with the whole

of the cavalry, fell on the enemy's left, broke through it, and charged the cavalry in the rear, putting them to route, following them in hot pursuit to Buenos Ayres. Equal success attended the other attacks. The guns were all taken at the point of the bayonet; and the infantry, broken and dispersed, surrendered or sought safety in flight. On the first onset, the Dictator set an example of fleeing in disguise from the field, and owed his safety to the excellence of his horse and his knowledge of the country, which enabled him to reach the shore unrecognised, and with his daughter, the renowned Doña Manuelita, gain the hospitable shelter* of one of her Majesty's steamers, anchored close to the shore. The victory was complete, and with comparatively little bloodshed; not more than 500 men fell on both sides. The troops continued their advance towards the city, and the following morning Urquiza received, at Palermo, the submission of Buenos Ayres; and ended a war which, for the first time in these countries, had been conducted on the principles of civilized combatants, desirous to gain a definite end at the smallest possible human suffering. All previous struggles, in the Platine States had been disgraced by cruelties and barbarities of the most shocking and demoralizing description. Prisoners were indiscriminately slaughtered, whole bodies were savagely massacred; officers were tortured for popular amusement and delight; in short, no quarter was given, no life spared. On this occasion, however, the Brazilian alliance introduced a regular well-disciplined and properly commanded army into the contest; and in the hour of Buenos-Ayrean defeat, it was to its humanity, order, discipline, and obedience, that the troops of Rosas appealed. 'Surrender to the Blue Pants (so the Brazilian infantry was termed); they do not kill!' was their cry; and thus a body, not exceeding 3000 men, had upwards of 5000 prisoners, not one of whom was injured. On the contrary, the Oriental contingent of Rosas's army refused to surrender to the Argentine forces of Urquiza; but on the appearance of a single Brazilian officer (Captain Petra), at once laid down their arms. Nor was this example of humanity lost on the Argentines themselves, in the subsequent occurrences at Buenos Ayres.

Thus both the original design of the alliance and its collateral stipulation were successfully carried out. The independence of Uruguay was secured, and Rosas, having taken arms against the allies, fell in a war which he had thereby brought on himself.

* Rosas carried away no great amount of property—not more, it is believed, than 3000*l.*; nor had he funds in Europe. At first, his large estates were put under sequestration by the new government, but were subsequently restored to him by Urquiza, when in possession of absolute power in Buenos Ayres, much to the credit of the generosity and humanity of that chief.

Oribe* having yielded in Uruguay, a president and a congress were freely elected; and Rosas being driven from Buenos Ayres, the governors of the upper States, with three exceptions (and their absence was caused by distance and want of time), assembled at San Nicolas, in Santa Fé, and conferred on Urquiza full authority to represent and conduct the foreign and general concerns of the confederation. Urquiza, as Provisional Dictator and General in Command, approved of the election of Senhor Lopez as Rosas' successor, refusing the post for himself. Nor in declining the office did he act on the policy of Rosas; he abolished the punishment of death for political offences, relaxed the laws of the press, restored freedom to the Chambers, and was content to have devoted himself to the arrangements necessary for the consolidation of the confederation, leaving Buenos Ayres to manage its own provincial affairs. The old spirit of domination over the upper provinces was, however, still strong in that city. Neither their bloodshed nor their persecution, neither denunciations nor sufferings, had, it soon appeared, destroyed the old unitarian party. At the elections which followed, and over which Urquiza (unwisely, perhaps) abstained from exercising any great influence, members of that party were generally successful. As soon as the legislature opened, it at once attacked the power of Urquiza at its very foundation, by casting doubts on the legal right of Governor Lopez to have sanctioned his appointment as Provisional Dictator. The press, suddenly recovering its freedom, responded to the feeling of the Chamber. The governor, in whom Urquiza had confidence, was obliged to resign; and danger to the general interests seemed so fast accumulating in Buenos Ayres, that Urquiza (in conformity with a provision in the treaty of alliance) assumed dictatorial authority in that State; dismissed the Chamber, sent out of the province his leading opponents, and, having a clear stage to himself, proceeded to enact many useful measures.

Almost concurrently, difficulties of another sort arose between the new government of Monte Video and the Brazilian authorities. There, also, the newly-elected president, Senhor Giro,† a man of sense and discretion, was uneasily yoked to a chamber wherein malcontents prevailed. The two parties in the State had, on the surrender of Oribe, agreed on returning equal numbers

* Like another Cincinnatus, Oribe has since quietly resided on his own estate near Monte Video, cultivating—to use the expression of recent communications—cabbages, and picking caterpillars. With many and serious faults, Oribe is a remarkable man, and, superior in both education and intelligence to most of his contemporaries, may yet be destined to play a considerable part in the fortunes of Uruguay. His former rival, Rivera, is now in Rio de Janeiro, living on the bounty of the Brazilian government.

† Senhor Giro is a civilian, and a man of moderate abilities, with personal inclinations towards Oribe.

from both to congress. This agreement, strictly adhered to by the opponents of that chief, was disregarded by his friends; and the congress assembled on Oribe's downfall was not a little jealous of the interference of Brazil in the affairs of Uruguay.

As the Buenos-Ayres chamber began its resistance to the influence of the upper provinces by attacking the title of Urquiza, so the chamber of Monte Video commenced its traditionary dislike of its neighbours by hesitating to recognise the validity of the treaties with Brazil; and for awhile this refusal to ratify them seemed likely to produce serious consequences. Brazil, firm on the point of their recognition and ratification, was, however, willing to modify some details, against which there were well-founded objections. So the congress wisely yielded; the treaties being ratified, were modified in a few particulars, and the relations between Brazil and Uruguay have since gone on satisfactorily.

Meanwhile the power of Urquiza in Buenos Ayres seemed established, but it was in appearance only. He was there as conqueror; and the presence of a Gaucho chief of a country province, in that character maintaining himself by Gaucho troops, was highly offensive to the pride of the metropolitan city. He was, too, engaged in preparing for the congress of Santa Fé, where a general constitution, by no means favourable to the pretensions or status of Buenos Ayres, would, in all probability, be framed, and imposed on the whole confederation. This was a further source of mortification to the unitarian party. Excellent, too, as many of his measures were, Urquiza's manners and personal conduct were not calculated to conciliate public opinion in Buenos Ayres. He was humane, to be sure, respected property, gave facilities to commerce, and attended to the finances; but he was intolerant and impetuous. Nor will it create surprise that, educated in such a country, he was not master of all the courtesies of refined civilization.

Neither was his policy a Buenos-Ayrean one; he proceeded to negotiate, and succeeded in negotiating a treaty with Paraguay, by which she opened her rivers and her territories; and he resolved on saving himself from much of the trouble of the approaching mission sent out by England and France, by issuing, on the 28th August, 1852, a decree, opening up to the mercantile navigation of all nations, the rivers which, from their first discovery down to that date, had been closed—a document and a policy well worth the notice they received in the Queen's Speech.

This decree was no stinted or hesitating concession. As a legal measure, it was within the powers which had been conferred on Urquiza by the chiefs of the other States; as a practical one, it

was necessary for the collection of the revenue, deranged and squandered since the fall of Rosas, and for the prevention of contraband, which had revived; while, as a general piece of policy, it was in conformity with the better organization of the confederation reserved for the Congress of Santa Fé. It is, however, unnecessary now to explain the document in detail; suffice it then to say, that its provisions were conceived in a spirit of wise generosity, tempered with regulations sufficiently protective of revenue interests. It established custom-houses up the Parana and Uruguay, laid the basis of a bonding system, and gave ample security to honest commerce against formal but necessary observances. When taken in connexion with the treaty concluded with Paraguay, it was in every respect comprehensive and complete.

The date of this decree,* it will have been observed, was the 28th August, 1852. Having issued it, Urquiza left the city of Buenos Ayres on the 8th September for Santa Fé, to instal the constituent congress; and within two days after his departure, the leaders of the old unitarian party had, by the aid of the Corrientino division, which Urquiza had left in garrison, and they had corrupted, overthrown his power. It was a nocturnal *coup d'état*; but, unlike most pronunciamientos, happily passed over without bloodshed or proscription. The Chamber immediately assembled, recognised the movement, elected General Pinto governor of the province; and he wisely permitted the troops still faithful to Urquiza to embark in peace. When news of this movement overtook Urquiza, his first thought was to return and suppress what he deemed a mere revolt. He soon found, however, that the province sympathized with the city of Buenos Ayres, and that the movement against him had united all parties. So, abandoning that intention, he proceeded onwards to Santa Fé, there to form a nation, as he at first said, without Buenos Ayres. At the latest advices, however, that intention also had been abandoned; and, to all appearance, Urquiza was content to maintain his power in his own State of Entre Rios; when, to the surprise of every rational person, he has been attached by a league between Buenos Ayres and Corrientes.

If success in the Plate, as in most other countries, be a great subduer of the jealousies that separate States, misfortunes there are even more potent destroyers of influence and authority than elsewhere; and long ere Urquiza reached his own province of Entre Rios, he found himself not only deserted by Corrientes

* So important did it appear to the Board of Trade, that copies of it were sent by that department, almost immediately after its arrival here, to mercantile bodies at Manchester and Liverpool.

and Santa Fé, but in danger at home. Not, indeed, that the Riverine States have abandoned their desire to consolidate the confederation; but that their faith in the ability of Urquiza to accomplish that great object has been shaken. Should he, however, be able to maintain himself in Entre Rios, the very position of that State—midway between the Parana and Uruguay, and separating Buenos Ayres and Santa Fé from Corrientes—must always give him great opportunity either for good or evil over the littoral provinces. The attitude he has assumed towards Buenos Ayres since his authority there was rejected, is, naturally enough, unfriendly, and even threatening; but the new government of Buenos Ayres have it very much in their own power to control the personal designs (even if really dangerous) of Urquiza, by conciliating the other States of the confederation, through the mediation of a liberal policy, and friendly and reciprocally useful relations. Nor as yet have they shown any unwillingness to do so. To acquire the confidence at once of Europe and of the upper provinces, the new government of Buenos Ayres has ‘recognised’—to use the language of the decree it presented to the congress—‘as a principle of general expediency, ‘the opening of the river Parana* to the traffic and mercantile ‘navigation of all nations, and thenceforward declared and ‘ceded it on its part;’ and this recognition it has followed up by establishing at Buenos Ayres, what is most important to commerce, a deposit or warehousing system in its custom-house, and by allowing the transit of goods, both by land and water, without the payment of duties.

For this somewhat unexpected conversion of Buenos Ayres to a free trade and a free navigation policy, commerce is mainly indebted to the liberation of Uruguay by the arms of Brazil and Urquiza. At present that State is, no doubt, greatly impoverished by the devastations of Oribe; and Monte Video, its capital, has suffered severely by a siege almost rivalling that of Troy in duration. But both state and capital have every capacity for carrying on a large trade, which peace and tranquillity are sure to develop. Should, then, Buenos Ayres ever again resort to a restrictive commercial system, the import merchants and the upper States will hereafter have at Monte Video and Colonia, what they had not under Rosas and Oribe, the means of self-protection. For, in that event, the former will transfer their capital from Buenos Ayres to Monte Video; and thither the latter will follow it with that produce which now finds a market at Buenos Ayres. So that, look at the liberation of Uruguay from what point we will, the most important conse-

* Urquiza's decree included the Uruguay as well as the Parana.

quences flow from it. Security is restored to the frontier province of Brazil; the seeds of prosperity are planted in Uruguay itself; and free trade and free navigation have been rescued from the control of Buenos Ayres.

Commercially, Monte Video cannot at present compete with Buenos Ayres. In some important respects, however, its position has advantages over the older city; its port is always accessible, and ships are always safe at its quays; but it is distant from the richer parts of the confederation; and until steam shall have overcome both the delay and expense of distance, the cost of transit either to Colonia or Monte Video must diminish seriously the profits of exportation from the Banda Oriental. Nor, as yet, has Monte Video any large capitalists to conduct trade between the import merchants and the up-country buyers, who have need of such middle-men for the arrangement of their credits. Nevertheless, Monte Video has, in the Banda Oriental, a great and fertile country of its own whereon to flourish; as its prosperity grows under the influence of peace, so will the advantages of Monte Video be developed; and when steam navigation shall cover the upper waters of the Parana, the Paraguay, and the Uruguay, there can be little doubt that Monte Video and Colonia will rival Buenos Ayres in wealth and importance, and the Banda Oriental be as populous and prosperous.

Under Rosas, Buenos Ayres, as we have said, taxed all the goods imported into the Argentine confederation. The success of Urquiza at once liberated the upper provinces from this contribution to the revenues of a single State; and Urquiza's successors have carried his liberality even further, and, as already stated, permit the transit of goods duty free. So, also, do Santa Fé, Cordova, and some others of the upper States. Each State will now, therefore, levy whatever import duties its local authorities may fix and determine on. But out of this state of things two serious anomalies will arise: First, that in a series of States professing to be a confederation, there will be no general power to regulate custom duties, and their rates may vary in each of the thirteen confederated provinces; hence there will be a temptation for one State to smuggle into its more highly-taxed neighbours; discussions and quarrels will arise between them, and violence and war be resorted to. Secondly, in a union which contracts external relations with other countries, there will be wanting any general or common fund to defray the inevitable cost of federal measures. Hitherto the expenses of the confederation fell on Buenos Ayres; but now Buenos Ayres has no longer authority to speak and act on behalf of the littoral and upper States; and if it had, that State is without means to

do more than defray the cost of its own local government. No doubt, Buenos Ayres is more favourably situated than any other State to represent the confederation with foreign powers, if any one State have to continue to represent it. But experience has shown the danger, the inconvenience, and the jealousies, sure to arise again, of a single State enjoying the rights of federal representation, to the exclusion of the rest.

It is only by giving to the confederation an intelligible expression, and by constituting a federal government, that these and other difficulties of a kindred character can be overcome. It is only by placing the navigation of the upper waters under the protection of a central authority, in which all the States interested shall be fairly represented, that any permanent security can be given to internal commerce or navigation. And liberally disposed as the new government of Buenos Ayres is in many respects, these are hardly objects which it will attempt to carry out. Alsina, the recently elected governor, is indeed known to be a man both of good sense and good abilities; and the ministry associated with him is, we do not doubt, animated by the most pacific intentions. But they belong to, and are, it is notorious, under the control of, the old unitarian party, which has a majority in the house of representatives; and that party has hitherto been the resolute opponent of federal development. The unitarians are, in truth, the *doctrinaires* of the Plate; wealthy, intelligent, pure, and occasionally liberal; but speculative, theoretical, austere, and too frequently intolerant; and these are defects that repel the confidence of a people, and the support of the bustling, active, earnest, practical men of the world. The long-suffering and heavy persecution they were subjected to under the terrorism of Rosas, may not, however, have been lost on the surviving unitarians of Buenos Ayres; and as yet they have, whilst overthrowing, acted at home on the policy of the federalist, Urquiza.

The tendency of the again dominant unitarianism of Buenos Ayres, however natural it may have been for the wealth and intelligence of that province to have risen against the force of a Gaucho chief not its own, is clearly the reverse of consolidation; and the end may be the separation of the province of Buenos Ayres from the Argentine confederation. Concluded on peaceable terms, and with proper relations established between all the littoral States remaining united, that would be an evil much less than unwilling, unsettled, and dubious connexion, such as has so long existed, to the hindrance of material progress and of social improvement. The time, it may be possible, has not even yet arrived for the formation of a great State in the interior; the

terms in which that shall be established may, it is probable, still require the experience of some years of peaceable development in order to arrange and combine all interests; and we are not without sad examples in Europe of the dangers and embarrassment of precipitating constitutions before the people to be ruled are fit for them.

But what these countries cannot do without is—internal tranquillity. Without peace amongst each other, there is nothing to expect or hope, and everything to fear. It is, however, mainly on the policy of Buenos Ayres that peace depends. It has refused to submit, on equal terms, to a confederation with the less advanced provinces. That it had a perfect right to do. But it has no right, because of its superior intelligence, to dominate over or to control them. The upper rivers belong not to Buenos Ayres, but to the provinces they water; and any attempt by Buenos Ayres to procure greater pecuniary advantage than it is fairly entitled to out of their navigation or trade, will only render the future affairs of the Plate confusion worse confounded. We must not, however, suppose that independence has not been highly beneficial to these countries. ‘What has the Revolution done for you?’ asked Captain Basil Hall, of a peasant of the Mexican Cordillera. ‘Given me *two* jackets where I had *one* before,’ was the prompt and decisive answer. And as in Mexico, so in the old Spanish colonies of South America. There, also, independence has at least been productive of greater material comforts; and in none more so than in the former vice-royalty of Buenos Ayres, as a few figures will show. In 1822, the estimated value of their exports from Buenos Ayres barely reached 700,000*l.* sterling; in 1851, it exceeded 2,000,000*l.* In 1837, the number of cattle in the Argentine confederation was supposed not to exceed 4,000,000, and the number of hides exported was about 800,000; now, the cattle have increased to 10,000,000 or 12,000,000, and the average number of hides exported is 2,400,000. Thirty years ago the wool of their sheep was not worth cleaning; now, thanks to the late Mr. Peter Sheridan and Mr. Harratt, and to its free admission into England, the quantity of wool exported is annually some sixteen millions of pounds. In 1822, the value of the tallow sent away was under 60,000*l.*; now it reaches 230,000*l.* a year. And in nearly the same proportion has been the increase of the imports. In 1825, the value of the imports into Buenos Ayres was 1,575,000*l.*; now it is upwards of 2,000,000*l.*, one-half of which consists of British commodities. In the twenty years, 1830—50, the total declared value of our exports to the Plate, with a population little exceeding a million, reached the enormous amount of

14,033,032*l.*; whilst, in the same period, Mexico, with a population exceeding seven millions, only took 9,582,032*l.*; and Spain, with probably nine or ten millions, scarcely more in value. Already, in point of fact, the countries of the Plate are, after Brazil and Chile, our best South-American customers; and their capacity of increase, under the influence of peace and the instrumentality of free trade and free navigation, is only bounded by the growth of their population.

One great obstacle to increased imports and exports arises from the heavy cost of transport; and what it amounts to is well illustrated by Sir Woodbine Parish. Of the upper (not the riverine) provinces, Salta is the highest; through its capital, of the same name, and Jujuy, its frontier town, lies the route to Upper Peru and the Pacific; and from Buenos Ayres to Jujuy, overland, the distance is 470 leagues. The whole intercourse, at present, is carried on in waggons; and of them and the journey Sir Woodbine writes:

‘In these unwieldy waggons all the produce of the upper provinces is sent down to Buenos Ayres; and all the foreign goods required in exchange for their consumption are transported into the interior: they are chiefly built in Tucuman, of a very hard wood grown in that province, and cost about fifty Spanish dollars, or 10*l.*, each.

‘Their stilt-like wheels and teams of oxen, harnessed in pairs, at an extraordinary distance from each other, so strikingly characteristic of the country, indicate the casualties to which they are exposed; the gigantic height of the wheels is absolutely necessary to keep the goods high and dry above the marshes they have to traverse; and the lengthened traces are as requisite in the passage of swamps and rivers, to enable the leading oxen to get through and upon dry land, the better to drag the wheelers and their load across the waters from the opposite side.

‘They generally travel in troops or caravans, consisting of fourteen waggons each, preferring to leave Salta for Buenos Ayres in the month of April or May, when the rivers are falling; and avoiding, if possible, being upon the road in the dry months of July, August, September, and October, when both water and pasturage are in many places scarce. They are from eighty to ninety days on the journey, rarely travelling more than fifteen miles a day.

‘Each waggon is supposed to be capable of carrying from a ton and a half to two tons of goods; and the hire of a troop of fourteen costs—

‘From Salta to Buenos Ayres, about 2800 dollars.	
And for the journey back . . .	2200 „

In all, for the 14 carts out and home, 5000 dollars,
or about 1000*l.* sterling.

‘The calculation is, that they will be absent from ten to twelve months, six months being passed on the road, and the remainder of the time lost in halts and delays on the road, and in waiting at Buenos Ayres to complete a return cargo.

‘Three relays of a hundred oxen are required for the fourteen waggons, besides horses in proportion for the drivers: the first takes them as far as Tucuman; thence an additional thirty are wanted, to reach the confines of Buenos Ayres, when they are again changed for a hundred fresh beasts, which complete the journey.

‘The number of men required to take care of such a troop of waggons is from twenty to twenty-five, besides the capitaz or principal conductor.’—pp. 276, 277.

Yet, if our readers will glance at Mr. Arrowsmith’s excellent map, they will see that Salta is at the head of Rio Solado, and not 150 miles from the still greater and more easily navigable river, Paraguay, which flows into the Parana; and it is but a short time since H.M. steamer, *Alecto*, of 200 horse power and 800 tons burthen, steamed up the Parana to Corrientes, and back to Monte Video, a distance of 2000 miles, in thirty-nine days; passing, in her voyage up, a convoy of sailing vessels which had left Monte Video whilst she was fitting out in England.

The great want of these rivers is steam navigation; for it is by means of quick water-transit that the cost of bringing down produce and taking up must be lessened. But that want can only be supplied by throwing open the upper streams to foreign navigation, and by exempting it from the pressure and exclusion of heavy dues. Place steamers or steam-tugs on them, and both imports and exports would be rapidly increased; to greater quantities of hides, wool, and tallow, would be added new articles of export, such as fruits, fine woods, medical drugs, spices, grain—perhaps, also, cotton and sugar; all paid for in cottons, woollens, hardware, and silks.

Labour in the upper provinces is abundant and cheap, but capital for its employment is wanting. With peace for the attraction and security of capital, there are, however, few countries in which investments would make quicker and more profitable returns. For example, the increase of sheep is stated to be fully thirty-three per cent. per annum; so that money invested in a sheep-farm will repay itself in three or four years; and should those disasters anticipated by some as the result of its gold discoveries fall on Australia, it may be in the Argentine confederation that the woollen manufactories and industry of England will have to seek for adequate supplies.

The climate, too, is healthy and salubrious, and well fitted to receive the outpourings of ‘the oppressed nationalities’ of Europe.

A large part of the present population of Monte Video, and Uruguay generally, is, indeed, of recent European immigration; in one year (1842), upwards of 30,000 (chiefly Basques) arrived at Monte Video from Europe; and with security for life, liberty, capital, and labour, firmly established, and steam freely navigating its internal waters, Europe, in its present condition, will not, it is quite certain, be slow to pour either its surplus wealth or its surplus industry into the Argentine confederation. Already the new government of Uruguay has turned its attention to the subject of immigration; and whilst we write, there is a movement towards its shores from several of the German states.

On the future it would, however, be idle to speculate further, where so much is doubtful at present; and yet there are two or three other points we must glance at before concluding. Unlike the people of Mexico, the inhabitants of the Plate possess national characteristics and force. The European element predominates; they are courageous in conduct, simple in habits, and enduring in purpose; they are neither sunk in indolence nor the slaves of superstition. On the contrary, they are active, vigorous, careful, and economical; faithful and attached, also, where benefits have been conferred. No doubt, they are turbulent, excitable, suspicious, and cruel; divided in feeling, according to the States they inhabit; jealous of each, and prone to war: but these are qualities common to all Nomadic races — qualities which experience suggests will yield as commerce and civilization penetrate into the interior. And certainly not one of the least encouraging of their circumstances is, that they are free from the debasing influence of a wealthy and a corrupt church, the cause of so much degradation in Mexico.

If, occasionally, they disappoint our expectations, and fall back into their old habits, we must console ourselves with the reflection that it is not in one generation the vices and defects of centuries are to be remedied. This age may not witness the dawn of the Plate's future prosperity; but it may depart, assured that Brazil, in commencing the late movement, has served the cause of humanity and religion most efficiently, as it struck the blow which expelled Rosas with singular felicity.

In fine, though what seemed so fair and likely has thus, to some extent, been interrupted, much has, nevertheless, been done. The independence of Uruguay has been established; the isolation of Paraguay has been abandoned; the relations of Brazil with those States have been put on a sound footing; an example has been set of conducting war in a generous spirit, already productive, we have seen, of good effects; selfish despotism and savage tyranny have been punished in the downfall

of Rosas; the policy of opening up these rivers to the world's commerce has been consecrated—in words, at least; and nothing remains to be done, except what good sense, moderation, and justice may easily—and let us hope will—accomplish.

Nor ought the events we have narrated to be uninformative to Europe; for they teach the impolicy of England and France attempting to precipitate, either by diplomatic or military agency, events in distant countries, whose circumstances they are so imperfectly acquainted with; and the short-sightedness of prohibiting the intervention of a nation, materially and geographically, as well as politically, concerned. They teach us, also, the dignity and office of the Empire of Brazil in the political system of the world; and how much more that State may be made to contribute its share to the great mass of human happiness by promoting its welfare, than, as has been done, by wounding its pride.

- ART. IV.—(1.) *Purchas (Samuel), his Pilgrimes, conteyning a history of the World in Sea Voyages, and Land Travels, wherein God's wonders in Nature, and Providence, the Actes, Artes, Varieties, and Vanities of Men, with a worlde of the World's rarities, are, by a Worlde of Eye-Witnesse Author's related to the World, all examined, abbreviated, illustrated with Notes, enlarged with Discourses, adorned with Pictures, and expressed in Maps, In four parts, each conteyning five Bookes.* 3 vols. folio. 1623-27.
- (2.) *The Voyage and Travaille of Sir John Mandeville, Knt., which treatise of the way to Ieierusalem, and of Marveyles of Inde, with other Islands and Countryes.* (Now published entire, from an original MS. in the Cotton. Library.) London: 1727.
- (3.) *Marcus Paulus; his Travels, translated from the Italian, with Notes.* By WILLIAM MARSDEN. 1818.
- (4.) *Early Travels in Palestine; comprising the narratives of Arculf, Willibald, Bernard, Saewulf, Benjamin of Tudela, Sir John Mandeville, de la Brocquire, and Maundrell.* Edited, with notes, by THOMAS WRIGHT, Esq., M.A., F.S.A. (Bohn's Antiquarian Library.) 1848.
- (5.) *New Roads, and Old Roads.* London: Chapman and Hall, 1852.

VERY pleasant is it, after turning over some dozen books of modern travel which claim our attention almost every week, to retire into an old library, and take from their dusty shelves the half-forgotten journals of old travellers, who did not set forth on an expedition, half of pleasure, half of profit—partly to recruit their health, and partly to refill their purses by publishing an account of all they saw, and, far more wearisome to the reader, endeavouring to account for everything, but who

bound on weighty business, or the call of religious duty, political missions, or commercial enterprise, went forth on their long pilgrimage, and then, in the plain, straightforward epistle, or the simple personal narrative, related the wonders they had seen, and the greater wonders which had been told them, to a trustful, all-believing age. Right pleasant reading are these; and so thought worthy Master Samuel Purchas, when, encouraged by the favour with which his earlier editions had been received, he gave these three closely-printed folios to our fathers; and nothing doubting of the marvels he collected, placed the emphatic motto, '*Unus Deus una veritas*,' on his title-page. And truthful, quite to the extent of modern travellers, were all these worthies—we will not even except Sir John Mandeville; and curious is it to find how, as our acquaintance with these far regions becomes more minute and specific, many a 'lying wonder' becomes a positive fact, and tales which were scornfully rejected by the last generation, receive respectful credence in this.

Travelling, as the lively but discursive author of *Old Roads and New* remarks, was almost unknown to the ancient world. For our own parts, we are greatly inclined to think, that the desire to visit foreign lands took its rise from the pilgrimage spirit which so early displayed itself in the Christian world. Thus devotion, ignorant but sincere, led the way, and commercial enterprise, and the spirit of discovery, and the love of adventure, followed in her train. The earliest travellers are all pilgrims, all bound to one holy spot, all led by the self-same feeling. The earliest pilgrim who has left a record of his journey, is a nameless Christian of Bourdeaux, who in 333, when Rome was still in her ancient glory, and just ere Byzantium had received her new name, passing through them, and many another splendid city, bent his course to the Holy Land. A most interesting relic would this have been, had the writer narrated the many wonders he saw; but it is a mere itinerary, marking names of places and distances, but little beside. Not more is that of Paula, the female friend and disciple of St. Jerome, who made the same pilgrimage towards the end of the same century; nor is that of St. Antoninus more. It is with the dwellers of northern Europe, from the earliest ages observant and inquiring, that the history of travel begins; and the narrative of Arculf, the Saxon pilgrim, first made our rude fathers acquainted with some of the marvels of the East. This narrative of a narrative, seems to have been abridged. In some parts it gives details rather at length, but in others merely a list of names of places. It was, however, probably from Arculf that our countrymen in the eighth century heard of the wonders of the Holy Land, and of the Holy City. He gives a

tolerably clear description of Jerusalem, mentions 'the large round church on the highest point of Olivet,' with its 'eight windows, and eight lamps opposite them, which cast their light as far as Jerusalem, striking the hearts of the beholders with a mixture of joy and divine fear,' though wherefore, Arculf, or his transcriber, does not say.

It was towards the close of the seventh or beginning of the eighth century that Arculf travelled. Perhaps the story of his wanderings incited others of his countrymen to go on the self-same pilgrimage. However, some twenty years after, a father and two sons, all of whom have found a place in the extensive hagiography of the Latin church—St. Richard, St. Willibald, and St. Wunebald,—set forth from Hammelea (probably Southampton) to wend their toilsome way to 'that sweet land over the sea,' as the Croises fondly named it. This narrative derives additional interest, from its being the composition of an Englishwoman, a resident in the convent of Heidenheim, one of those founded by St. Boniface, and who, by some German writers, has been thought to be the sister of the pilgrim, St. Walpurgis. It was, however, written by another; for in her opening address, although she speaks of Willibald as her relative, she also describes herself as 'newly come hither,' and of his having been her master. We scarcely ever remember feeling more interest than when, a few years since, occupied on rather a dull subject of research, and turning over the pages of a dull folio,* we came to *Vitæ SS. Willibaldi et Wunebaldi*, and discovered this naïve and simple narrative of the wanderings of an Anglo-Saxon pilgrim in the Holy Land, more than eleven hundred years ago, 'travels, of which,' the writer says, 'I have written down nothing but what I have taken from his own lips, as his deacon and many of his younger brethren can testify.' The style of this venerable literary relic is so pleasant, and as a whole it affords such a vivid picture of the time, that we shall give our extracts in our own translation from the original, rather than in Mr. Wright's version, which is also an abridged one.

The travellers having taken ship at 'Hammelea,' disembark at the mouth of the Seine—unvisited as yet by the war-ships of the Norsemen—and held on their way, across the Alps, to Lucca, where, worn out with fatigue, the father dies, and is buried in the church there, while the sons, 'holding on their way through fruitful plains, and across snowy mountains, and fair valleys, arrive at Rome.' Little is said of the wonders there, save that the church of St. Peter, like the modern, was an object of deep admiration; but in the narrative of their voyage, we are told of the

* Canisii Thesaurus Monumentorum, vol. ii. p. 105.

burning mountain of Etna, and how, when the city of Catanea is threatened, the inhabitants take the veil of St. Agatha, and place it on the fire, when it ceases. Sailing amid 'the isles of Greece,' the pilgrims see, at Mitylene, 'two recluses sitting on 'pillars close by the sea-side; and these pillars are built like a 'thick wall, with stones, and very high, that the sea may not 'reach them.' Arrived at Emessa, the wanderers, now eight in number, are but roughly treated. 'The Saracens' seem not to have known what to make of them, 'because they were poor.' Probably Emessa had been rather resorted to by merchants than pilgrims, and therefore the inhabitants, perhaps believing them to be spies, sent them to prison, notwithstanding the kind exertions of a rich old man. At length they were, after much delay, set free, and then they pursued their journey to the fair city of Damascus. From thence they set forth to the Holy Land, visiting with reverend wonder Galilee and Nazareth, and the town of Cana, wherein is 'a great church, and in that church, one of 'the water-pots which our Lord commanded to be filled with 'water.' Then they went on 'to Mount Tabor, where our Lord 'was transfigured,' to the city of Tiberias and Capernaum, 'and 'there was a house, and a great wall, and people said that 'Zebedee and his two sons had dwelt there.'

'And from thence they went on to Bethlehem. . . . And early on the morrow they went to Chorazin, where our Lord cured the possessed man. There is a church there, and in it they prayed, and setting forth thence they came to a place where two fountains spring from the earth, Jor, and Dan; and then flowing from behind a mountain, they join in one stream, and form Jordan. And here they remained one night, between the two fountains; and the shepherds gave them sour milk to drink; and there they saw wonderful herds of cattle, with long backs, short legs, and great horns, and they were all of one colour. In summer there are deep marshes round about, and when the greatest heat comes on, these herds go into the marshes and submerge themselves—the whole body except the head. And from thence they set off to Cesarea, . . . and then they went forward one mile toward Jordan, to the place where our Lord was baptized, and where they now baptize. There is now a church raised over the place on stone pillars, and under the church is dry ground. A cross of wood stands in the midst, and there is a small stream of water that runs there, and a rope is stretched across Jordan, fastened firmly on either side. Then at the feast of Epiphany, the sick and infirm coming thither hold by this rope, and are thus bathed in the water. Our Bishop Willibald bathed himself here in Jordan. And they went hence to Galgala. This place is within five miles, and there are in the church twelve large stones.'

These, as the reader may suppose, are the identical twelve

stones which the children of Israel took out of Jordan. So, having prayed there, they proceed to Jerusalem, passing through Jericho. Here they see the Church of Calvary, built by the Empress Helena, and three wooden crosses in front of the east court, and the garden, and the sepulchre.

‘And this sepulchre was cut in the rock, and that rock stands upon the ground: it is four-square within, and narrow toward the top; and the cross of that sepulchre stands now upon the top; and there beside, is built an admirable house, and on the east side of that rock is the door of the sepulchre, by which men enter into it to pray; and there is the bed where the body of the Lord lay; and there stand about the bed fifteen golden basins of oil, burning day and night. That bed is on the northern side within the sepulchre, and is on the right hand of the man as he goes in to pray there. And there, before the door of the sepulchre, lieth a great stone, like to that which the angel rolled away.’

How minute is this description, ‘on the northern side,’ and ‘on the right hand of the man as he goes in,’ just as though the worthy pilgrim was anxious to afford all the information he possibly could to the future wayfarer, who, stimulated by his tale of wonders, might, in after years, attempt the self-same pilgrimage.

While here, Willibald fell sick, nor did he recover until ‘the week of the Nativity. And then he set forth to see the remaining wonders of the Holy City—Solomon’s porch, and the fish-pond where the sick lay waiting: and the great pillar before the gate of the city,’ and on the top, ‘a cross, as a sign and memorial that there the Jews tried to take away the body of St. Mary,’ but which, as the ancient legend relates, and which is duly told here, they were unable to do. Next he proceeded to the valley of Jehoshaphat, and to the Mount of Olives, and then to the church on the Mount from which our Lord ascended to heaven:

‘And in the midst of the church, stands a plate of brass beautifully wrought, and it is square. This is in the midst of the church, on the place where our Lord ascended to heaven. And in the middle court there is a square place, and there are little glass lamps, and round about these lamps is glass to enclose them. And this is why they are enclosed, that they may keep alight both in wind and sunshine.’

How *naïve* is this. The reader will remember that Arculf notices these wonderful lamps, and the distance to which their light was thrown. We must bear in mind, that although glass had been used for church windows—as we have the testimony of Bede—some fifty years before this time, yet that glass vessels were not known for a long period after. The glass enclosure, or shade, seems, however, the most wonderful to Willibald and his

pupil, who, living more than two hundred years before King Alfred's clever invention of horn-lanterns, were naturally enough struck with so admirable an invention to keep the flame 'alight both in wind and sunshine.'

'Then he went to the place where the angels appeared to the shepherds, and then to Bethlehem, where our Lord was born. This place beforetimes was a cave, but now it is a house, cut four-square in the rock; and the earth is dug away round about, and a church is now built over it. And on the place where the Lord was born, now stands an altar, and another smaller altar is there. And when they celebrate mass in the cave, they take that smaller altar, and carry it within. This church, which stands in the form of a cross, is above, and it is a glorious building.'

Travelling to other parts, Willibald and his brother endure much privation and weariness; but the text—inapplicable enough to their case, but which, nevertheless, spirited them onwards—'he that endureth to the end, the same shall be saved,' dwelt on their minds, and urged them to the completion of their pilgrimage. So onward they went, although on one occasion, while journeying with 'an Ethiop with two camels, and a mule, whereon was a woman,' a lion rushed forth, and 'open-mouthed, harshly roaring,' sought to devour them. The poor affrighted pilgrims were, however, told to stand quiet, and the fierce beast slunk away. Then they fell among thieves, who sorely beat and wounded them, carrying away the little they had, except a most precious calabash of ointment, called 'balsamum,' believed to possess a whole pharmacopœia-full of virtues, and which was saved owing to Willibald having cleverly concealed it in a larger calabash filled only with common oil. At length the pilgrims take ship from Tyre to Constantinople, where they remain two years, and, finally, they repaired to pagan Germany, where, as coadjutors of St. Boniface, they laboured long and unweariedly. We must give the closing paragraph of this interesting narrative, for the simple piety it displays:

'And now, what can I say of St. Willibald, my master, and your nursing father? what more pre-eminent than his piety, what more excellent than his humility, more disinterested than his patience, more rigid than his self-denial, more striking than his mildness? To whom was he second in solacing the afflicted, feeding the destitute, clothing the naked? Nor do I say these things at hazard, but I have seen, and heard them. Let praise, then, be given to God,—not to man, for, let him that glorieth, glory in the Lord.'

We have no similar record for more than a hundred years, and then occurs the itinerary of Bernard the Wise, possessing little interest; and more than two centuries later, the fragment of

Saewulf. The crusades had now aroused Europe; the pilgrims could no longer undertake their slow and toilsome journey; and the chivalry of Europe were pressing forward, 'to avenge the wrongs of our Lord in his own land.' To this period belongs the journey of 'Sigurd the Crusader,' so spiritedly given in Mr. Laing's *Heimskringla*. The mixture of fable renders this of but little historical value, although as a saga it is right pleasant reading. The gallant Viking, after feasting in England, setting forth and gaining eight victories at sea over the paynim, ere he reached Sicily, and then pursuing his triumphant course to Acre, and his splendid reception at Jerusalem by King Baldwin, are spiritedly told, but the scald has so much to relate respecting his hero that he has space for nothing else.

The next traveller is widely different, Benjamin of Tudela, a Jew, who undertook his journey to ascertain the state of his brethren, scattered throughout the various countries of the East, about the year 1130—40. This writer has often been quoted; indeed, his statements respecting his brethren are so minute, as to be almost statistical. It is mostly believed that he may be chargeable with much exaggeration, respecting the numbers and wealth of the Jews; but in other respects his narrative bears strong evidence of truthfulness. Occasionally, he gives us a dash of Oriental fable, which reads like a fragment from the *Arabian Nights*. Thus, he tells us how, during the Christian occupation of Jerusalem, some labourers digging on Mount Zion discovered a concealed door, which led to a noble subterranean hall, with columns, and 'encrusted with gold and silver.' On a table there lay a gorgeous sceptre and crown, but nought beside was to be seen. They attempted to enter, but a strong wind blew them back, and prostrated them on the earth. There they lay, stunned, and unable to arise, 'until eventide,' when an awful voice commanded them to go thence. The next reminds us of Sinbad and the roc. He tells us that mariners in the Indian Seas, when exposed to violent storms, and unable to reach the land, are accustomed to wrap themselves in a skin, and to throw themselves overboard, when they are picked up by a large bird, which flies with them to some mountain, where, being now 'high and dry,' they kill the bird, and set themselves at liberty. Benjamin is the first of our travellers who, passing beyond Palestine, visits the Druses, and proceeds to the banks of the Euphrates and Tigris, where, he tells us, numbers of his brethren are settled. On the banks of the former river, at Shushan, he tells us the prophet Daniel was buried; but his bones becoming 'a bone of contention' between the Jews who dwelt on the one side, and the Mahomedans on the other, it

was eventually agreed that the custody of these precious relics should be held jointly, the Jews having them one year and the Mahommedans the next. Thus it was done, but when 'the great Emperor Sanjar' came thither, he, with characteristic Oriental love of repose, felt scandalized that the bones of the prophet should thus change their resting place; so he ordered 'that the banks of the river should be exactly measured, and 'Daniel's coffin be deposited in another made of *glass*, and that 'it should be suspended from the centre of the bridge by chains 'of iron,—and it is suspended from the bridge unto this very 'day.' We cannot believe this wild story, but it is curious as showing that the art of making large vessels of glass was well known in the East; for the relator does not express any astonishment at the glass coffin, but simply relates the story to the honour of his prophet. Perhaps it is not generally known, that during the middle ages the glass manufacture was principally in the hands of the Jews. Benjamin of Tudela proceeded yet further; he went to the Persian Gulf, and saw the pearl fishery, and onward to the coast of Malabar, 'where the Jews are black.' He refers to Ceylon, but it does not appear that he visited it; he also incidentally mentions China, and is the first writer who calls it by that name. He finally returned through Egypt.

A long interval now succeeds, which, but for the historians of the Crusades, would be a complete blank, both as to Eastern history and Eastern travel. Of the latter, these historians, however, provide us with but few notices; for it was to fight, not to travel, that men in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries went forth to these lands. Still, very interesting are these works, and very valuable the information sometimes to be found in them; but it is as transcripts of the spirit of that age that they are most valuable. No one can comprehend the true character of the Crusades unless he has read—not the hundred theories about them which have of late been so abundantly supplied—but the simple personal narratives of those who took part in them.

Much nonsense—we really cannot use a milder word—has been spoken and written on this subject; and it would be difficult to find a question on which fairly educated people have gone on blundering so grossly. 'Those unprovoked wars,' remarks one writer; 'those Christian savages, who desolated the finest provinces of Asia,' cries another; while 'the barbarous natives of Europe, and the civilized Saracens, whom they attacked,' might almost be taken as the heading of nearly every modern chapter concerning the Crusades. As Mr. James truly remarks, in his *Life of Cœur de Lion*,— 'the affected philanthropy, and assumed liberality, of some

‘modern historians, have led them to represent these wars as
 ‘altogether cruel and unnecessary; but, so far from this being the
 ‘case, the objects were to wrest from the hands of the fierce and
 ‘avowed foes of all Christendom, territories to which they had
 ‘no claim but that of the sword; to guard a weak and exposed
 ‘frontier from the incessant attacks of a nation whose boast was
 ‘conquest, and to give help and deliverance to brethren by faith,
 ‘and in many instances by kindred, who were cruelly enslaved
 ‘and oppressed.’ The case, indeed, really is, that Palestine, by
 right of long possession, belonged to the Christian world; for
 down to the close of the seventh century it was a portion of the
 Greek empire, from whence it was wrested by the Arabian kalifs.
 But Christendom never rose in arms to expel *them*, and the
 Christian pilgrim was content to wander with scrip and staff
 alone, a stranger, as we have seen, in the land which of right
 belonged to him. It was Togrul Beg, not Christian knights,
 that overturned the throne of the Kalifs; and Malek Shah, not
 Godfrey, who chased the Saracens from Jerusalem, and inflicted
 barbarities on the inhabitants far more appalling than aught that
 its capture by the Christians witnessed. It was to turn back
 these ferocious hordes, the terror alike of Saracen and Christian,
 that the mighty army of the Croises set forth; and truly, those
 who, in the present day, are so loud in their complaints if a
 traveller in the East is even subjected to temporary inconvenience
 —who thought it quite proper that China, by the argument of
 cannon-balls, should be ‘brought within the bounds of European
 civilization,’ and who are now satisfactorily watching the result
 of the same process against Japan—have little right to scorn that
 wild outburst of enthusiasm, which, with less selfish feeling,
 sought ‘to avenge the wrongs of our Lord in his own land.’

A more extended reference to the contemporary writers on
 the Crusades comes not, however, within the bounds of our
 subject, or we should have been well pleased to have given
 extracts from the spirited narrative of William of Tyre; that
 stirring fragment, Geoffrey Villehardouin’s autobiography; and
 the simple—so touching in its simplicity—memoir of De Joinville.
 As our space will not admit of this, we must pass on.

While the princes of Europe were preparing for the sixth
 Crusade, all Christendom was startled by the news of the irrup-
 tions of an unknown people into Asia Minor, more ferocious than
 the Turks, and even more warlike—‘the Tartars, inhuman
 nation, detestable people, like devils loosed out of hell, so that
 they may well be called Tartarean,’ as Matthew Paris says,
 shuddering, even in his quiet cell in St. Alban’s Abbey, at the
 thought of those ‘monsters clothed in ox-hides and devouring
 the flesh of dogs, and men.’ And onward came the Tartar

hordes, overspreading northern Asia, until the grandson of Jengiz Khan, Baatu, burst into Russia, taking Moscow, and ravaging Poland and Hungary. Meanwhile, the monarchs of Europe, recovered from their first alarm, made inquiries respecting this formidable people, and learning, that however barbarous in their habits, and ferocious in their mode of warfare, they had protected the Nestorian Christians, and actually expressed themselves favourably as to the Christian faith, the opinion arose, that perhaps these Tartar hordes might be made serviceable to Christendom in its long-continued contest against the Turk. Proposals were therefore made to Oktai, the third son and successor of Jengiz Khan, but his death preventing the completion of the treaty, it was postponed, and a few years after, Mangu Khan, his nephew, having seized the supreme power, a kind of embassy, half political, half ecclesiastical, consisting of some half dozen greyfriars,—like their founder, St. Francis, anxious to preach among the heathen,—set forth unprotected by armed men, destitute even of valuable presents, to that distant and unknown region.

It is from the narrative of the leader of this mission that Europe first received an authentic account of the Tartars. And very interesting reading is this narrative of William de Rubruquis (Ruysbruck, probably), so simple and straightforward, and withal so *naïve*, that we read on with full assurance of faith, heartily sympathizing with the kind-hearted Flemish friar, who left his quiet cell and Christian-like dietary, to be half-frozen to death, and half-jolted to death over wide steppes, and half-starved upon ‘old ram,’ and mare’s milk, among a race not only thorough heathens, but who ate meat without bread or salt, and, ignorant alike of tablecloths or napkins, ‘wiped their fingers on their trousers.’ Poor Rubruquis! what a martyrdom was his; what with perils in the desert, and perils in the city; laughed at by the heathen, irritated by ‘the drunken Nestorians,’ harassed by heretical monks of the Greek church, who knew not how to administer extreme unction, or even to make a drop of orthodox holy water! right glad are we to find that at length he found himself safe at Tripoli, celebrating the Feast of the Assumption, and doubtless recounting to his Christian brethren all those marvels which have happily been handed down to us.

This narrative is addressed to St. Louis, by whom Rubruquis appears to have been sent forth, in 1253. ‘It is written in ‘the book of Ecclesiasticus,’ says the opening paragraph, ‘concerning the wise man, that ‘he shall travel into foreign countries, and good and evil shall he try in all things.’ The same ‘action, my lord and king, have I achieved; howbeit I wish I ‘had done it like a wise man, and not like a fool. For many

‘there be that perform the same action which a wise man doth, not wisely, of which number I fear myself to be one.’ Who can harshly criticise a narrative introduced with so much humility? Rubruquis now proceeds to tell us how, after a toilsome journey from Constantinople, past the Caspian, ‘we at length found the Tartars, amongst whom being entered, methought I was come into a new world.’ And no wonder; for, first, ‘they have no settled city to abide in, neither know they the celestial city, which is to come.’ He minutely describes their wicker carriages, which ‘contain thirty feet in breadth, and I told twenty-two oxen in one team, drawing a house upon a cart.’ How ‘heathenish’ this to the Fleming, accustomed to well fortified cities, and tall houses, and where the very name of ‘householder’ was one of civic honour. But sometimes he saw a string of these moveable houses, and the women driving, ‘for the country is very level, so they bind the carts with camels or oxen, one behind another, and there sits the woman in the foremost cart, driving; and all the rest follow, for they go at a slow pace, only as fast as a lamb or an ox can walk.’ Nor does the inside of these houses please our narrator better than the outside. When taken down they are always placed with the doorway to the south; the women occupy the eastern side, the men the western; while ‘over the master’s head is a puppet made of felt, and one over the goodwife’s, and above, between them both, a little lean one, who is, as it were, the keeper of the whole house.’ The ladies do not at all please him; for they are exceedingly fat, ‘and the lesser their noses be the fairer they are esteemed, but they shamefully daub their faces over with grease.’ The men are a stout race, broad built, and, naturally enough, appear to the Flemings awfully ugly. They are inordinately inquisitive, he says, and so impudent, ‘that if you gave them all you had, it would not satisfy them, for they are thankless wretches.’ They indulge but scantily in a meat diet; another annoyance to our traveller, although their meat is not of a kind to promote appetite, the flesh of one ram, minced in a bowl with salt and water, sufficing for fifty or a hundred men, nor do they reject even carrion. The delicate mincemeat before mentioned is given by ‘a morsel or two,’ on the point of a knife, ‘or a little fork, such as we use to take roasted pears or apples out of wine.’ What a touching reminiscence this of the Christmas wassail bowl, unknown to these heathens, as well as the plentiful Christmas fare. Not but that the Tartars indulge in deep potations, and when a great man drinks ‘his servants cry ‘ha,’ and the minstrel plays. Then ‘drink they all round, the men and the women too, and sometimes they carouse very filthily.’

His first visit is paid to the court of Scatatai, apparently one of the tributary princes, and when he first comes in sight of it he thought it was a mighty city, so many were the houses and carts. Rubruquis and his companions entered his presence 'with a flagon of wine, a basket of biscuits, and a plate of apples.' Scatatai sat upon a bed, holding a citron, and his wife sat by him, 'who, I verily believe, had cut and pared her nose between the eyes, that she might seem more flat and saddle-nosed.' Their reception was favourable, and they journeyed forward in the great man's company. Onward they went, 'seeing nothing but 'heaven and earth, and sometimes the sea of Tanais on our right 'hand,' but beyond they entered on a goodly country. They next arrive at the encampment of a more powerful prince, Sartach, who had six wives, and who received them 'majestically, having music and dancing, before him.' He gave them cosmos and requested their prayers, inquiring about European affairs, and admiring their church vestments, which he desires them to put on.

'Then I myself, putting on our most precious ornaments, took in my arms a very fair cushion, and the Bible your majesty gave me, and a most beautiful psalter with goodly pictures. And they strictly admonished us that we touched not the threshold of the door. My companion took a missal, and the cross, and the clerk having put on a surplice, took a censer in his hand, and so we came into the presence of this lord, singing '*Salve regina.*' They lifted up the felt before the door where he and his wives were; and there we presented the censer, the psalter, and lastly the Bible. Sartach asked if the gospel were contained here. 'Yea,' said I, 'and the Holy Scriptures besides.'

He then conversed freely with them, remarking on the difference between their cross, crucifix rather, and that of the Nestorian Christians, which was only a plain cross without any figure, and he then dismisses them kindly. They now proceed to the court of Baatu, the invader of Russia, whose very name had become a 'name of fear' to the inhabitants of eastern Europe; and here the immense size of the moveable houses, as well as their number, astonish them. They are conducted into his presence, having been strictly charged 'not to touch the cords of the tent, which they account as the threshold,' and they see at the entrance a bench with great golden and silver cups, set with jewels, and filled with cosmos (mare's milk). Baatu was seated on a couch, with his wives beside him; 'he was fresh and ruddy, and he seemed to me to resemble in person Mons. Johan de Beaumont, may whose soul rest in peace.'

'The guide commanded me to kneel; whereupon I kneeled upon one knee, as unto man; but he saying I should kneel on both, which I did, though loath, I bethought me of a prayer to God, seeing I

knelt on both knees; so I began, 'Sire, we beseech the Lord, from whom all good things do proceed, and who hath given you these earthly benefits, that it would please Him hereafter to make you partaker of his heavenly blessings, because the former without them are but vain and unprofitable; and further be it known unto you of certainty, that you cannot obtain the joys of heaven, save by becoming a Christian. for God saith, 'Whosoever believeth, and is baptized, shall be saved.' '

It is impossible not to admire the moral courage of this worthy friar, thus bearing testimony, to the best of his limited knowledge, alone, unsupported, before the savage conqueror of nations. Baatu was probably struck with it, for he smiled kindly, but the bystanders 'clapped their hands and derided.' He, however, turned the conversation, and having 'given them of his milk to drink, which is a great favour,' dismissed them kindly.

They now journey onward to the court of Mangu Cham—the great ruler of an empire extending from Russia to the Yellow Sea, and from the frozen north almost to the Himalayas. 'And 'we were riding over the land of Cangle from Holyrood, to All 'Saints (from the 1st of August to the 1st of November), and of 'hunger, of cold, and of weariness there was no end. For they 'gave us no food save in the evening, and in the morning a little 'drink, or some sodden millet, and the supper was of ram mutton, 'and not much of that.' The people among whom they journeyed were very inquisitive, asking about the pope, whether he was five hundred years old—evidently viewing him as a kind of grand Lama, and also marvelling greatly at what was told them about the sea, that it had neither limits nor banks. They pass the Caucasian range of mountains, and then enter the hereditary dominions of the 'great Cham,' and are welcomed as they pass along with songs and dances. Here they first witness the Bhudhu worship, and remark 'the huge idols as big as St. Christopher, and the table before them with candles and offerings,' and the rosaries of nut-shells. Strange coincidences, these. 'The words they always utter are, '*Onam hactani*.' 'They here meet with the Nestorian Christians, who, Rubruquis remarks, are great usurers and drunkards; still it was so pleasant to these poor weary wayfarers to see aught like a Christian church, that on coming to one belonging to the Nestorians, 'we entered it, and 'sang '*Salve Regina*' with joy, as loud as we could, because it 'was long since we had seen one.' On the second Sunday in Advent, they passed between terrible rocks, and the guides entreated them to say 'some good words,' that the demons might be driven away. So they set forth, and sang '*Credo in unum Deum*,' the first time probably that this venerable confession had awakened the echoes of that desolate region. The guides, after

all had passed safely, request a written charm, and Rubruquis writes out the Creed and the Lord's Prayer, telling them he wished they might carry them in their hearts, lamenting he could not explain them; 'but I could not, for it was very dangerous to speak the words of doctrine by such an interpreter as I had.' Advancing into the high country, they feel the cold intensely, and Rubruquis, who had rigidly adhered to his patron's rule, one morning found his toes frozen, so he naively says, 'I found I could no longer go barefoot.' At length they arrived at their destination, although the name of the place is not stated, and were admitted to the presence of Mangu Khan.

'And because it was Christmas, we entered singing '*A solis ortus cardine*,' and then were seated on a bench before him. The whole house was hung with cloth of gold, and in the middle of the floor a fire of wormwood roots and ox-dung. The Khan sat on a bed, clothed in a fur of spotted skin. He is a flat-nosed man, about forty-five, and of middle stature. A pretty young woman, his wife, sat by him, and an ugly one, his eldest daughter, and some younger children near. He ordered us wine, but the interpreter, who stood by the butler, had so much to drink, that he was quickly drunk. Mangu Khan commanded us to speak, which we did, and the Khan replied; but the interpreter made such mistakes in his answer, that I could not make out a perfect sentence, whereby I found he was drunk, and methought Mangu Khan was drunk also.'

Eventually, they take up their residence at 'Caracarum,' and find a woman who was born at Mentz, and 'a certain goldsmith, born at Paris, whose name is William Bouchier.' Rubruquis now becomes acquainted with some Nestorian priests, and also with an Armenian monk named Sergius, who is in great favour at the court, and who boasts he shall baptize the Khan at Epiphany. This festival arrived:

'But the monk called me not, but at six of the clock I was sent for to court, and I saw the monk retiring with the cross, the censer, and the gospel. For on festival days, the Christians come first with their apparatus and pray for him, and bless his cup. They departing, the Saracen priests come and do the like; and next, the idolatrous priests do the same. So the Khan was not baptized; but some days after Cotoka Katan, his principal wife, came into the chapel with her children, and worshipped like the Nestorians, and after this, she put the ornament off her head, and I saw her bare skull. Then she commanded us to go forth, and I saw a silver basin brought; but whether they baptized her or no, I know not. Then Mangu Khan came and went into the chapel, and a gold bed was brought, on which he sat by the queen. Then we went in again, and we sang '*Veni sancte Spiritus*,' and the Khan took our books, and diligently inquired about the pictures; and soon after he departed. Then drink was brought,

made of rice and red wine, and the lady holding the cup full in her hand, desired a blessing on her knees, and all the priests sang with a loud voice, and she drank it up; and then we must sing. Another time, when all were almost drunk, the carcase of a ram was brought in, which was presently devoured, and after that, great fishes called carp, and eaten without salt or bread. So they passed the day until the evening, and when the lady herself was drunk, she took her chariot and went away.'

How barbarous was Mangu Khan's court compared with that of his successor, Kublai Khan, after scarcely more than twenty years' interval.

Poor Rubruquis is frequently very much troubled with Sergius, the Armenian priest. On one occasion, they visit the Khan's other wives, one of whom is very sick, and Sergius offers to cure her, staking his head, somewhat precipitately, on his success. Afterwards, when he visits Rubruquis and his companions, his confidence rather falters, though he tells them he has a capital specific called 'rhubarb.' This, Rubruquis imagines to be some wonder-working relic from the Holy Land; but when he finds it is a medicinal root, and tastes it—'so horribly bitter'—he altogether denounces such a heathenish remedy, and suggests holy water instead. Sergius, however, who had doubtless before tested its virtue, and whose head is at stake, persists in administering it; so our affrighted narrator requests, that at least it may be mixed in holy water, made after the orthodox form of the Western Church, 'that, seeing she is bewitched, the devils may be driven away.' To this Sergius assents, and a portion of the rhubarb having been grated into a cup, the holy water is added, and Sergius departs with his healing draught. The next news they hear is that the lady is very bad; each, however, tries to hope for the best—Rubruquis remembering the holy water, and Sergius his rhubarb: and, sure enough, the lady, relieved from an overloaded stomach, brought on, doubtless, by ram-mutton and deep potations, gets swiftly well again. On the morrow they visit her, and find her 'stout and cheerful, for she still drank of that blessed water;' and so Rubruquis goes away, more than ever convinced of the efficacy of his remedy; while Sergius, with better reason, boasts of his rhubarb.

On another occasion, Sergius gets into an argument with a Nestorian priest, maintaining that Adam was created before Paradise; and Rubruquis is called to decide between them, when the poor friar is scandalized to find him maintaining 'that the devil brought earth from the four quarters of the world, for clay, to make the body of man.' Rubruquis, hearing this strange fable, 'rebukes him sharply, saying he should put his finger on

his mouth, because he knew not Scripture.' Eventually, a truce is agreed upon, 'that he shall help me in the language, and I 'him in the Holy Scripture.' Still, Sergius was but a very shabby fellow, after all. When Lent came, and the poor grey friars were half starved, not daring to eat meat, and unable to procure fish, 'he had a chest under the altar, with almonds, and raisins, 'and dried prunes, and many other fruits;' and these, like a swine as he was, 'he ate at all times when he was alone.' The Nestorian priests, too, hearing that the Khan had sent them a bottle of wine, 'came upon us like dogs for some;' and then Sergius goes with his rhubarb to 'Master William, the goldsmith,' and half kills him with an over-dose, which the poor patient believes to be holy water. No wonder that, when in the spring, after a public discussion between the friars and the idolatrous priests, which ends as such discussions usually do, they are dismissed by the Khan, Rubruquis scarcely expresses disappointment, although he adds, 'If I had had power to do 'wonders as Moses did, peradventure he had humbled himself.' In July, therefore, our traveller departs; and taking his course southward, among the Armenian Christians, by whom he was received with much kindness, and gaining a glimpse of Ararat afar off, he finally arrived at Tripoli,—after an almost two-years' journey homeward,—where he was, doubtless, heartily welcome, and his curious tales listened to with interest and delight. We have rather lingered over this worthy grey-friar's narrative, not only because he is the first Christian traveller who ever penetrated as far as the court of the 'great Khan,' but because his story is so illustrative of the simple, devotional spirit of the early travellers.

It was in 1255 that Rubruquis returned from his mission; and about the same time, two brothers, Venetian merchants, Niccolo and Maffio Polo, set out to Constantinople, and finding that a market for costly articles might be found even among the Tartars, they proceeded to an eastern port on the Euxine, and placing themselves under the protection of Baatu, journeyed onward even to 'the great city of Bokhara,' and afterwards to the residence of the great Khan—now the celebrated Kublai Khan, brother to Mangu, who died about this time. There they resided fourteen years, and only returned to Venice on a short visit; for in 1271, taking with them Niccolo's son, Marco, they again repaired to their far-off destination. Marco Polo is the traveller, the narrative of whose journeyings, not merely among the Tartars, but in China, and various parts of India, and the Indian islands, have rendered him, by name at least, so well known. He certainly possessed excellent qualifica-

tions for his task, having gone when very young; and having been taken into the Khan's special service, he adopted the language and manners of the people, among whom he resided more than seventeen years. His narrative is said to be from notes which he made while in the Khan's service; but it was 'put together,' as we may term it, by a friend on his return; and thus we certainly miss that pleasant autobiographical character which marks the personal narrative.

The journey of the Polos was 'in a north-easterly direction, 'and but few indications of it are given.' Towards the end of their pilgrimage, however, they seem to have held their course more to the south, for the Karaunas, whom Marco Polo describes both as the most cunning and desperate of robbers, and as being partly an Indian race, are evidently the Belooches, who even to the present day have the same bad pre-eminence. His description of the bitter cold in the mountain-passes, and the sudden mists which came on, and which he attributes to magic, seems to point to the region of Caubul; and here, too, we may place that fearful valley of enchantment which our traveller, and after him Sir John Mandeville and the monk Ordericus, passed through, and in which they all agree was 'a head and visage of a devil, full horrible and deadly to see,' but which we should have no hesitation in considering as one of the gigantic figures still frequently to be found sculptured on the sides of these mountains. The exact locality of the Desert of Lop is more difficult to determine—that fearful Desert which it took many weeks to cross, and 'wherein dwell many evil spirits, which 'cause great and marvellous illusions to travellers, and make 'them perish; for if any stay behind, and cannot see his company, he shall be called by his name, and so going out of the 'way, shall be lost.' Safely, however, through these dangers the Polos passed; and we can well imagine the young traveller's surprise, when, on approaching the chief cities of the great Khan, he beheld the public roads constructed on a scale of magnificence to which Europe could then show no parallel, and which were certainly not surpassed even by the old Roman roads. These were paved causeways, with inns at intervals of twenty-five or thirty miles, at all of which, in addition to lodgings and provisions, four hundred horses were kept; so that, 'in cases of great moment, the posts will ride two hundred miles 'a day, or sometimes two hundred and fitty; also, they ride by 'night, foot-posts running by them with lights when the moon 'does not shine.

'There are also between these inns, houses distant three or four miles from each other, where foot-posts live, each having his girdle hung full

of shrill sounding bells. These keep themselves in readiness, and convey the Khan's letters to the next village, who hearing the sound of the foot-post, receive them, and presently convey them to the next place; . . . and so it often happens that by this means, the Khan learns news, or receives new fruits from a place ten days' journey, in two days.'

A splendid barbarian was Kublai Khan; and splendid were the cities he built, and palaces that, in their extent and magnificence, seem to have rivalled old Nineveh. And then his parks and gardens—for an intense lover of natural scenery was Kublai Khan—those

'Gardens bright with sinuous rills,
Where blossom'd many an incense-bearing tree;
And here were forests ancient as the hills,
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.
But oh, that deep, romantic chasm that slanted
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover!
A savage place, as solemn and enchanted
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted!'—

as Coleridge so finely describes in his marvellous dream-verse. Here is Marco Polo's description of Kublai's summer residence in the city of Xanadu, which he built:

'It is of marble, and presents one front toward the city, and the other towards its wall; and from each end of the building runs a wall that encloses sixteen miles of the adjoining plain, and there is no entrance to this save through the palace. Withinside are beautiful meadows, watered by many rivulets, and groves, and woods, and deer, and birds of chase are there. In the centre of the park is a grove of finest trees, and in the midst of this grove is a royal pavilion supported on a colonnade of pillars, gilt and varnished; round each pillar is a dragon; the roof is of bamboo canes gilt, and the whole building is supported, tent-like, with 200 strong silken cords. It is here he keeps the stud of white horses—there are 10,000 of them, and none must drink of their milk who is not descended from Jengis Khan. So great is the respect paid to these horses in their royal meadows and forests, that none dare to place himself before them, or to stop them.'

On the 29th of August, the Khan annually went in solemn procession to scatter in the wind, milk taken from the white mares, as a libation to all the spirits and idols he adored.

The chief attraction of Xanadu was its groves and gardens. But at Kambalu, Kublai's winter residence, the palace was very splendid. There were gardens here too; and we shall find that this singularly energetic monarch, in one branch of arboriculture, actually anticipated modern discoveries by six hundred years.

'During December, January, and February, he resides in the great city of Kambalu. His vast palace is a square of eight miles in length, enclosed with a wall and ditch. Here troops are placed; while an inner wall at the distance of a mile has buildings for military stores. Within

this is another wall, painted white, and the space between are meadows, and trees, where there are stags and musk roes. Within is a square of four miles, and here is the palace. It has no upper floor, but the roof is very lofty, and it is raised on a platform, and a terrace of marble two paces wide is built all round it, and a handsome balustrade with pillars. The sides of the great hall are adorned with dragons, warriors, birds, beasts, and battles. The hall is extremely long and wide, and there are a number of chambers round highly beautiful and admirably disposed. The roof is of various colours, and the glazing of the windows so well wrought, and so delicate, as to have the transparency of crystal. Not far from the palace is an artificial mound of earth, the height a full hundred paces, and the circuit, at the base, about a mile. It is clothed with the most beautiful evergreen trees, *for whenever he receives notice of a handsome tree growing in any place, he causes it to be dug up, with all its roots, and the earth about them, however large, or heavy it may be, and has it transported by means of elephants to this mount, and adds it to the collection.* In another part, from whence the earth for this mount was taken, is a lake made, and from thence water is conveyed to a basin, in which are a variety of fish for the Khan's table.'

In his financial arrangements, too, he anticipated modern times, for—

'In this city of Kambalu is the mint of the grand Khan, who may truly be said to possess the secret of the alchemists. He causes the bark to be stripped from the mulberry trees, which are used for feeding silkworms, and takes from it the inner rind. This being steeped, is pounded in a mortar, until reduced to a pulp which is made into paper, but quite dark. When ready for use, it is cut into pieces of money nearly square. Of these, some pass for a demi-tournois, others for a silver groat, and others as high as ten bezants of gold. The coinage of this paper money is authenticated with as much form, as if it were actually gold and silver; for to each note a number of officers affix their names, and their signets, and when this is done by all, the principal officer deputed by the Khan, having dipped into vermilion the royal seal, stamps with it the piece of paper, so that the form of the seal tinged with the vermilion remains impressed on it, by which it receives full authentication as current money, and counterfeiting it is a capital offence. This paper money circulates throughout the Khan's dominions, nor dares any one refuse to receive it at peril of his life; but all receive it without hesitation, because wherever their business may call them they can dispose of it again; for with it, in short, any article may be purchased. When the paper is damaged it is taken to the mint, and fresh notes are given on payment of 3 per cent. If gold, or silversmiths require bullion, it would be given in exchange for their notes, for manufacture, but not for currency.'

No wonder the very name of Kublai Khan has passed into a proverb of boundless wealth. It seems very strange to read in

the foregoing passage, the actual description of printing with moveable types,—the royal seal dipped into vermilion and stamped on the paper, 'so that the form of the seal, tinged with the ver-milion, remains impressed on it;—'and yet to remember that a hundred and fifty years intervened between this narrative being given to the world, and in its various versions, too, Italian, Latin, and French, and the first attempts at printing in Europe. Truly the marvel rather is, that the discovery of printing should have been postponed to such a late era, than that it was discovered at all.

With the abundance of the precious metals which, from the absence of a gold and silver currency, was reserved in the royal treasure-house, we may well suppose that Kublai Khan's display of plate was most incredible. At his regal feasts, which, in their extent and magnificence, remind us of those of the old Assyrian empire, all the vessels of the princes and higher nobles and their wives were of gold, while the lower tables were furnished with silver. Various rich wines were drank, but the national cosmos always retained its place among them. When wine or cosmos was handed to the Khan, the heralds made proclamation, and the whole company prostrated themselves, while the minstrels played their loudest music, and then, when Kublai returned the cup, the company resumed their seats. The custom of women being present at these mighty banquets, is another usage reminding us of the Assyrian empire, rather than those of later Oriental nations. Indeed, the whole description in Daniel of Belshazzar's feast, might be taken as an epitomized version of Marco Polo's description of one of Kublai Khan's, in his magnificent hall at Kambalu. The thousands assembled, the richly-attired servants, the Khan in solitary state at his golden table, raised at the upper end of the hall just above the heads of his nobles. His eldest son's table is to his right, but rather lower; his chief wife's on the left, but lower still; and then those of the three inferior wives—each of whom was, however, termed empress, and had a separate palace, and hundreds of attendants—and lastly the chief officers with their wives, and the military; the tables being so placed, that the Khan overlooked the whole company. At the chief entrance of the hall stood two gigantic officers, with staves, to prevent persons touching the threshold with their feet; while the attendants at the Khan's sideboard had cloths of worked silk over their mouths, lest their breath should come in contact with the royal food. Marco Polo alludes to Kublai's band of astrologers, who appear to have been a kind of professors of 'tregitourie,' but he does not describe their feats. At the White feast, held at the beginning of the year, after a splendid procession, in which 'his

‘ five thousand elephants march in procession, covered with housings of cloth of gold, and each bearing vessels of plate,’ we are told, that at the end of the banquet, and ‘ the usual performances,’ a lion was brought in, so tame, that it was taught to lie down at the Khan’s feet, and this concluded the ceremony.

Kublai Khan was a mighty hunter, and, which not a little excited the surprise of Marco Polo, as passionately fond of falconry, and as good a judge of ‘ a fair hawk’ as the Italian princes of his times. He was also a vehement game-preserved, for—

‘ Near the city of Changa-nur, was a valley frequented by numbers of partridges and quails, and along the sides of it millet and other seeds were sown each season, and strict command was given that no person should dare to reap the grain. Many keepers are there stationed, for the birds’ preservation, and also to throw seed to them during winter. So accustomed are they to be thus fed, that on grain being scattered, and the man whistling, they assemble from every quarter. Thus he always has abundant sport when he visits this country, and even in winter has camel loads of the birds sent to him.’

Kublai seems to have set out on his hunting expeditions with as much pomp as the ancient Assyrian monarchs, whom, in many points, he appears greatly to have resembled, much more so, certainly, than the emperors of China, between whom and the Mongul Khans Mr. Marsden labours so hard to find coincidences. On these occasions he was attended by his body-guard of twelve thousand men, all in splendid uniform, and his court, mounted on elephants, while the tent that was carried for his use was capable of containing ten thousand men. Marco Polo does not relate that story which made so great an impression on our forefathers, of the carbuncle-lighted hall at Kambalu; but it is first told by Sir John Mandeville.

It may be as well to remark here, that Kambalu is supposed to have occupied the site of the city of Pekin. Where Xanadu, with its stately pleasure grounds, was placed, no writer has been able to give any opinion. The reader will probably like a portrait of this energetic monarch, and here it is, when he was not far off threescore years of age. ‘ The Grand Khan, or Lord of lords, is of middle stature, his limbs well formed, complexion fair, and sometimes suffused with red; his eyes black and handsome, and his nose well shaped and prominent.’ Thus there was little of the Tartar race in his appearance, although the grandson of Genjis Khan. He had four chief wives, besides a numerous harem, twenty sons, and a very patriarchal flock of grandchildren.

One of the most singular peculiarities of this mighty but short-

lived empire, was the perfect religious toleration enjoyed alike by idolaters, Mahommedans, and Christians. Marco Polo repeatedly alludes to this, which seems to have puzzled him, as, indeed, it well might, greatly. It has been charged against our traveller, that he never describes any peculiarities of the Chinese, although for many years he dwelt within northern China. There seems, however, great probability that the Chinese, cowardly and feeble, withdrew before their energetic conquerors to the southward, and thus he only occasionally came in contact with them. Certain is it, that Marco Polo is remarkably correct; as in his descriptions of the cocoa-nut, the sago tree, and the mode of preparing sago; of the huge, brightly-coloured serpents, and of the rhinoceros, which he accurately describes, remarking, that he is indeed a very different animal to the gentle and elegant 'unicorn,' that creature of romance and heraldry, about whom so many fables were told in mediæval Europe. The alligator he seems to have described from hearsay, terming it a serpent with two feet, and claws like a tiger, and, moreover, having eyes larger than a four-penny loaf! (*pane da quattro denari*), certainly a gratuitous addition to its ugliness. In his description of Madagascar, which, though short, is tolerably correct, he tells us that 'the people say, at one season a bird called a 'ruk' appears. He is like 'an eagle, but incomparably bigger, so that it can lift an elephant 'by its talons into the air. Marco Polo thought this might 'be a griffin, but those who reported it, said these were altogether birds. Kublai Khan sent on purpose to inquire about 'it, and the messenger brought back, as I have heard, a feather 'ninety spans in length, and two palms round.' The resemblance of the name to that of Sinbad's giant bird is curious; and the reader will doubtless remember that many early Oriental writers bear testimony to the existence of a similar enormous bird in those regions.

Marco Polo's very interesting narrative concludes with a description of India and the Indian islands, among which he includes Zipangu (Japan). He describes this as of considerable size, the inhabitants as fair and civilized; independent of foreign rule, having abundance of gold, and as idolaters. He describes the entire roof of the king's palace as covered with gold; indeed, the account of the chief city reads somewhat like a picture of an eastern El Dorado. He says there are most valuable pearls, round, and of large size, but pink; and those of the inhabitants who are accustomed to bury their dead, instead of burning them, put one of these pearls into the mouth of the corpse. Kublai Khan attempted to reduce this island, but the commanders of the expedition differed, and soon after storms arose, whereby the

greater part of the fleet was wrecked. His account of the island of Zeilon (Ceylon) is very accurate. He tells us the king, who lives in much state, possessed the finest ruby in the world, for it was 'a span in length, the thickness of a man's arm, with the appearance of glowing fire.' Kublai sent an embassy, offering the king a city in exchange for it; but he replied, he would not sell it for any treasure, for it was handed down from his forefathers, being doubtlessly considered like the Koh-i-noor, as a talisman of empire.

The stay of Marco Polo and his father and uncle was lengthened out seventeen years, when, having accumulated considerable property, and the khan growing very old, they were naturally desirous to return. After some delay, arising from the unwillingness of the khan to part with them, they obtained permission to depart on promise soon to return again. Accordingly, they set out on their long journey, and arrived at Venice, after three years' delay, in 1296, Kublai Khan having died soon after their departure, at the age of eighty.

A fragment of a journal, by a monk named Ordericus, and which will be found in Hakluyt, gives a glowing description of the state of Kublai's son and successor, as well as of the wonders of those regions; but a more interesting, and far more minute account, will be found in *The Voyage and Travaille of Sir John Mandeville*, a book, in regard to the general accuracy of which it is sufficient to say, that by far the greater number of his outrageous stories have, in the present day, been found to be sober truth. Sir John Mandeville does not appear to advantage in a modern dress; his views and feelings are those of the fourteenth century, and his language ought, therefore, to be in correspondence, more especially as the English of that period is remarkably flowing. Here is his beginning:—

'For als mooche as the lande beyond the sea, that is to say the Holy Land, that men call the lande of Promyscion or of Beheste, passing all other landes, is the most worthi, most excellent, and lady, and sovereign of all other landes, and is blessed and halewed of the precious bodie and blode of our Lord Jesu Christe, in the whiche land it liked him to take fleshe and blode of the Virgin Marie, and to environ that holy land with his blessedde fete; and then he wolde become man, and worke many miracles, and teche and preeche the faythe, and the lawe of christen men unto his chyl dren. . . . See now, how dere he boughte men, that he made in his owen image, and how dere he hathe boughte us, for the great love he had to us, and we never deserved it of him. For more precyous cattell, ne greter ransoume ne mighte he put for us than his blessed bodie, his precyous blode, and his holy lif, that he thrallled for us, and all he offred for us that never did sinne. Ah! dere God! what love had he to us his subyettes, when he that never

trespassed wolde for trespassours suffre dethe! Righte wel oughte we to drede and serve, to worship and to love suche a Lorde, and to worship, and praye for suche a holy lande, that broughte forthe suche frute, thoro the whych every man is saved, but it be his owen defaulte.'

And therefore, seeing that the Holy Land is our Saviour's own land, we ought, like loyal vassals, to fight for, and recover our liege Lord's birthright heritage; and in an age when the feudal tie was so binding, this argument alone must have had great force. The days of the Crusades had, however, passed away, when Mandeville, on St. Michael's day, 1322, set forth over the sea; so it was in the humbler guise of a pilgrim that he commenced his long journey. His first destination was to Egypt, where he gives an account of many things which he both saw, and did not see. Those he actually saw he describes very accurately, especially the artificial chicken-hatching; those he did not see, including the marvels of Ethiopia, he describes on the orthodox authority of Pliny and Solinus, and we have no doubt that his earliest readers yielded a more reluctant belief to the story of the chicken-hatching, than to that of the phoenix, with its blue wings and red and yellow tail, who 'agenst the sun 'shineth full gloriously.' For our own parts, the mixture of ancient fable and mediæval legend which this book displays renders it right pleasant reading; and we almost sympathise with the wonder of the worthy knight, when, after his toilsome ascent to the convent of St. Catherine, on Mount Sinai, he is told how plentifully the monks are supplied with olive oil, since the ravens, and rooks, and crows come there on pilgrimage each year, with a branch of olive in their beaks. At Jerusalem, as might be expected, he diligently notes down each holy legend; but when he passes onward toward the Caspian, we have the fable of the 'Gryphyn as strong as eight lions, for his talons are so long that men make cuppes of them.' Who could disbelieve this story? when, in one of our royal inventories at this very time, we find 'a cuppe of gryfen's claw, mounted wyth golde?' Then he gives us the pretty tale of the *Faery and the Sparrow-hawk*, which reads like a forgotten lay of some *trouvère*; and then, as he draws near Prester-John's land—whose chief city he describes as Susa—he seems to have yielded a willing belief to whatever was told him. The palace of gold—with gates of sardonyx, the windows of crystal, and the steps leading to the throne each one huge precious stone—seems like some confused dream of the New Jerusalem; still, for this, Mandeville is not answerable, for he expressly says it was 'as men tellen.' Thus Paradise, of which he gives a minute description, he introduces with the

remark, 'ne can I not spoken properly, for I was not there.' But that there Paradise was, girdled round by inaccessible rocks, save at one part, 'that is closed by fyre brenning,' was the faith of all Christendom; and therefore, although, when he tells of the reeds (bamboos) 'whereof menne make houses and shippes, as 'we here maken houses and shippes of oak and other trees,' he earnestly protests, 'and let no man think me joking, for I have 'seen them,' he deems it quite unnecessary to make any asseveration as to the truth of his description of Paradise. In whatever comes under his immediate observation, Mandeville is remarkably accurate. Thus, in describing the nutmeg, he says, 'and wyteth 'wel, that the notemeg beareth the mace, for ryghte as the note 'of the hazel hath an huske withouten, that the note is closed 'round with, so is it of the notemeg and the mace.' His account of the 'cokodrills,' too, is remarkably correct. He says they are yellow and rayed (striped) above, having four feet and short thighs, and nails like claws; that they move the upper as well as the lower jaw, but cannot turn the head, and when they go along sandy places, 'it seemeth as though men had drawn a greate 'tree there.' We think Waterton gives a similar description of the alligator's track. He describes the camel-leopard, which he calls 'gerfaunte,' tolerably, but gives it an enormous length of neck; he also alludes to the Chinese—evidently distinguishing them from the Khan's people—as a nation, the nobleness of whose women is to have small feet, so as soon as they are born they bind them tight; but 'the nobleness of the men' is to have long nails, so that they may take up nothing with their fingers.

The next tells us that he and his companions went to the court of 'the Great Khan,' and served him fifteen months 'against the King of Mancy,' so 'I will tell you a little of hym 'and hys people,' he says, 'according as I have seen the maner 'and ordre ful manie a tyme; and whoever wille, may believe 'me if he wille, and whoever wille not, may chuse.' And truly, the tales of surpassing magnificence which he proceeds to give, would appear apocryphal but for the narrative of Marco Polo. But when we remember the luxury in which the son of Kublai Khan had been brought up, and the immense amount of wealth bequeathed to him, we can yield willing belief, not only to the story of the golden furniture in the great hall, but to that of the vine, that spread over the walls with golden leaves, and the clusters of grapes, 'red, and purple, green, and white,' all of precious stones. The reader will probably remember that a similar ornament, of the like precious material, is still existing in one of the forsaken palaces of Agra, or Delhi. It is Mandeville who describes the carbuncle which is in the Khan's chamber,

half-a-foot long, and inserted in one of the golden pillars, and which in the night gives so great light, that it is as light as day. This was, doubtless, nothing more than a lamp of crimson glass. In his description of the Khan's feasts, he tells much that Marco Polo has told us; he, however, informs us, in addition, that four clerks sit under the Khan's table, who write down all that he says, 'be it good or evil,—for all he says is held good; for he may 'not change his word or revoke it.' Here is 'the law of the Medes and the Persians,' truly. Mandeville remarks on the lions being brought in 'to do their obeisance' at the great festivity, and the magicians 'causing cuppes of wine to flie 'through the ayre;' moreover, 'peacocks, and other birds of gold 'and enamel, are brought in, and they make them dance and sing, 'clapping their wings, though whether by crafte or nigromancie,' he remarks, 'I knowe not.' He gives the same account of the paper currency, and the admirable postal arrangements, as Marco Polo. How strange it seems that such an empire, far surpassing in many of its details the civilization of Europe at this period, should have crumbled into ruins ere a hundred years had passed away! But the fabric was built up at the will of an energetic ruler alone, and when that plastic power was withdrawn, the inert mass fell to picces. It is only with 'living stones' that a structure of enduring firmness can be built up.

We cannot learn why Mandeville quitted the service of the khan, nor how he spent the long interval until 1356, when he returned to Europe. It seems probable that he really did travel very far to the southward, for he says he has seen half of the firmament which is between the two Polestars, and remarks, that if he had had company and shipping to go further, he 'trowed 'wel in certeyn that they sholde have seen all the roundness of 'the firmamente alle aboute.' Indeed, 'ryghte as the schipmen 'here govern hem by the lode sterre, ryghte so dou schipmen 'beyonde by the sterre of the southe, the which sterre apperethe 'not to us . . . and the lode sterre apperethe not to them. '*For whych cause, men may wel perceyve that the londe and the see 'ben of ronde schape and forme.*'

With Mandeville, the list of early travellers to the East closes. De la Brocquire went to the Holy Land at the beginning of the fifteenth century, but no inquirer pursued his journey into central Asia for many generations; and when the Shirleys and Sir Thomas Roe visited Persia and India, more than two hundred years after, the power and civilization of 'the great chams' were among forgotten things, although their gorgeous luxury was still retained by their descendants, the great Moguls.

We are scarcely inclined to think that the wondrous narratives

of Marco Polo and Mandeville contributed much to awaken a spirit of discovery. That spirit slumbered for long years after their return; but their wild and stirring tales of eastern marvels were certainly the fountain from whence the writers of chivalrous romance derived their stores. It is impossible to look over the French and English prose, or the Italian metrical, romances of chivalry, without perceiving how great were the obligations of their writers to those early travellers to the East. From thence came the tales of 'deserts vast, and antres idle,' of 'aery tongues that syllable men's names,' of carbuncle-lighted halls, of gorgeous palaces, of fair gardens, of groves of enchantments—all the rich scenery which, in spite of their lengthiness, make the romances of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries 'right pleasaunte pastime.'

We are not surprised that public attention should be in some measure directed to the works of these early travellers; we, however, think that a series of extracts would answer the purpose of the general reader far better than the modernizations, and abridgments which are now so commonly offered to the public. If a professed selection be published, the editor can select and reject as he pleases; but if it is professed to publish 'the work,' then every portion should appear. It is all very well for an editor to say that he has only omitted 'a few silly stories,' or 'two or three legends;' but these 'silly stories' may contain most characteristic traits of the writer's age and country; and the legend may be often found to involve a point of even historical importance. These, it is true, are of little moment to the mass of readers; but to the inquirer—to him who reads with a desire to fling himself back into past times, and to surround himself with 'their very form and pressure,' they are all important.

ART. V.—*The Progress of the Intellect, as exemplified in the Religious Development of the Greeks and Hebrews.* By ROBERT WILLIAM MACKAY. Two volumes. Chapman. 1850.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE begins an essay, *De omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*, with the words, 'I wish I was a Jew.' Why, in the world? asks the reader. 'Because,' quoth Hartley, 'the Jew 'is the only gentleman. The tree of his genealogy is the oak of 'Mamre. His family memoirs are accounted sacred, even by 'his worst enemies.' Such a reason might pass once among other fancies. But worse enemies than the worst Coleridge thought of have arisen since. If we are to believe Mr. Mackay, his pen-

knife has cut down the oak, his ink has blotted out the memoirs. Sacred! Not they. Not even respectable—not more fit to be called a literature, than a Hottentot's blanket to be called a coat. Such is the verdict he leaves the reader to pronounce. He obscures, distorts, defaces the documents in question, and then holds them up to obloquy, as the production of a people superstitiously proud and superstitiously mean, treacherous, cruel, and illiterate.* What reason he has to plume himself on the success of this modest enterprise, may be seen by a reference to the review of this portion of his book in the *British Quarterly* for November, 1850. That article was confined to an exposure of the fallacies and misrepresentations which abound in his attempt to re-write the history of the Hebrew people. It was then intimated that the other questions at issue would probably be taken up by another hand, in some future number. Accordingly we propose entering, in the present paper, into an examination of the remainder of his work, in which he undertakes to portray the progress of the intellect, as exemplified in the religious development of the Greeks.

A word or two as to the workmanship of the book Mr. Mackay has given us. The eye is struck at the first glance by the extraordinary deposit of references which lie thick at the bottom of almost every page. Nearly all his sentences, and often all the clauses which make up the sentence, are tipped with little figures, which point the reader to long rows of abbreviations and numerals, indicating passages in authors of all sorts, ancient and modern, sacred and profane, wise men and fools. In many places where we would fain see some authority for his statements, if authority he has to show, the assertion stands in the solitary majesty of an *ipse dixit*. In others, the references, however numerous, fail to substantiate his conclusion. Very often you find the mention of a fact familiar to every well-trained school-boy, bravely backed by the bristling line of some half-dozen ostentatious citations. Never, surely, was author afflicted with a more intolerable *cacoethes citandi*.

The teeth of St. Apollonia were once believed effectual to cure the toothache. Edward VI. ordered them to be collected,—each possessor of one of the inestimable grinders was to give it in to a public officer,—and, saith Fuller, ‘they filled a tun therewith.’ Their number was fatal to their credit. The profusion of our author's references is similarly suspicious. The true nobility and wealth of scholarship exhibits no such display. When we see Mr. Mackay strut upon the stage so sown with diamonds, and ablaze with gold, credulity itself cannot suppose that all is

* Vol. i. § 4.

genuine. No one would require that he should himself have discovered, in the course of his own independent reading, all the passages he cites. It is but proper that he should enter on the heritage of learning, and become familiar with the results bequeathed by the labour of others in the same province. But he has no right to transfer their citations wholesale and unexamined to his own pages. He ought himself to have consulted with care the language and scope of every authority in the place to which he refers. Such a motley multitude of references renders it impossible for us to believe that he has been throughout thus accurate and honest. If he has done so, such a pilgrimage through all the realms of ancient lore should be held in perpetual remembrance, and we will ourselves subscribe to a Mackay monument on the spot. But, alas! we are persuaded that he has sacrilegiously facilitated his journey, and has attempted to secure the praise without the pain, acting as that naughty old lady did, who, having vowed a barefoot pilgrimage to a distant shrine, took off her shoes and stockings, and travelled thither in a sedan-chair.

But Mr. Mackay has, doubtless, persuasion in view as well as glory. The superficial reader may perhaps surrender at discretion. The numerous class of those who are both curious and unlearned on such questions, will believe that assertions must be true for which names are adduced so numerous and so respectable. Such a phalanx of erudition may seem calculated to make even critics respectful, and to cause the reviewer to think twice before he attempts an assault against such a *chevaux-de-frise* of quotation. It is said that the Australian aborigines may always be kept at a distance from the habitation of the intrusive European, if he takes care to bury a dead man before his threshold, for they have a superstitious dread of crossing a grave. Mr. Mackay would seem desirous of repelling investigation, by entrenching himself in a similar manner; for at the foot of every page lies quite a little cemetery, crowded with the names of the illustrious dead. But we are not afraid of ghosts, and if we were, we should take courage at the thought that most of his monumental structures are only cenotaphs, not sepulchres.

The man who divided bread into the three classes of white bread, brown bread, and French rolls, was an Aristotle at classification compared with Mr. Mackay. His treatment of his subject, when he has no prejudice or paradox to defend, is pitifully wanting in discrimination. He has no notion of historical perspective. Great facts and small ones are massed together in a confused heap. No man should attempt such an inquiry who is destitute of the comprehensiveness and the penetration which can

keep continually in view the great outlines of a subject, and distinguish between accidental resemblances and real affinities. But Mr. Mackay, when writing about the Curetes, Cronus, Hermes, and Minos-Zeus, is completely overwhelmed by the ample material he has collected. Mainly solicitous, apparently, to crowd together somehow all the facts he has gathered from all quarters, and to lose no opportunity for quotation, his chapters on these and kindred topics are the most aimless and wearisome in the whole book. There is scarcely any coherence between the swarming minutiae of detail; there is no guiding announcement of purpose at the opening, no conclusive statement of result at the close. The bewildered reader will discern no conceivable principle of collocation pervading the muster-roll of names, and might as well attempt to trace the progress of Greek literature in the pages of a Lexicon as the religious development of Greece, in this part of Mr. Mackay's book. In such dry places the foot-notes are at least so far a boon that they direct you away from the lucubrations of your author. One welcomes them much as a man, desiring to find his way out from some place of entertainment which has proved utterly flat and unprofitable, brightens up on seeing painted in large characters—**THE WAY OUT.** The chafed and weary spirit has but to make its exit at some sally-port of reference and is presently far away in the warm south, hearkening to the chat of Herodotus, the lyre of Horace, or the rolling utterance of Homer, singing by the 'sea divine' of heroes and of gods. The details in Mr. Mackay's account are frequently intelligible and true, but the dreary expanse of the whole—a wilderness without a track or landmark, we can represent to the reader by no isolated quotation, any more than by a patch of turf we could convey to him an idea of Salisbury Plain. Had Mr. Mackay been willing to take the time or able to exercise the kind of thought necessary for a careful generalization and selection, this portion of his work would have occupied about half the space, have looked less learned, but would have been in reality a valuable addition to our literature. A faithful picture of those colossal fragments of by-gone superstition, exhibiting the broad lines and colours of their stratification, indicating by a few masterly touches how the fire racked and scarred them, or how the waters wore and rounded them with their patient delicate sculpture, would have been a work of learning and of art universally welcome. But Mr. Mackay has done nothing more than elaborately peel off all the mosses and lichens within his reach, and presented them to us dried in a blotting-book. In the sections devoted to 'the notion of God morally,' his remarks, both on the mythology and philosophy

of the Greeks, have at least some definiteness and purpose about them. However widely we differ from him in many of his conclusions, we gladly concede that there he has on several points justly apprehended, and clearly expressed, the truth. That his lengthy investigation of what may be termed mythology proper among the Greeks should be such a disordered, profitless Babel as it is—a mere confused nomenclature instead of a physiology—we attribute, in great measure, to his desire to overwhelm the reader with his erudition. He has succeeded only in completely submerging himself. He resembles the giant he himself tells us of (vol. i. p. 174), who was suffocated by his own wisdom.

Mr. Mackay delights in many a superfluous citation, to link the authors of Greece and Rome and the writers in the Old and New Testament together. Isaiah is bracketed with Horace, Æschylus with Moses, Amos with Aristophanes, Homer and Hesiod with Luke and Paul. There is a design in this. He would thus have it understood that the Homeric and the Christian ideas of inspiration were of much the same worth (vol. i. p. 62), that the Greek and the Hebrew notions of the savour of sacrifice were alike gross (vol. ii. p. 397), and that the incantations of Canidia may, in some sort, illustrate the eschatology of the prophets (vol. i. p. 97). Such references stand in the place of arguments, like the nods, winks, and shrugs of those would-be wise persons to whom no milestone was ever opaque. They are there by silent iteration to produce on the careless or half-informed reader the impression that a learned man, a very learned man, has found for every fancy, symbol, and usage in exploded superstitions, some counterpart in those scriptures which are still regarded with general reverence.

It would be cruel to blame Mr. Mackay for not being a man of genius. A man might write well concerning the poetical mythology of Greece without being a poet. But no one could write well on that subject without sympathy. No man who had not preserved much of the child's nature unhardened within him could appreciate the Märchen of Hauff, or justly criticize the legendary tales of Musæus or Tieck. It is with the childhood of literature as with literature for children. He who would in some measure understand the mythical creations of the youth of Greece, must have deep sympathy with the humanity so buoyant and at times so sad, so earnest yet so capricious, which projected that many-coloured phantasmagoria upon the sky. Of such sympathy—the sole secret of vivid graphic delineation, Mr. Mackay appears to be in reality destitute. Perched on an Olympus of German books, he scans the panorama of Old

Greece through a modern opera-glass. Into the feelings of those ancient worthies, whether as poets or as men, he cannot truly enter. Their troubles of conscience are to him an idle hallucination. Their beautiful creations are not fancies to be depicted, but problems to be solved. In his hands the grand old picture-gallery disappears, and with exultant ingenuity he points you to his substitute—a collection of hieroglyphics, stiff, stony, and unintelligible. Astronomy and cosmogony, the zodiac and the equinoxes, displace

‘The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
The fair humanities of old religion,
The power, the beauty, and the majesty,
That had their haunts in dale, or piny mountain,
Or forest, by slow stream, or pebbly spring,
Or chasms and watery depths; all these have vanish’d.’

The frigid allegories of Porphyry could not more completely unpoetize poetry than many of the interpretations of Mr. Mackay. Religious development could never be adequately recorded by such a ‘*Parcus deorum cultor et infrequens*,’ as is our author, by his own confession. But the attempt is ever hopeless for the man who has all the scepticism of Lucretius without a spark of his fire. Now and then, indeed, a transient and borrowed glow irradiates his page, reflected from afar by that chain of fiery beacons which flame on the mountain tops and headlands of Grecian story; but he has no particle of that ‘Promethean heat’ which may kindle an answering signal—the glory fades, and he is consigned to the dimness of dulness once more. Of course, anything is better than affected feeling, than spasmodic and agonized admiration. Having begun his task, Mr. Mackay, wisely enough, nowhere assumes throughout its course an emotion he does not feel. It would have been wiser still not to begin at all. Such errors are not to be recorded without mourning, or such aspirations without enthusiasm.

But the reader will be desirous of knowing what Mr. Mackay’s own religious position is, and from what point of view he surveys his field of labour. We shall enter, accordingly, on some examination of his religious opinions generally, as far as his book discloses them, and proceed subsequently to point out a few of the mistakes into which his principle has led him, and the omissions with which he is chargeable in his account of the religions of the ancient West.

Humboldt tells us that he met one day in his travels with a naked Indian, who had painted his body so as to represent a blue jacket and trousers, with black buttons. The religion of Mr. Mackay presents a similar substitute of colour for attire. If that Indian might be pronounced dressed, Mr.

Mackay may be called a Christian. No doubt he rejoices in the indirect benefits of Christianity, and would probably be displeased bluntly to be told that he is no Christian. But how, in the name of common sense, can we give the name to a man who denies the reality—who repudiates utterly all supra-naturalism—when, if that supra-naturalism be untrue, Christ was an impostor, not a pattern, and Christianity an enslaving delusion, not an emancipating truth?

Speaking of miracles, Mr. Mackay asks:

‘Why derange a machinery so vast, so perfect in its connexion, and so infinite in its relations, in order to effect a doubtful surprise or obscure conviction among the most ignorant of mankind, whose authority as witnesses must ever, from the imperfections of their knowledge, be open to exceptions, and remain insufficient to transfer the impressions at first received through the long series of sceptical generations? It is not incredible that God can raise the dead, for his ability to do so is abundantly evident in nature; it is incredible only that He should do so in a manner inconsistent with His own eternal laws; and it would have been no irrational inference which should have ascribed an admitted infraction of those laws to Beelzebub, to demoniacal influence instead of to divine. Why, it is said, is it unreasonable to suppose that God may choose to exhibit His unquestioned power over the universe by bending it to His will? Why unlikely that, on some striking occasions in the past history of the world, He should have exhibited emphatic and unmistakable examples to after-ages in proof of His regard for the principles of justice and virtue? It is because—not to mention the questionable morality of many recorded miracles, and the impossibility of providing in any human testimony an adequate guarantee of their reality—He has already done all this more effectually by the undeviating energy of His ordinary laws. Through them He speaks a language addressed not merely to the eye, but to the reason, whose written characters are never to be effaced by time, obscured by doubts, or interpolated with spurious and inconsistent additions. Were miracles really indispensable for religious improvement and consolation, Heaven forbid there should be any limits to our credulity, or that we should hesitate for an instant to believe all the exaggerations of Oriental expressions, or to prefer the wildest dreams of the child or savage to the rash theories of the philosopher. But the hypothesis of miracle has lost its usefulness, as well as a large share of its popularity. It no longer promotes a spirit of piety, when God is rather studied in the known than guessed at in the unknown—when the ordinary and regular is acknowledged to be more truly divine than the strange and accidental. Addressed to the ignorant and unthinking, it produces no permanent conviction of comprehensive beneficence and wisdom. It substitutes disarrangement and anarchy for certainty and order. Uninstructive, because defying all comparison and analogy, it leads to no useful lesson but that which

is better proved without its assistance. It is no more necessary to the present support of Christianity than those usages of the ceremonial law discarded at its outset. A belief in the miraculous or Messianic character of Jesus was, in His own day, the most decisive test of superiority to vulgar prejudice, and of a disposition to conform to the spiritualism of Christianity. Now circumstances are reversed, for by a strange misapprehension of the nature and objects of faith, the weightier matters of charity and justice are deprived of their due preponderance, and made secondary to a blind belief in the supernatural and mystical. But belief in miracle is worse than useless; it creates false notions of God's nature and government; it arms the imagination against the reason; it discourages the cultivation of the intellect, and darkens the path of duty. It demoralizes by superseding prudential care and the feeling of immediate responsibility. It removes God from the world, and brings Him back again only by a convulsive start of superstitious amazement. . . . Miracle should have altered its name with the alteration in the idea; for from the moment when the reality of a divine system of law was manifested to philosophy, the belief in it became blasphemous as well as immoral—an imputation on divine wisdom and goodness.'—Vol. i. p. 23.

It is difficult to preserve due gravity on reading the words, 'not to mention the questionable morality of many recorded miracles, and *the impossibility of providing in any human testimony an adequate guarantee of their reality.*' Suppose the good woman in the old story, charged with returning her neighbour's kettle with a hole in the bottom, had been defended by her advocate thus:—'Not to mention the abundant evidence I can produce to show that the kettle was never borrowed at all, I shall proceed to prove that my client was not the sort of woman to allow a hole to be burnt in the bottom of any kettle whatsoever.' Such a defence would have been just as sapient as the argument of Mr. Mackay. He has only to prove the impossibility of proof which he asserts so coolly, and all his declamation about 'disarrangement,' 'anarchy,' and 'convulsive starts,' may be spared. Let him make good the charge of impossibility, and his point is gained. If he can prove it, why not occupy that impregnable ground? Why fly off into dogmatic utterances of his notions concerning the injurious and derogatory character of miracles generally? In fact, he would have it fare with his readers as it has gone with himself, and would stir up their prejudices to get the better of their logic.

Most people have an impression that a lie must be always a lie, and a truth a truth; that, in short, black was not black in the first century, to be white in the nineteenth. Mr. Mackay's religious development has carried him far beyond such antiquated notions. He says, in the extract just given, that to

believe in the miracles Christ was supposed to work, was, in his contemporaries, 'a decisive test of superiority;' but for us, is 'blasphemous and immoral.' To be imposed upon, though the stigma of weakness now, was the prerogative of wisdom then! Mr. Mackay might reply, that circumstances alter the character of error—that it would be preposterous now for any one to believe the stories about witchcraft which were credited many years ago by wise and learned men. But Judge Hale believed in witchcraft, on inadequate evidence, not *because*, but *although*, he was wise; not because he *was*, but because he was *not*, in that respect, superior to his age. But with Mr. Mackay, the disgraceful credulity of the followers of Christ who could be duped by the pretence of a multitude of miracles, continually appealed to and professedly wrought in open day, yet no one of which was ever performed, is a sign, not that they were *behind* even those times, but far *beyond* them.

To many minds, no doubt, the internal evidence for Christianity is of far more weight than its miraculous attestation. The time and place of the miracles are remote. The lapse of years has, as it were, shifted the centre of gravity in the bulk of proof, but it has not diminished its weight by a single grain. The evidence from miracle proceeds through many successive steps; that from internal character is but as a single step, though the simultaneous one of a multitude. But a chain is a chain whether of five links or of fifty. The difference in length is a difference not in power but in portability. It is thus with the testimony in support of miracles. It will be more difficult to persuade some remote dweller in the tropics of the existence of ice, the farther you find him from the neighbourhood in which the experiment producing ice has been publicly performed. But you may bring forward such and so many witnesses that the difficulty shall be greater in disbelieving than in believing. Such testimony we have in favour of Christianity. It is in vain for Mr. Mackay to give us his impressions concerning the mischievous character of miracles unless he can show how Christ and his apostles, appealing to them in the midst of enmity and suspicion, succeeded in their benevolent imposture, gained a hearing and established their faith, without ever having wrought one. He would remind us, perhaps, of the credulity of the Jews. Surely he cannot be ignorant that their credulity and their prejudices were against and not in favour of such a Saviour as the spiritual and lowly Jesus of Nazareth. Their credulity it was which enabled them to escape surrender to his claims by attributing his signs and wonders to magical power and demoniacal agency. They were more ready to follow Theudas without a miracle than

Christ with many. The sanhedrim who examined the blind man would have disproved those miracles if they could. Had that conclusive course been possible it would have been taken. The subterfuge of enchantment is the proof of the undeniable character of the fact. These miracles were not wrought, *after* the reception of the religion, among disciples ready to hail everything incomprehensible as miracle. This is the characteristic of all the miracles of other religions. In the case of Christianity, however, the miracle had often to be wrought before the doctrine could be announced, and was scrutinized when performed by malignity and scepticism. Mr. Mackay cannot account for the existence of such a religion as Christianity before his eyes at this day, on the supposition that, while pointing to miracle, and armed only with persuasion, its preachers vanquished prejudice without a proof, and enforced and propagated the love of truth by a system of incessant and impenetrable falsehood.

These are facts before which Mr. Mackay's personal views concerning miracles as a whole must fall to the ground, even had they far more plausibility and force than they really possess. But here the science he loves so much is as decidedly against him as the revelation he loves so little. Geology shows us that organic beings—altogether new, and no possible metamorphosis of the old—have been successively created on the surface of the earth. That man himself, at a certain period, was formed—a new inhabitant there. To bring these changes to pass is, beyond question, extraordinary miraculous interference. If a sudden intervention of his power is to be regarded as equivalent to the removal of God from the world, Deity is as completely banished by the wonders of geology as by the wonders of the Bible. Why should intervention to create be the last as well as the first? Why should the helpless and bewildered creature, man, but just awake to life, be left without tuition, guidance, or control? To declare miracles inconsistent with order is to assume that we have measured all the doings of the Infinite, and investigated all the reaches of his power. Has our self-complacent friend been so admitted into the secret place of the Most High as to be quite sure that there can be no other laws beneath the laws he sees? that there can be no underlying laws of provision for foreseen emergencies? that the comets in the sky of time may not have their law as well as the planets? Until he can prove this he has no right to talk as he does about 'the moral superiority of a system of law over one of interference,' as though the two were as incompatible in reality as in his imagination.

It has been the old habit of mankind everywhere to expect

signs of superhuman power as attestations of a superhuman mission. History, both sacred and profane, is crowded with examples which go to show that it is natural for man to expect such interventions of the supernatural. Mr. Mackay says that 'in the unwritten law of nature the Almighty has provided a code corresponding in perfection with his own perfect knowledge, written in a universal language, and guarding against every contingency' (vol. i. p. 47). He cannot account for the fact that mankind not only read wrongly almost every page in this book of nature until after the introduction of Christianity, but that they have always been prone to look from it to some professed religious revelation more positive and more explicit. That 'unwritten law' has certainly failed to provide any guard against the ever-recurring 'contingency' of being itself either grievously misunderstood or altogether neglected. It is not for Mr. Mackay to say that this universal tendency is the consequence of a fall, since in no fair sense of the word will he admit that man has fallen. With him the fall is 'an awakening of the soul accompanied with despondency.' It is 'symbolical of that birth of intellect which seemed to give man the attribute of God' (vol. ii. pp. 170, 171). The advent of philosophy was 'the crisis or fall which terminated the golden age of poetry' (p. 162). Religion is 'the evolving the grounds of faith, hope, and duty, from the known laws of our being, and the constitution of the universe' (vol. i. p. 35). It is, he says, 'including morality, no more than well-directed education' (p. 33); and were such education intellectually and morally complete, 'all vice being either ignorance or temporary forgetfulness, no perfectly sane person fully informed could commit an immoral act' (p. 44).

How have mankind disquieted themselves in vain! If the idea of a fall be the mistake of man, then man is the mistake of God. Why has man a conscience with a scourge more terrible than the whips of the furies, if sin be so light a matter, and the sense of guilt only the shadow that follows the steps of progress? The fall, by our author's account, is nothing much more serious than the home-sickness of a youth beginning life. Balzac's picture of the student, fresh from the country, alighting from the diligence at Paris, with two hundred francs, a family umbrella, and an unsophisticated heart; who is alternately joyous and depressed, full of brilliant hopes in prospect of his new career, yet not without some aching sense of isolation, may well stand as the representative of fallen humanity. As man understands his relationships more fully, and better apprehends the constancy of nature, the chimeras of guilt and propitiation, prayer and providence, will disappear. What Mr. Mackay calls 'the enervating

service of petition' (vol. i. p. 164), will no longer weaken the robust practicality of man. Hitherto, in all times and countries, this cry for help (which our author would probably rank in rationality with the Peruvian custom of beating the dogs during an eclipse of the moon) has been the first impulse of mankind, endangered and distressed. Whence, on Mr. Mackay's theory, this general infirmity, this native perversity in man, whose scientific correction is so slow, and its cure so incalculably distant? The results of culture in making men happy by the banishment of all old notions concerning incarnation, divine influence, and providence, are stated as follows:

'The same confidence and love which children learn to feel for the comparatively feeble and capricious rule of a human being, is transferred by the matured reason to the conception of a Parent unchanging and universal, whose government, being unerring and complete, is at once a system of unutterable law, and of unutterable love. Once convinced of the completeness of the system, and of its perfect adaptation to produce general happiness, the mind recognises, in its severe and uncompromising discipline, the crowning proof of the beneficence of its Author, and no longer shrinks from the word 'necessity' to the nearer sympathies of a humanized Deity, since the human is synonymous with the imperfect, and necessity is only another name for universal, undeviating love. But this combination of kindness with inflexibility constituting the essential perfection of constancy and truth, can be appreciated only by intellectual cultivation, through which alone man becomes capable of responding to the sublime love of the universe.'—Vol. i. p. 48.

In what way the warm personal love towards a father is to be transferred, unchilled, to the impersonal order of the universe, we are not exactly informed. It must be a peculiar kind of 'intellectual culture,' indeed, which will enable a man to respond with empressement to the 'sublime love of the universe,' when that affection is manifested by the importunate domiciliary visits of a pestilence, the disastrous and elephantine courtesies of an earthquake, or the warm embraces of a conflagration. There is a certain religious culture which sustains the Christian amidst such evils. But the cold necessity of Naturalism brightens into less repulsiveness only in the reflected light which radiates from the doctrine of our Lord. Surely Mr. Mackay should account it beneath him to steal the 'children's bread.' *O cæca gens mortalium!* we may well exclaim. Had men but known that Science was their appointed deliverer from spiritual bondage, and positive philosophy the real 'desire of all nations;' the knowledge of the body would have been to them the cure of the soul. Calvinism would have disappeared long ago, before a more efficacious treatment of the torpid liver. Obstacles to belief and

to digestion would have been removed together, and we should have found in dietetics all our divinity. Mankind would have gone in quest, not of a divine revelation, but of the doctor's prescription—have found their city of refuge in the shop of the pharmacopolist—their spiritual life in a diaphoretic, or a brisk cathartic dose—the secret of spiritual strength in tonics, of sanctification in sarsaparilla. O foolish George Fox! An 'aged priest' recommended him, in his spiritual troubles, tobacco and psalm-singing. Had he but tried the narcotic, at least, might not his irritated system have been soothed, and Quakerism reserved among the unrealized potentialities of Nature?

To establish his principle, Mr. Mackay must prove that miracle, special providence, and immediate Divine influence on the mind of man, are wholly incompatible with government by law. He may set up a notion of law, or a notion of intervention, which may reciprocally exclude each other, but the question is one of facts, and of such presumptions as follow fairly from them. Shall we admit the immediate exertion of Divine power throughout the material, and deny it in the moral, world? Shall human mind influence matter, and mind mind, and shall the Divine exercise a narrower range of power? One human being may influence the mind of another, without violence, while the subject of such influence is ignorant of his existence. *A* may resolve on a certain enterprise, to be undertaken on a certain day, with the co-operation of *B*. But *C*, on that day, contrives to call off the indispensable *B*. *A* must surrender his purpose. Why might not the Divine Being, at whose command are all resources, be capable of bringing about results by means as little miraculous, so as to accomplish any special purpose without violating any general law? The constancy of Nature can only mean that regular succession of causes and effects within our view. No man in his senses would venture to decide what proportion the causes cognizable by us bear to the aggregate of causes which converge upon any one event to make it precisely what it is. If a single distant tributary cause were but slightly modified far away, the alteration would be communicated through each successive link of the chain, and produce in the last consequence some change. Yet all might be done according to law. Imagine some one of those fresh-water polypi, or hydras, which reside oftentimes in rivers, as it passes its days in searching with its delicate tentacula after small worms and crustaceous animalcules, to be endowed with certain philosophical as well as predatory propensities. It observes, compares, arranges, generalizes—becomes a most weather-wise polypus. It can discern the slightest changes in the atmosphere, is familiar with every hint of promise

or of threatening in the clouds, and knows the laws and consequences of rain or drought. Let these results be, to it, the constancy of Nature. The river, however, has travelled many a winding mile among the hills before it reaches our polypus. There may be a tempest in those far-off regions. A thousand little tributary rills may pour their muddy foam into the central stream. The polypus will feel the difference. It may be fair weather over its head, and no cause visible in the blue sky and sunshine for such a change. Yet it is a change according to the same law which the zoophyte has been studying so long. The sphere of operation is beyond the reach of polypus-observation, and polypus-reckoning is all wrong. Even so is it, and so will it ever be, with large assumptions from small data.

The views of our author concerning religion and science as influencing the progress of humanity, are stated in the following passages :

‘Man, the ‘insect infinite,’ who seemed to fall when, comparing the actual with the possible, he first reflected on the antithesis of his nature, is truly great, not in act, but in aspiration; and the boast of science is not so much its manifested results, as its admitted imperfection and capacity of unlimited progress. The true religious philosophy of an imperfect being is not a system of creed, but, as Socrates thought, an infinite search or approximation. Finality is but another name for bewilderment or defect, the common affectation of indolence or superstition, a temporary suspension of the mind’s health arising from prejudice, and especially from the old error of clinging too closely to notions found instrumental in assisting it after they have ceased to be serviceable, and striving rather to defend and retain them, than to make them more correct. A remnant of the mythical lurks in the very sanctuary of science. . . . The old religionists discovered a universal cause—personified it and prayed to it. The mere notion seemed not only to satisfy the religious feeling, but to solve all problems. Nations unanimously subscribed to the pious formula which satisfied their imaginations, and pleased their vanity by cheating them into the belief that they were wise; but which, at the same time, supplanted nature by tradition—the sources of truth by artificial disguises—and at last paralyzed the sentiment which gave birth to it. Science, unlike the rude expedient which stupified without nourishing the mind, gratifies the religious feeling without arresting it, and opening out the barren mystery of the One into more explicit and manageable ‘Forms,’ expressing, not indeed His essence, but His will; feeds an endless enthusiasm, by accumulating for ever new objects of pursuit. We have long experienced that knowledge is profitable; we are beginning to find out that it is moral, and shall at last discover it to be religious.’—Vol. ii. p. 172.

The section on Speculative Christianity contains a chapter on the fourth gospel. After giving dogmatic utterance (without

an attempt at proof) to the startling assertion, that 'the first Christians aimed at perfection by legal fulfilment,' he goes on to describe the Christianity developed by St. John:

'We no longer live in fear of judgment, for the judge is within us, the external relation being excluded by the in-dwelling God, who surrenders judgment to love. We here revert to something like that condition of unity and intellectual simplicity before described as the world's religious childhood, as also to the ferocious symbol with which the primeval 'innocence' was contaminated. At the extreme limit of its development, theology has only the alternative of denying itself, or of denying human reason. Its aim is that intuitional childhood or 'sonship' whose natural language is mythus, and which is distinguished from aboriginal instinct only by a vague semi-consciousness, which it regards as an impediment and imperfection. Its tendency is towards that mystical state implying negation of all active relation where man's individuality is lost, and where, the end being reached, the means may be dispensed with. The religion of types and notions can travel only in a circle from which there is no escape. It is but an elaborate process of self-confutation. After much verbiage, it demolishes what it created; and having begun by assuming God to be angry, ends, not by admitting its own gross mistake, but by asserting *Him* to be changed and reconciled. We set out from that intellectual immaturity in which man and nature were felt as one; after a long excursion through the mazes of fanciful forms assumed by human hopes and fears, we come back to the point whence we started.'—Vol. ii. p. 503.

The work concludes with an announcement of the sufficiency of the book of Nature as a guide, contrasted with that profitless and toilful circuit just described, into which mankind have been led by reliance on a book of revelation.

'Philosophy, or rather its object, the divine order of the universe, is the intellectual guide which the religious sentiment needs; while exploring the real relations of the finite, it obtains a constantly improving and self-correcting measure of the perfect law of Jesus, and a means of carrying into effect the spiritualism of St. Paul. It establishes law by ascertaining its terms; it guides the spirit to see its way to the amelioration of life and increase of happiness. While Religion was stationary, Science could only walk alone; when both are admitted to be progressive, their interests and aims become identified. Aristotle began to show how religion may be founded on an intellectual basis; but the basis he laid was too narrow. Bacon, by giving to philosophy a definite aim and method, gave it, at the same time, a safer and self-enlarging basis. Our position is that of intellectual beings surrounded by limitations; and the latter, being constant, have to intelligence the practical value of laws, in whose investigation and application consists that seemingly endless career of intellectual and moral progress which the sentiment of religion inspires and ennobles. The title of saint has

hitherto been claimed exclusively for those whose boast is to despise philosophy; yet faith will stumble, and sentiment mislead, unless knowledge be present in amount and quality sufficient to purify the one, and to give beneficial direction to the other.'—Vol. ii. p. 520.

Here the complaint against Christianity, as generally received, is, that it is stationary. Science would move the world forward; this religion, with its fears, its hopes, its dogmas, its apparatus of superstition, would retard the progress. The written revelation (as men deem it) diverts their attention from the unwritten book, and, serviceable only for a certain age, hinders their reading in the ever-open book of nature, full of instruction for all ages. Such is the charge. Men will find, in the study of external nature, and of their own social relationships, certain laws and certain inferences, amply sufficient for all their spiritual wants. 'The faith which gives to the external world a 'hypothetical objectivity,' will also give such 'hypothetical objectivity' to a spiritual existence immanent in the universe, whose being is its law of order. Thus our growing knowledge of the universe is our growing acquaintance with God. Naturalism is the only progressive religion (vol. i. p. 41). Such is the proposition maintained in behalf of anti-supra-naturalism. Let Christianity abjure its claim to divine origin, its signs and wonders, its arrogant authority, and become nothing more than a vague sentiment of submissive love, evolved in the course of scientific inquiry, and it shall occupy a place beside Science in the triumphal car of Progress. Such is the compromise offered.

We agree with our author, when he declares that religion and science should be inseparable. But while we believe that true religion should sympathize with, and consecrate, the enterprise of science, we cannot consent to the virtual abdication of religion as the condition of this alliance. All religion which claims to be anything more than a probable inference from the conclusions of science, he would number among the 'traditional and legendary forms' (vol. i. p. 35), which the advance of humanity must successively throw off. The boor in Schiller's fable went not more clumsily and prosaically to work with Pegasus in harness than doth our author with religion in his proposed reform. He would have those wings clipped whose flight has been the scandal and perplexity of his dulness. He marvels at the ingratitude of this strange being, which evinces such dislike of the operation, and which appears to think that a dark ride in the horse-box that follows the locomotive, compensates but poorly for mutilation. Religious ignorance and prejudice have doubtless too often reviled and maltreated science. Mr. Mackay would indemnify the latter by arranging a treaty which, under the pretence of union, would

make religion her bondwoman. There is a story told in the *Englishwoman in Egypt*, of a refractory little girl, who was in the habit of teasing and abusing the neighbours' servants at a sad rate. One man, exceedingly provoked, retorted, 'When I have a little more money, I will marry you, and then I will punish you every day.' This is the happy thought of our author.

The accusation of finality which he brings against Christianity proper, is, in fact, only a blundering charge laid against human nature. Men are found prone continually to treasure the form to the neglect of the substance, and to cling blindly to what is old, simply on the ground of its antiquity. Prejudice, as every one knows, has been the foe of progress all the world over. This finality has been the obstacle to advance in philosophy and in science, as well as in religion. Mr. Mackay is constrained to acknowledge this. He can distinguish between the use and the abuse in the case of the two former. It suits his purpose to be blind to that distinction in reference to the last.

We read in the Koran how Solomon compelled the genii to work at the building of the temple. Feeling the approach of death, while the work was incomplete, he prayed that his death might be concealed. He expired leaning on his staff, which supported the inanimate body a whole year, until the work was done. Then a worm, which had entered the staff, eat it through; it broke—the body fell—the death was discovered, and the spell was broken. Such was the scientific thralldom of the Middle Age. The might of the dead master—of that Aristotle whose philosophy, lifeless in reality, had seeming life enough to constitute the intellectual popedom of the Christian world—was the 'strong compelling charm' under which so many minds toiled, for so many generations, with so little fruit. Genius is always an emancipator. The servile spirit which ordains its prescriptive worship is always a despot. The age of imitation, which follows an age of creation, studies the student instead of his study, and multiplies the copies of a copy. Thus the giant strength which moved the world's wheel on, becomes in time a massive obstacle in its course;—the Titan is turned into a stone, and hinders, dead, the work for which he spent his powers while living. It is easier to get by rote than to understand. Most men love a route that promises much and demands little. It is not difficult to imitate the manner of greatness, to reiterate the announcements of wisdom. Conscientious, self-denying study of nature or of God is rare in science, yet more rare in art, most rare of all in religion. But truth, beauty, and godliness are realities, despite all this infirmity. No difficulty has befallen religion which should be accounted a 'strange thing,' and other than is 'common to

men.' The river of the water of life is not the only water whose streams have been mimicked by a mirage, whose name has been usurped by a Dead Sea.

In one sense, no doubt, religion and morals are not progressive as physical science is; in another, they are so. Mr. Mackay may be a better astronomer than Job, but to the grave questions which perplexed him, he cannot give a better answer than Elihu. Chemistry and electricity have not advanced him beyond the moral wisdom of Solomon. With that vulgar narrow-mindedness which looks only at externals, he cannot conceive how David should be morally beyond himself; holding in his hand, as he did, a sword instead of a newspaper, or a harp instead of the *Philosophical Transactions*. It has never occurred to him to imagine that the Hebrews of those days, despicably rude as he deems them, may have been religiously and socially superior to the mass of the French nation at this day, railways and electric telegraphs notwithstanding. Scientific progress has been followed by moral advancement only as it has been accompanied by the influences of religion and morality, direct or indirect. As intercourse has been facilitated, the avenues of such influence have been multiplied. But the outlets have not created the influence, any more than a house-door creates a house-owner to go in and out thereat. The ship speeds the traffic of the merchant, if he have a cargo to place on board; but it will not fill his purse or manufacture his wares.

In the field of scientific inquiry, each generation begins where the last left off. A new race is busy in adding to the material, and enlarging the results of the old. The latest are so far the wisest. Those discoveries which it furrowed the brow and shortened the watchful days of the sage to achieve, become, ere long, the contents of the school-boy's satchel. To smile at the blunders of our predecessors in the study of nature, is not, however, to be their superiors in moral greatness. The science of geology has not deprived Alfred the Great of his glory, or narrowed the empire of Shakespeare. Facilities of transit, the multiplication of comforts, the knowledge of the Fauna and the Flora of some distant part of the world, lie, after all, without the man. One accomplished in acquaintance with such facts and such appliances does not become, through their means, morally as well as scientifically great.

With religion it is otherwise. That is a religiousness in name only, and not in deed, which informs the intellect, and leaves the heart untouched, the life unchanged. Science will flourish in a single province of man's nature. Religion withers unless its growth pervades the whole. The entire range of moral obliga-

tion may be stated and understood, in an age when reading and writing are the most rare of all attainments. A single sentence may sum up that comprehensive *ought*, which all the progress of all succeeding time can only approximate. Supreme love to God, and love to our neighbour as ourselves, was long ago announced as duty. To that announcement discovery can add nothing; from its compass nothing can be taken away. When the Saviour said, 'Be ye perfect as your Father in heaven is perfect,' he proposed an aim which should be before the eyes of the excellent of the earth throughout all succeeding ages. The standard set up at the outset is seen throughout the whole of the journey. Each devout nature has to strive towards it for himself, under the guidance of its Divine Author. The religion of other men may be to him as a witness and an example, but it cannot occupy the place of a religion of his own. He must receive and grow up into the truth for himself. He must originate a life within him, it cannot be received ready-made. But we find the materials of science provided to our hand. Its latest results, unlike the newest religious phenomena, are sure to be the best. The builders in the sphere of science erect successively a new story on the summit of the last bequeathed by their predecessors. The builders in the sphere of religion construct each an edifice for themselves on a certain common foundation. Science measures from the last and largest of a series of concentric circles; religion from the common centre.

Had Christianity rested a portion of its claims on some exploded scientific theory, or had it bound itself down to some local organization or particularity of form, there might have been some foundation for our author's charge of 'finality.' The fact that it has not so done places it far apart from those false religions with which he has been at such grievous pains to confound it. Men devising gospels on the plan he supposes would have been sure to ordain details, and to record prescriptions, fatal to the universal applicability of their doctrine. To omit doing so, all history shows, was not in man. That teaching, therefore, which could not have been simply human, must be traced to a source which is Divine. To the amazement and scandal of the ancient world, the Apostles announced a religion which knew of no altar save that of Calvary, no high-priest save 'one Jesus,' no sacrifice except the Lamb of God, no temple but the spiritual brotherhood of all believers. They propounded no creed or confession of faith, no formulary of service, no minute austerities of place or time for religious observance. Christianity, as a spiritual system, is always superior to every visible institution. The facts, the leading elements of truth, the principles, are given. In

carrying them into effect there may be diversities of operation. The progress of Christianity must consist in the more adequate apprehension and efficient working of truth, which is changeless, by thought and effort, which are changeable.

In this subjective sense our Christianity is susceptible of continual improvement. In those respects to which we have just adverted, religion and science differ widely. But considered with reference to the objective reality lying before each, the spirit of progress is not more appropriate to science than to religion, however separate their province, however diverse may be their method. We do not amend the universe by our science, or reform by our discoveries the majestic code of Nature. We do not, in our religious progress, rise above the spirit of the Redeemer, or outpass in our performance the precepts of Paul. In either case it is our relation to the object, and not the given truth or given fact and law which constitute that object itself, that we improve. We investigate the statistics and the law of storms, not with the hope of caressing into tameness those steeds of the tempest, the clouds, whose necks are clothed with thunder—of charming the heavens to a quiet order, which shall never rudely shake our feebleness—of banishing rough weather from the circle of the obsequious seasons—but that we may avoid or divert their fury; that, discovering their circuit, we may place our nutshell craft, if possible, in their wake rather than athwart their path, and may so enter into the plan of nature as to be carried forward, and not crushed, by the revolutions of her mighty wheel. So the Christian labours ever more to enter into, to bring his nature into harmony with, the divine law of life. In either case a definite ordinance is given, to which we have to adapt ourselves. It would be quite as just to accuse science of finality because she cannot make the universe any larger, as to bring that charge against religion because no higher duty, or better course towards its fulfilment than that given by revelation, can ever be devised by man. That Mr. Mackay should have overlooked truths so obvious as these we can only attribute to the fact, that he mentally resembles that species of flat fish, called by naturalists *Pleuronectes*, which has both its eyes on one side of its head.

In the same one-sided spirit, he assumes that the spirit of inquiry, which is the life of the science for which he pleads, must be death to the religion which he arraigns. He chooses to forget that men have done stout battle for antiquated error in science as well as in religion, and that prejudice has often shielded a false theory as well as a false doctrine. If the contest has been less violent in the one case than in the other, it has been because

science does not, like religion, command the domain of conscience, and wield the powers of the world to come. Every true son of science knows that he must be ever on his guard against prejudice, the most insidious of all his enemies. Not less so the sons of God. Every enlightened Christian man knows that to be so confident of his security from prejudice as to cease to watch against it, is to become its victim. He may not dismiss, unheard, any real objection to the doctrines he has embraced. He may not dispense with an incessant and watchful examination. He must be as open to every new incoming of the truth as the votary of science to the bearing of each fresh experiment. The experimentalism, in either case, is that of one who desires ever to grow in the practical knowledge of that Verity to which he is devoted. In a different language, but with a common spirit, the most advanced in either line of progress are continually saying—‘not as though I had already apprehended or were already perfect.’

The prospect Mr. Mackay's religion would place before us is anything but cheering. Man's greatness lies in his ‘aspirations,’ he tells us, and the life of the world must be an ‘infinite search.’ He hopes that some day some one may somewhere arise to realize the dreams of Plato (vol. i. p. 53). Nothing more could, on his principles, be looked for. A sorrowful gospel, this. The prisoner is not comforted by the assurance that his aspirations after freedom are a proof that he was made for something better than captivity. By divine assistance man has repeatedly realized, and not merely longed for, true greatness—even in time. Light from Heaven has given truth to those who otherwise could have found no true resting-place in the painful wanderings of an infinite search. Such a blessing Socrates would have embraced; for such a certainty Plato has expressed his ardent desire. The fairest visions of the latter have been surpassed long since. How completely has the ‘vaulting ambition’ of our author overleaped itself! He aspires to be so far before us as to criticize Paul, with a lofty air of superiority; and falls, in fact, so far behind, as to tarry in the rear of Plato. Rejecting revelation, he can realize no higher guidance than that of a grovelling Utilitarianism; no loftier hope than a vague approximation towards cognizance of some pantheistic vitality of the universe, called its law of life. To this frigid and poverty-stricken region he invites us, as to a land of promise—of promise, truly, and of nothing more. It is the old story. The fox that had lost his tail strove hard to exult in taillessness, and mounting the vulpine rostrum, became earnest as Mr. Mackay in his advocacy of mutilation.

These are some, and only some, of the objections which lie

against the two principles which may be termed the main-pillars of what this writer calls his religion. In opposition to the first, that miracles and special providence are incompatible with law and equivalent to anarchy, it has been shown that such intervention is in harmony with the Divine government throughout—science being witness; and that the attempt to escape the difficulties of supra-naturalism makes the sceptic concerning what is wondrous ridiculously credulous of what is impossible. With regard to the second leading proposition—that Christianity, as apprehended by the great majority of its professors, is the foe of progress—his fallacy has been made apparent; the middle term, Progress, is what logicians call undistributed, and the whole syllogism futile. The progress of religion is not of the same kind as that of science; but it is not, therefore, as the loose talking of Mr. Mackay would induce us to believe, stationary itself, and hostile to advancement elsewhere. His moral code can find no higher sanction than pain and pleasure. On his system you know that an action is wrong, when, after it, you experience some suffering directly traceable, according to the laws of nature, to that act. To him that eateth mince pies, and finds they disagree with him, such eating is sin. For doing good and suffering for it patiently, we can find no good reason in all his philosophy. To exchange the motives and the precepts of the New Testament for this divinity of the breeches-pocket and theology of the gastric juice, would assuredly be retrogression rather than progress. He finds it difficult to discover a religion with little enough religion in it to please him. Christianity is too well provided with the limbs and lineaments of a vigorous reality for his taste: it is not sufficiently necessitous and feeble to win his favour. He would not have his religion walk of itself, but be the piteous object of scientific charity, and carried about in a mechanical appurtenance. Nay, even that perhaps would scarcely satisfy him at last, and he would be found as hard to please as the rich old beggar in *Le Diable Boiteux*, who replied to the one-armed mendicant soldier soliciting his daughter's hand—'Bless my soul! you can't think of such a thing. My son-in-law must be a miserable-looking object, that would draw money from a usurer! Pshaw! you have only lost an arm; you ought really to be ashamed of yourself to ask for my daughter. I'd have you know I have already refused a fellow without legs, who goes about in a bowl.'

We must now pass on to examine the mode in which Mr. Mackay acquits himself in the application of his principle to the history of Greek religion and philosophy. His own religion would seem to be a half-intelligible *tertium quid*, between a

fatalistic pantheism and positivism. The inconsistency of his position, in not at once abjuring Christianity, can only be indicated by language which is self-contradictory. To Christianity proper he opposes his *anti-scriptural Christianity*. His aim is to show that Judaism, Heathendom, and scriptural Christianity stand all on a common ground. Anti-scriptural Christianity denounces all three together as so much mere subjectivity. Moloch and Jehovah are equally odious, alike the imaginary terrors of a personifying superstition (vol. ii. p. 466). The horrors of human sacrifice and the atoning death of Christ fall into the same category. The temple of the Hebrew god and the many pillared fane of Serapis arose to honour a common delusion. The notions of the fall, and of redemption, are creations as visionary as the war of the Titans and the sorrows of Dionysus. The same mission—to replace polytheism by ‘a higher pantheism’—animated the breasts of Buddha and Zoroaster, Xenophanes, St. Paul, and Mahomet (vol. i. p. 142). Paul and Mahomet! This new style of classification reminds us of the expedient of Louis Napoleon, described by Victor Hugo. ‘Call on the ‘causes: correctional police, sixth chamber; first affair, the said ‘Dunup, swindler; second affair, the said Lamennais, writer. ‘This has a good effect, and accustoms the citizens to talk without distinction of writers and swindlers.’ (*Napoleon the Little*, p. 51.) It is a revival of the old attempt to make Apollonius of Tyana—the Cagliostro of antiquity—the rival of Jesus Christ. It is as though a man should say—‘Such men as John Howard and the author of Junius;’ or—‘Women like Mrs. Fry and Mrs. Manning, Mrs. Chisholm and Mrs. Brownrigg;’ or—‘Characters like Agamemnon, Thersites, and Achilles.’ The trick can deceive no one long. The men who gave the world bread are not to be confounded with those who could or would distribute only stones. To reduce religions so different to a common measure, the reader may imagine how the miserable facts must be racked and smothered, hewn and dislocated, in our author’s torture-chamber. Features and resemblances which are superficial are represented as essential and profound, and *vice versâ*, as though history were like some kinds of jelly-fish, which are not injured by being turned inside out, and could perform its functions just as well as when its skin was made its stomach and its stomach its skin. Judaism and its prophecy are interpreted by the Rabbis and tradition, which makes sense into nonsense. The idlest fantasies of Greek mythology are viewed through the medium of Alexandrian rationalism, which strove to make nonsense into sense. It is as though a man, writing a comparative view of the military spirit of ancient and modern times,

should take run-away Horace, with his ‘non bene relictâ parmula,’ as the embodiment of the one, and the Duke of Wellington as the representative of the other. Truths which are next door neighbours are set down in his directory as poles apart. For other truths, between which a great gulf is fixed, he has a head-long assertion ready to do the work of Curtius, and close up the chasm. He can perform both these feats together in a breath. Thus he would represent the prophets as standing to Moses in the same relation as that sustained by the Greek philosophers to Homer. This pretty sum in the rule of three, may be thus expressed:

Prophecy : Moses : : Philosophy : Poetical Superstition.

What is requisite for this achievement? Simply to forget that there is as much so-called anthropomorphism in Jeremiah as in Genesis;—to ignore the burdens and the woes that shadow the pages of Isaiah, and likewise all the tenderness of mercy and wealth of promise that brighten the clouds about the lawgiver of Sinai;—to pass by the fact that the old covenant was the strong tower of the prophetic argument, the warrant of its warnings, and the plea of its entreaty;—to omit to state that no prophet ever travelled about repudiating the language and the narrative of Moses, as did Xenophanes preaching down the fables of Homer;—and finally, to imagine an analogy between the rapture and the faith of Ezekiel, and the melancholy negation of the materialist Heraclitus. Verily a new Celsus or another Porphyry has arisen to fight again the long-lost battle. A mummy has been disinterred from the sandy ruins of Alexandria, and galvanized by modern science, re-clothed in modern garb, and, uttering modern speech, mumbles over again the withered sophistries of antique heathendom. Fear not, O Christian readers! this shrunken and eviscerated frame can do no champion’s service, can brandish no weapon more fearful than a bulrush, can bear no armour heavier than pasteboard; for that embalment is a trying process and sorely damaging both to heart and head, filling a man with strong pepper instead of true passion, and leaving him with little bowels and less brains.

It is a great mistake to suppose that the thoughtful believer in scriptural Christianity is indisposed to admit those resemblances and approaches towards Christian truth arrived at by the religious philosophy of Greece. Among the early Christians such admission was often largely made, with far too little discrimination. We ourselves should recognise several which Mr. Mackay has not adduced. He might have pleaded his own cause better. There are Christian men, not a few, who could have written a book on his own side of the question far more plausible and mis-

chievous than this, and followed it presently by a second, which should demolish utterly the imposing structure of the first. So safely, with such a mountainous chain of contrasts between Christianity and other systems, may we allow those mole-hills of resemblance which a blind antagonism has laboured to enlarge.

Let us glance at the views taken of heathenism in the earlier centuries of our era. Some of the Christian apologists ascribe the wisdom of the philosophers and lawgivers of antiquity to a partial communication of the Logos. Philosophy was, with them, the revealed law of Greece. They were ready to agree with Numenius when he called Plato the Attic Moses. Platonism was an incomplete *conatus* after Christianity. But while thus liberal as regards the few, they held that the religion of the many was but so much worship of devils. Into the worship paid to human benefactors demons intruded, sanctifying crime and winning adoration for the attributes of vice. This was the opinion of Justin Martyr, of Tatian and Athenagoras.* The same principle is carried still farther by Clement.† He called philosophy a schoolmaster to bring men to Christ. In his hands the difference between Christianity and philosophy is reduced to its minimum. He finds the less difficulty in such an approximation from believing that the noblest elements of Platonism were derived from a Jewish source. Without hesitation he confers baptism on philosophy, and throws the philosopher's pallium about the shoulders of Christianity.‡

It is not difficult to understand how it came about that these ancient teachers should have rendered less than justice to the religion, and more than justice to the philosophy, of Greece. The eyes of the Christian were daily vexed by the moral enormities of superstition. As he walks the city streets, now he is jostled by a rabble of shaven votaries, howling for their drowned ox-god, and following a priest with the dog Anubis; again, his path is crossed by a procession of the priests of Cybele, and a tall eunuch, with a Phrygian turban tied under his chin, calls out, to the beat of timbrels, for his September offerings; there runs the lady's slave with fat goose and fritters to the shrine of the silver serpent; there is a crowd gathered, waiting at the door of the Chaldean or Armenian fortune-teller; and there, again, in the Temple of Isis, the sanctuary of Ganymede, or the

* Justin Martyr, *Apol.* i. p. 41; *Apol.* ii. pp. 67 and 69. Athenagoras, *Leg.* pp. 29, 30. Tatian, *Ad Græcos*, pp. 148, 156.

† Clement, *Strom.* vii. 2; vi. 17, p. 295, Sylb., and vi. 8, p. 275.

‡ *Strom.* i. capp. 14—16. The same opinion concerning the source of much of the ancient wisdom which resembled the truths of revelation, is expressed by Tertullian, *Apol.* cap. 47; and Augustine alludes to the notion as prevalent, *De Civ. Dei*, viii. c. 11.

Phrygian chapelry, is the seat of sacred and public prostitution. Those stupendous evils of debauchery and blood which filled the ancient world—evils legitimized, paraded, consecrated—struck the Christians of those days with grief and horror. Mr. Mackay scarcely alludes to them. It would not have suited his purpose. The moral picture of later Greece, exhibiting as it does a development the reverse of that for which he contends,—a development downwards, and not upwards,—is altogether wanting to his pages. By a dexterous euphemism he can even call wantonness like that which must have been associated with the celebration of the legend of Ceres and Baubo† mere ‘buffoonery.’ The heathen priests, moreover, disturbed in their empire over the masses, were at first the most virulent adversaries of the follower of Christ. No wonder that they seemed to him to breathe the very spirit of Satan. Philosophy, on the other hand, had been to many a convert the delight of his youth, perhaps the profession of his riper years. Plato had awakened desires which he could not satisfy. The anxious questions which his school had prompted were more than answered in the school of Christ. The Christian loved to trace the same divine care in his mental infancy and in his spiritual manhood. It was pleasing to regard his past and present history as successive stages in the same heavenly tuition. The philosophers, too, like himself, were in arms against priestcraft. Thus, he and the philosopher not unnaturally thought that they possessed more in common than a common enemy. When Lucian ridiculed the gods, and Plato proscribed the poets, they laid up weapons for Christian use. That exposure of the monstrous fruits of pagan superstition contained in the first twenty chapters of Firmicus Maternus, *De Errone Profanarum Religionum*, might have been written, nearly all of it, by such a satirist, or such a sage. Eclecticism, too, gathered a cloud of philosophic witnesses to an infinite First Cause, and attested the worship of one unknown Supreme.‡ The apologist was near the truth when he spoke of the Christians and the philosophers as being so far identified, ‘ut quivis arbitretur aut nunc Christianos philosophos esse aut

* Juv. ix. 24. Minucius Felix, *Octavius*, cap. 25. Frequentius denique in ædituorum cellulis quam in ipsis lupanaribus flagrans libido defungitur. Firm. Matern. *De Errone Prof. Rel.* cap. 12, passim. Athen. *Deipnosoph.* xiii. 25, and also 20. Seneca, *De Ira*. ii. 8. Nec furtiva jam scelera sunt: præter oculos eunt adeoque in publicum missa nequitia est, et in omnium pectoribus evaluit, ut innocentia non rara, sed nulla sit. The satire in the *Euthyphron* of Plato, and the caricature of Terence (*Eunuchus*, act iii. sc. 5) would have been pointless, if men had not been in the habit of finding, in the fables of polytheism, religious sanction and divine example for almost every form of crime.

† *Arnob. adv. Nationes*, v. 26. *Clem. Alex. Protr.*, p. 17.

‡ Min. Felix, *Octavius*, c. 19.

philosophos fuisse jam tunc Christianos.* But the Christian religion is not a system of philosophy. The ill-assorted union was, ere long, dissolved. The Platonist and the hierophant were constrained to make common cause against a foe who denied the claims of both. With Iamblichus and Proclus philosophy and priestcraft combined to erect, in a rationalized polytheism and a devotional philosophy, a last bulwark against the encroaching faith of the Nazarene.

Thus, the apologists, in general, regarded the religion of Greece as wholly contrary to Christianity; the philosophy as a positive preparation for it. There were many facts to favour such an assertion; nevertheless, the estimate was not altogether correct. The religious and philosophic elements of antiquity, while hostile in many respects, were too nearly related in others to warrant so violent a separation. There were truths, however obscured, in the worship as well as in the speculation of the Greek, calculated to fill his heart, in his more thoughtful moments, with yearnings after something higher. In his sense of guilt, his lustrations, and his expiations; in that Nemesis which awed him, and in those prayers which he personified as the daughters of Zeus;† in the dim retribution of his shadowy world of ghosts; in his watching for counsel from above; in his very oracles and omens, we cannot see only so much hideous, hopeless demonolatry. Some philosophers, indeed, disdaining mythology, abjured all reverence also. It was not so with the best, or even with the greater number; it was not so with Socrates or Plutarch. Prone as man is to extremes, he is seldom all head or all heart. From this cause, his history is continually resolving itself into awkward nondescript figures, which refuse to fit the shelves and boxes of a theory. On Mr. Mackay's principle, men should be all childish—i.e., all religion, in one age; and all speculative—i.e., all irreligious, the succeeding. Socrates retained a devout and earnest spirit, while he smiled at the puerile fables of his countrymen. According to Mr. Mackay's system, he should have thrown off his religiousness and his credulity together. Socrates was not irreligious enough to merit all the praise our author bestows upon him. To be consistent, he should state that he considers the notions of Socrates about prayer, Providence, the divinity of conscience, and the prospect of retribution, as most anomalous and culpable; such, in fact, as can be pardoned only on the ground that the unhappy sage lived so long before the days of Auguste Comte. Plutarch presents a still more distressing case. Living so much farther on in the process of development, and decidedly rejecting

* *Octavius*, p. 26.

† *Hom. Il.* ix. 498.

the common stories about the gods, he is found as provokingly religious as though he belonged to the age of Pericles. No one will question this who has ever read his treatise *De Superstitione*. Let any reader peruse at his leisure the twenty-third and several following chapters of his book, entitled *Non posse suaviter vivi sec. Epicurum*; and turn to the twenty-second chapter of his work, *De serâ Numinis vindictâ*, containing that singular account of the restoration of a heathen sceptic to belief in God,—it reads like a canto of Dante rendered into Greek prose. Manifestly, there is a religious want in the human heart which no development can outgrow.

The religious systems of pagan antiquity are to be regarded, accordingly, as by no means purely evil. It was of their devotion that Paul spoke when he said to the Athenians, ‘Whom ye ignorantly worship, Him declare I unto you.’ There are passages in which the apologists of whom we spoke evince their perception of this truth.* Clement of Alexandria pushes it even to a fanciful excess.† With the exception before alluded to, they have not failed repeatedly to indicate the true estimate of the ancient heathen world in relation to Christianity.‡ We believe it to be this, that both the religions and the philosophies of antiquity contain, amidst their evil and their errors, fragments of truth; often express a want which is deep and real; are cravings after a boon which exists, though they failed to grasp it; contain many precepts which are noble, and some conjectures which are right; yet that these scattered verities were not only often useless because isolated, but would, if collected, have fallen vastly short of the body of truth conveyed in the revelation of Jesus Christ; and finally, were often not merely unserviceable, but positively injurious, because a certain portion or aspect of a truth was so commonly received as though it were the whole.

We are near to waking, says a German poet, when we dream that we dream. The old Greek world dreamed its dream of fable. With philosophy a few began to dream man was dreaming. With Christianity came the full awakening. It does not lessen our belief in the reality of some event at noonday, that one among the thousand phantasies of sleep should have partially

* Min. Felic. *Octavius* (Ed. Gersdorf), p. 23: Audio vulgus, cum ad cœlum manus tendunt nihil aliud quam Deum dicunt et Deus magnus est et Deus verus est et si Deus dederit. Vulgi iste naturalis sermo est, an Christiani confitentis oratio? Et qui Jovem principem volunt, falluntur in nomine sed de una potestate consentiunt. Compare Lactantius, *Inst.* ii. 1.

† *Str.* vi. 14.

‡ Clemens Alex. compares these particles of truth to the scattered limbs of the dismembered Pentheus. *Strom.* i. 13. Lactantius says, Quod si extitisset aliquis qui veritatem sparsam per singulos, per sectasque diffusam, colligeret in unum ac redigeret in corpus; is profecto non dissentiret a nobis. *Inst.* vii. 7.

foreshadowed it. Mr. Mackay judges differently. He thinks that the thick-coming fancies of the poetic Greek and the sober certainty of the Galilean fishermen are alike so much subjectivity, and should be banished together to some translunar realm, some limbo of hallucination. Both should have fled at cock-crowing, when the sun of science arose to run his race. But, strange to say, we do not find less religion as there is more science. Nay, a sort of religiousness fumigates with incense the very lair of infidelity itself. Scepticism sighs, and quotes scripture, and turns up its eyes, and says grace over its frigid fare. Once Infidelity was a virago, loud-voiced, audacious, sarcastic. Our modern spiritualists have tutored her in another part. Now she is agonizingly sensitive, interestingly sentimental. She feels faint, and cries, 'Take away that rude man David, bring me that 'sweet apostle John, my smelling-salts, and a cambric handkerchief.' Christianity seems not to know when it is beaten. A shower of rain, says a fable, was astonished that a tower did not fall prostrate under its attack. Said the tower, 'They have 'brought the ram against me before now, and never stirred a 'stone; and do you think I'm to be tickled to death by you, you 'trumpety squirt of that urchin of a cloud yonder, that has only 'been born ten minutes?' If Mr. Mackay be right, surely some bard of Positivism ought long ere now to have embodied in a poem the superstition of Christianity, and sought, in a theme so fanciful and remote, room for his genius to display itself, even as Southey has resuscitated Arabian fable in *Thalaba*, and as Keats has played with the mythology of Greece in *Endymion*.

The admirer of Galileo need not be anxious to deny that Democritus conjectured the milky way to be an assemblage of stars. It is one thing to guess, and another to discover. Granting that Pythagoras may have dimly surmised a something approaching the doctrine of gravitation, the glory of Newton is not lessened. The guess was fruitless, the discovery was fertile. The guess could no more have accomplished what the discovery did than could all the tea-kettles which sang when Watt was a baby have done the work of a locomotive.

We need not hesitate to admit that there were ethics before the sermon on the mount. The Greek philosophy has recorded many admirable precepts. But they lie far apart, imbedded here and there in a vast mass of matter profitless or false. Men wrote them on the scroll, but not upon the heart. The words were there, but the power was lacking. The Greeks were, many of them, less aware of their value than are we ourselves. We have studied a book abounding in such truth, and in far higher; our eye singles them out at once; we are apt to insert into them a

fuller significance than they actually bore. We forget how much there was besides to obscure, to limit, or even to nullify them. Sometimes they were but the disregarded appendage to some showy fabric of fine-spun speculation, the flourish of the rhetorician, or the decoration of a dialogue. It is with us as with the mariner from Europe, who sees among barbarous islanders the implements or the attire that have floated in from a wreck; they remind him pleasantly of home, while he first instructs the savage in their use. That love of which Plato so beautifully spake was never truly practical, self-denying, comprehensive, before the day of Christ. Of Christians even their opponent was constrained to say—*amant mutuo pæne antequam noverint*. The angel, after the ascension of our Lord, said to the assembled disciples, ‘Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven?’ The ancient sages, rapt in the contemplation of great ideas, stood similarly inactive. They gazed, and still they gazed, little profiting themselves or others. It needed a voice from heaven to give to morality that sanction and that power, that master-motive, in devotion to a personal Redeemer, which should send men out to teach and to toil in the spirit of the apostles.

A single example must suffice. Zeno caught, as in a vision, that idea, so strange to the ancient world—cosmopolitanism. He gives utterance to his aspirations after a time, when the seas, the language, or the state, shall no longer coop up the sections of mankind in distinct or hostile nationalities;—when one law, one citizenship, shall embrace them all. Long after, Plutarch, writing about Alexander, thinks he sees realized in the wide conquest of the hero, the day-dream of the philosopher. The Macedonian empire was the fact which best answered his interpretation of the fancy. Now had this ideal of the sage stood alone, the adversaries of Christianity might have treated that as they have similar coincidences and partial anticipations. Interpreting it in the sense which Christianity has taught them, they would have declared that the kingdom of Christ added nothing really new to the old thoughts of the world. But see how one of the wisest of the heathen interpreted a longing too great for heathendom. He imagined its reality all but attained in a forced unity, prompted by ambition, cemented by blood; in an enterprise which attempted to obliterate diversities which are indestructible; an achievement whose very success was its overthrow. Heathenism was not only unable to *realize* that idea of a universal church such as Christ has founded—it could not even *understand* it.

If the truth which animates the communion of Christians was the mere projection of human ‘subjectivity,’ how was it that in this respect, as in so many others, it offers so complete a contrast

to all former handiwork executed by the same principle? Why had it not its exceptions and its exclusiveness, its initiate and its vulgar? Why did it raise no altar, prescribe no formulary, ordain no ritual, feed no vain curiosity, entangle itself with no immature and transitory system of science? How was it that this faith only, from so unpromising a birth-place, detected at its first step the secret evil which repelled men from each other, and discovered the hidden good needed to unite them? These are questions which, while the world stands, can find but one solution.

If the Bible, and all quotations from it, were destroyed, the readers of Mr. Mackay's book would be left to conclude, that its cosmogony was as absurd and fanciful as anything the Indian or the Greek has fabled concerning the origin of the universe. His plan is this. In several sections concerning Chaos, Water, Darkness, the Dove, &c., he collects all the imaginations and superstitions he can find respecting these objects, and regardless of time and space, mingles them with portions of the Mosaic account, and stirs the whole mixture into a yeasty confusion. The reader is at first at a loss as to his object, so incongruous a farrago has he served him up. It becomes apparent at last that he wishes you to place the record of Genesis on a level with all these myths—i. e., as so much phantasy narrated as history,—so much idealism presented as fact,—Hebrew dreamings as to what might be, recounted as what actually was. Noah's dove (poor bird) is caged with doves from Syria, doves from the Euphrates, doves from Hierapolis, doves from Babylon. Sundry superstitions connected with the dove and the fish being gathered together, he endeavours to give them a physical signification, and then says—

'There can remain little doubt why a dove was chosen to perform the office of directing Noah and Deucalion how to escape the waters of the deluge, or why it guided the Argonauts on their astronomical voyage through the perilous pass of the Symplegades. On the standards of the Assyrian monarchs it became like the Roman eagle, a national system, and Babylon is styled the dove-city, while Nineveh is the abode of its correlative the fish. The symbolical aspect of the fish is twofold; sometimes, as in the Babylonian legend, about the fish-man Oannes, Oe, or Noah, it is the originator of civilization; or speaking physically, the successor of winter, and in this sense the goddess Atergatis is the daughter of the fish and of the waters. In another view the wintry fish, as following the fair season, may be said to swallow up the dove, as in the instance of Jonah—'the dove' who sings psalms from out of the 'belly of hell,' or as when the prolific force of Osiris is devoured by the fishes of the Nile. But the power of light and life descends into the bowels of the monster only to insure

its destruction; and after a contest of three days within the jaws of darkness, the Sun God liberates the patroness of the dove in the persons of Andromeda and Hesione.'—Vol. i. § 9.

Here there is no reasoning, no obvious purpose (unless it be the one we have mentioned), but only an imbecile jumble of remote and really irrelevant facts which conclude nothing. And this is our author's manner throughout his treatment of the mythology. The relation to his purpose of the facts he brings together is so faint and distant that every one must see that they will not hold together to help him. Their imposing multitude is in fact their weakness. They remind us of the chain of interest on which Roderic Random was persuaded by his sanguine friend to rely. 'The beadle of the Admiralty is my 'good friend, and he and one of the under-clerks are sworn 'brothers, and that under-clerk has a good deal to say with one of 'the upper-clerks, who, upon his recommendation, I hope will 'recommend my affair to the first secretary, and he again will 'speak to one of the lords on my behalf, so that you see I do 'not want friends to assist me on occasion.'

From some cause or other, Mr. Mackay is determined to interpret physically almost every myth or legend which he handles. Perhaps he thinks it helps the cause of pantheism. The short passage just cited contains several examples of the kind. He asks whether the seven daughters of Jethro drawing water may not be the Hyades! (vol. i. p. 90). He calls the Trojan war, 'a drama of religious strife, reflecting the supposed operations of nature,' and, without calling any witnesses, goes on to say, in another characteristic passage—

'It was probably connected with that ancient Pelasgian mystery of the elements, in which Poseidon, the ancestral god of the Achæan colonists of Asiatic Æolis, offered violence, under the horse-form, to Demeter, seeking her lost daughter Persephone-Luna, upon which the irritated deity became changed into an Erinnys, as Helena, too, seduced by Hermes-Chthonius as Paris, when the Neptunian horse had been placed upon the Trojan Acropolis, appeared as an avenging fury in Vesta's temple, the 'bane of Europe and of Asia,' yet still capable of assuming the form of the 'alma parens' of Æneas.' p. 169.*

Out of breath with such a sentence, we find, a page or two afterwards, that the *Odyssey* is disposed of in the same manner,

* The citations he adduces touch only one of the two factors; they do not link them by supporting the analogy, and give, therefore, no strength to the 'probably.' Every legend had so many various versions in different parts of Greece, that it is easy to select a number of a certain cast to suit a favourite hypothesis. But to do this, an author must be guilty of anachronisms, confusions of nationality, and violations of the common laws of interpretation, which the scholar will readily detect.

and pronounced 'a picture of the navigation of the sun through 'the under-world, the path afterwards followed by the spirits of 'the suitors.' The murder of Agamemnon in the bath is astronomical, and represents the sunset in the sea at the winter solstice. Strophius, to whose care Orestes was confided, is the solstice personified. The death of Clytemnestra by the hands of her son, is 'day destroying night, or summer winter' (vol. ii. p. 61). Our author can believe, apparently, in the 'solar character' of Joshua (vol. ii. p. 9), and that the cheering lesson of the lunar cycle was the comfort imparted by Io to the suffering Prometheus (vol. ii. p. 90).

Mr. Mackay has failed to keep in view a distinction which lies on the surface of the Greek mythology. There prevailed in Greece an ancient worship of the powers of nature, intimately connected with the revolution of the seasons and the processes of agriculture. Its creations were multiform, colossal, almost oriental, in their character. Many traces of it are to be found in the productions of the grave, practical, farmer-poet Hesiod. The terrible narrative of the treatment of Ouranos by Cronos* is an example. But, by degrees, the gods were imagined less monstrous. They became more and more human, and in the poetry of Homer are removed but a few generations, as it were, from mankind. The sceptre of Agamemnon descends, by successive transmissions, from Zeus to Hermes, from Hermes to Pelops, from Pelops to Atreus, from Atreus to Thyestes, and from Thyestes to the leader of the Greeks (*Il.* ii. 100). The divinities most identified with nature, Demeter and Dionysus, find scarcely mention in the *Iliad*. The gloomy elemental myths draw off to make way for the sunny humanity of a more cheerful time. The monotonous cycle of the cosmical worship, with its alternate life and death, found its perpetuation only behind the veil of the mysteries. Here and there stand passages in Homer which bear the impress of that earlier day. The journey of Zeus and the gods to the blameless Ethiopians, and their return on the twelfth day (*Il.* i. 424); and the golden chain of Zeus (*Il.* viii. 19), may have been suggested by antique astronomical or cosmical symbols, and may be open to a physical interpretation. But such passages lie by themselves, and are incompletely woven into the texture of the narrative. To apply this species of interpretation throughout an epos, and to the whole course of all such stories of human passion and heroic adventure, is altogether unwarrantable. To hunt for such scientific mysteries in mythi manifestly epic in their character, is to be as idly ingenious as the most rationalizing stoic

* *Theog.* v. 173.

or the most allegorical Neoplatonist. It is to mistake altogether the spirit of the time. It is to mistake human nature too, as though men could never imagine and create for fancy's sake, and without thinking of the zodiac or the solstices. The Greeks were not such devotees of prose as Mr. Mackay.

What, then, did these Greeks want? Mr. Mackay says—

‘Even if they could have been aware of the existence of natural law in its true meaning, they knew not how to study or decipher it, so that it was still a mystery, inoperative as a guide to deliberate choice and action. The stoical maxim ‘to live agreeably to nature’ was the nearest approach of antiquity to a perfect moral code; its defect was the impossibility of applying it *when the study of nature was arrested*, and when anticipated notions were assumed as final criteria of truth and right. Visionary theories were thus adopted by rival sects, and while each had its element of truth, the Stoic erred on one side as much as the Epicurean on the other. If nature be a system of regularity and law, we must, in order to live agreeably to it, become acquainted with its laws; in other words, we must gain experience, and that not only in the ordinary sense of practical or worldly wisdom, but *in its methodised form as science*; the intellectual part of religion being only the gaining accurate experience reduced to general principles, so as to be readily available, and accompanied by such a clear view of the resulting obligations as may insure the realization of its lessons.’—Vol. i. p. 33.

According to our author, they wanted a Sir Isaac Newton. We say they wanted a Saviour. A revelation would meet a deeper need than a Novum Organum. After the advent of a Pagan Bacon (to imagine an impossibility) the necessities of man's spiritual nature would still have urged the gravest questions concerning God and duty as fruitlessly as ever. Since the advent of Christ all wise men know how such inquiries have found their answer.

As we study the bewildered speculation of the ancients we are like men in possession of a riddle listening to the attempts of others who try to solve it. Now there comes a guess which is all but right; we expect the answer in a moment; but some misleading association flits before the mind of the seeker, the clue is lost again, and the next conjecture is farther off than ever. Well might Lactantius exclaim, *O quam difficilis est ignorantibus veritas, et quam facilis scientibus!* Often their living truths are miserably linked to dead theories. Their best forces are posted where they are useless. With infinite pains they kindle a light and then demand applause for putting it under a bushel. Take such a book as Cicero's *De Naturâ Deorum*. The absurdities of material pantheism were never more pointedly exposed than by Velleius (i. 10). The objection

of the sceptic that he had never seen a deity, was met then by the same *reductio ad absurdum* which might be employed to-day (i. 31). Then, as now, it was made manifest that the unbeliever was more credulous than the theist (i. 34). The argument from design is admirably put, and its cumulative character insisted on with truest insight (ii. 5, 6). But for what purpose is it pressed? to identify God with the universe and to locate divinity in the stars (ii. 7—9, 11, 23).^{*} At last the mutilated third book unsettles everything. Each conclusion of human reason has been successively laid prostrate. Each athlete is just strong enough to throw his antagonist, only to be overthrown in turn. Each position that is taken is embarrassed and held at bay by a host of objections peculiar to itself. Velleius, Cotta, Balbus, all are refuted one after the other. Every one of them assails with success what he regards as false, none can successfully maintain what he holds as true. The mournful longing of heathendom is breathed in the words of one of these speakers, 'Utinam tam facile vera invenire possem, quam falsa convincere' (i. 32). It was a conflict in which no one remained master of the field. Hence the most impartial religious treatise of antiquity was accounted the most dangerous.[†] It left nothing standing. New solutions only created new difficulties. The result was, as when a man endeavours to shelter himself beneath a covering which is too small. He warms one part of his body only to leave another bare. There was hope but in one way. These litigants could only be satisfied by a Judge who should speak as never man spake.

It is to the praise of Zeno and Epicurus that they attempted to apply philosophy to life. We may observe, in passing, that Mr. Mackay has failed to appreciate either the causes or the consequences of their distinctively practical aim. Their endeavour was a failure, not for lack of science, but for lack of revelation. Neither the compass nor the telescope could have helped them. They wanted, strange as it may seem to Mr. Mackay, not the power of steam, but the power of God. The ideal of either was alike fantastic and impracticable. Any one who has read for himself the respective demands of the masters of these two schools, will know that the quiescent negation of the one was as impossible as the straining ambition of the other.[‡] On either

^{*} Comp. Lactantius, *Div. Inst.* ii. 8.

[†] See Lactantius, *Div. Inst.* i. 17, and *De Ira Dei*, cap. xi. Compare the remarks of Augustine on the conclusions of Cicero respecting prescience. *De Civitate Dei*, v. 9. Arnobius speaks of the abhorrence with which the book was regarded by the zealous adherents of polytheism (*Adv. Nat.* iii. 6, 7), and its mutilation is perhaps attributable to such hands.

[‡] *Diog. Laert.* x. 122; vii. 117—120.

side a suicide of half our nature was required. Men did not find it easy, with high-flown Seneca, to deem themselves the peers of gods, and that pain was evil only because they thought it so.* It was not more satisfactory to confound, with Lucretius, religion and superstition. As regards others, both the systems were hostile to philanthropy. The ἀπάθεια and ἀναλγησία of the Stoic grew into ἀνελεημοσύνη, and sublime indifference called hardheartedness a virtue. The Stoics turned away from the cry of suffering, because it moved their disdain; the Epicureans, because it disturbed their ease. The one was deaf because he was the slave of pride, the other because he was the slave of passion. At last, philosophy became a fashion and a toy. Greek slaves and Greek systems were alike the luxurious necessities of the wealthy Roman. If the search after truth sometimes began in seriousness, it generally degenerated into affectation, and ended in disgust. The affluent prætor would have one little room in his country mansion at Baiæ poor and rude, that he might retire thither to play at the philosopher when dissipation had made the change refreshing. Surrounded with every enjoyment, he could there fancy himself poor, content, and wise. Many went over from the Garden to the Porch, *blasé* with pleasure and wretched with *ennui*, as French gentlemen, tired of gaiety, turned, with their aching remnant of a heart, from Voltaire to St. Francis de Sales.

To an earnest votary of abstractions like Plotinus, philosophy seemed to have desecrated herself by this popularity, leading, as it did, to the profanation of so much pretence. The loftiest principle of speculation had been practically abjured; the triumph was hollow; the success a defeat; scepticism, and scepticism only, gained ground every day. In him, the longing after divine light became more profound than ever. The desire found in ecstasy a fallacious fulfilment. He raised his threefold scale, Opinion, Dialectic, Illumination, by these steps to ascend to God—the ‘lonely man to the lonely Deity.’ He exalted the Reminiscence of Plato into Inspiration.† He fought the last grand battle for Hellenic conservatism. His eclecticism threw its shield over the poetry, the eloquence, and the science, of that beautiful bygone Hellas, whose very memory seemed about to perish. In the midst of his scholars at Rome, he lived in the city and the time of Pericles. Philosophy was ennobled indirectly by the very contest. It was brightened by looking its glorious antagonist in the face. Scattered rays of light, even

* *Cons. ad Marciam*, xix.

† Plotin. *Ennead.* v. lib. 5, p. 519; Conf. Plat. *Meno.* p. 349; Phædrus, p. 47; also, *Ennead.* lib. v. capp. 9, 10.

from the hostile quarter, enabled it to correct some old mistakes and construct its defences better. But the struggle was vain, for the principle of life was wanting. The position was a false one. These men were ardent champions of polytheism, yet believers in the unity of God. The religious eclecticism which embraced all religions could secure reverence for none. Indignant that one religion should declare itself the only true, they ascribed truth to all. This reaction against the magnificent intolerance of Christianity was fatal to them. They laid philosophy open to the attacks of reason, without being able to rescue their religions from the assaults of Christianity. They could make philosophy superstitious; they could not make superstition philosophical.

It may excite marvel how Mr. Mackay, believing as he does, should have written his book at all. According to him, mankind were inevitably visionaries till the arrival of science. Their efforts evinced only their powerlessness. His work records the intellectual history of childhood. Bacon makes his era, and he ought to write B.B. instead of B.C. This history of intellect before induction is, on his principles, like an account of the naval exploits of the Romans before they had a fleet, and when they practised rowing on the land. Yet, having undertaken such a task, from whatever motive, he should have performed it thoroughly. But of this great and final movement of the Greek mind, to which we have alluded, he says scarcely anything. A long, wearisome, and profitless chapter on Philo, and some disordered notices of the Gnostics, occupy the space which should have been given to Plotinus and Porphyry, Iamblichus and Proclus. The great division of the school into what may be called its theosophic and its theurgic branches, though so conspicuous and important, is not pointed out. The instructive differences between Platonism and Neoplatonism are nowhere indicated. The many characteristic personages of the time, who are such remarkable exponents of the wants and the resources of heathenism, are nowhere sketched. The origin and development of the Alexandrian Trinity is uninvestigated. The failure of the Alexandrian mysticism as a moral means of renovation—its extravagance of aspiration, and its enervating relapse—are unnoticed, as well as unexplained. The mere names of some of the men, and the facts referred to, may here and there occur; but there is no history, no philosophical inquiry; the whole subject has been unstudied, its importance unfelt. We had proposed supplying, in the present paper, some brief account of this section in the history of philosophy, so interesting in itself, and so influential on the Christianity of a later age. But of this our space will not admit.

The work is defective, however, in other respects, which, on the author's own principles, are far more important. Physical science is, with him, the great agent of progress. Science is to emancipate mankind from the thralldom of superstition. As they recognise the laws of the universe and multiply the '*commoda vitæ*,' they will set at rest their cares about transgression and forgiveness, and ask no longer for a revelation. In metaphysics and theology they always have described, they always must describe, a circle. The positive sciences alone are essentially progressive. The historian of the development of Greek intellect who starts with these assumptions, should surely have given some account of Greek science. These men laboured in the right direction, and there, within certain limits, they made a real advance. To their toil and their triumphs in this province the greater part of such a book should have been devoted. The account might have been rendered deeply interesting. For a work of this description, even executed by Mr. Mackay, we could well have spared the volumes he has given to the world. But on this large field he has not even entered. He is wanting to his own cause. Believing what he does, he should have tracked the caravan across the desert, depicted the Hellenic colony, followed the first Greek sail that stretched away beyond the Pillars of Hercules. He should have shown how commerce and navigation fostered, cultured, and built up astronomy; and how that science grew which contains the starry alphabet of those universal laws, whose recognition is to be the panacea of the species. Above all, the conquests of Alexander should have made an epoch,—those campaigns, which spread an empire from the Nile to the Jaxartes,—which introduced the astonished Greeks to so many strange races of men, and to a mythology, a philosophy, and a science, of immemorial antiquity,—those military travels, on which the soldier from Macedon hunted new and monstrous animals, and admired the banyan, the banana, and the palm,—that army, whose leader was surrounded by astronomers and botanists, historians and painters, and which sent home to the museum of Aristotle the bones and skins of innumerable birds and beasts. Mr. Mackay should have indicated the large results of an expedition so scientific in its character, associated, as it was, by a happy juxtaposition with the contemporary genius of the Stagyræite. The excited imagination of men was filled with a multitude of new forms and new ideas;—a master-mind was at hand to teach them to examine and to classify, with a caution and an insight before unknown. Observation and experiment began to take the place of vague surmise and arbitrary conjecture. The long-cherished exclusiveness of the Greek seemed about

to melt away. Even ethnology attracted some attention. On this momentous movement Mr. Mackay is silent. Neither has he told us what the mathematicians of Alexandria accomplished, what the Royal Museum did for science, and why it did no more. Eratosthenes and Hipparchus are not mentioned. This adulator of science has neglected Strabo and Pliny, overlooked the voyager Nearchus, and failed to perpetuate on his immortal page the memory of Archimedes and of Euclid.

The progress of scientific discovery has not rescued Mr. Mackay from several of the errors of the ancient heathen. Where they stumbled in the darkness, he falls down in broad noon. The testimonies of the antiquity he records and the Christianity he rejects are alike thrown away upon him. We hear many of the pagans speak as though they were better Christians than their critic. Plutarch is in advance of him, when, by a noble instinct, he scatters the sophistries of scepticism, and declares the thought of an all-watching Providence a safeguard and a joy, and not a craven superstition.* Cicero is before him, when, pleading for Milo, he writes with awe of the 'magna vis conscientiae.' Plato has left him behind, when, catching a glimpse of the true nature of man's sin, he calls it the excess of self-love.† When Plato loses sight of this truth, and speaks of sin as mere want of knowledge, he descends to the position of Mr. Mackay.‡ The old mistake of supposing that the culture of the intellect, the knowledge of natural law, or the contemplation of great abstractions, would renovate man's nature, is inexcusably repeated.

In speaking of sacrifice, he is constrained to admit that the sense of guilt, the idea of substitution, the longing after reconciliation with Heaven—all were there. But through the smoke of the offering he can see nothing real—no actual capacity and want which affords the presumption of a supply. He labours repeatedly to give to the festivals and the sacrifices of Greece a pantheistic significance. In pantheism he seems to find the interpretation of the death of Christ, while he denies its atoning character. In his view, sacrifice is the converse of creation. To the metaphysician, the latter is the self-descent of the universal into the particular; the former, the 'restoration of the particular to the universal' (vol. ii. § 6, and p. 32). Polytheism must grow up, no doubt, into pantheism. It was but natural that philosophy should dissolve the concrete individual divinities into an all-embracing abstraction. But the sense of polytheistic ritual was not, therefore, physical, to the extent Mr. Mackay

* *Non posse suaviter vivi sec. Epic*, cap. xxi.

† *τὴν σφόδρα ἑαυτοῦ φιλίαν*, *De Leg.* v. § 4.

‡ *Timæus*, § 68, p. 129, Bekk.

represents. The popular is the undeveloped in this respect, and we shall inevitably misunderstand the periodical festivities of ancient Greece, if we regard them as designedly replete with pantheistic lessons for the people. In Sweden, in Germany, in England, it was long the custom to hail the in-coming of the spring, and to exult over the banishment of winter, with mimic battles, emblematic masquing, games, and dances, and a forest of green boughs; yet these personifications were anything but pantheistic.

Our author praises the mysteries, because they taught the initiated by symbol, and not didactically (vol. ii. p. 116). The former method is, in his view, far superior to direct instruction. Then let us cancel the Bible, and restore from monkish legend the miracle-plays of the middle age; let us have the drama instead of the sermon—the masquerade in place of the book. We say nothing of the exclusive principle of the mysteries—that spirit of pride, so fatal to progress, which the Gospel came to destroy when Paul announced an ‘open mystery’ to which all men were invited. We think that the natural desire after more didactic teaching led many a thoughtful mind to Eleusis, there to be initiated in the famous secrets so disappointing after all. If the symbol had satisfied men, it would never, in the first instance, have been developed into the myth—the chrysalis, as Creuzer happily phrases it, into the butterfly. Mere hints, insignia, and allegories, would always be interpreted by the few minds prepared for such effort according to arbitrary preconceptions: they would be Whittington’s bells, giving counsel only to the solitary fancy; they would be the courtier’s cloud of Polonius—now a camel, now a weasel, now a whale. Oftentimes, the profound significance attributed to random and capricious invention are as though one should imagine he descried telegraphic signals in the man of lath who waves his arms on the farmhouse top, or in the fluttering gesticulations of the scarecrow in the field.

Mr. Mackay’s principle would leave his favoured few with notions concerning man’s need more defective, in many respects, than those of antiquity; it would leave the mass without any religion whatsoever. To the many, if religion comes not with authority, it can never come at all. The ocean and the stars, the sunshine and the corn, are glorious symbols. The Greek could decipher but here and there a word of their majestic language. The experiment has been tried. Mankind must have a divine, ‘didactic’ interpretation, or they will read for ever in vain. But we know not what advice Mr. Mackay can give to the multitude other than this: ‘Look to your sewers, avoid the tavern, and pick up what scraps you can from the table of science.’ An aristocracy of scientific intellectualism is

to shepherd the herd of men. It is but a truism to say that the popular religion of the Greeks, with all its beauty, was fatally defective; yet this defect, on the theory of Mr. Mackay, could never be removed till our tinkers and tailors became Faradays and Herschels. Perhaps he looks forward to a time when the schoolmaster of some remote Irish hamlet shall suffer punishment because a boy beneath his care was found ignorant of some parts of the differential and integral calculus. We should not, indeed, witness, under his *régime*, a repetition of the grosser evils of polytheism; but for the graceful creations of the Greek he would substitute a frigid negation. Even for his better views concerning morals, he is indebted to a despised scriptural Christianity. How the multitude are to be lifted up and stirred to nobleness, under the wintry rule of natural law, he has not explained. The world has yet to witness a single example of such success.

The religion of the Greek was associated with the state, the army, and that public property, the drama—now stately with the echoing recitative of the tragedy; now grotesque under the comic muse, with its fantastic figures and licentious gibes. The year led on a chain of festivals—the Panathenæa, the Thesmophoria, the town and country Dionysia. On one holiday, a grave procession of cars carrying statues of the gods, of youths on horseback, maids and matrons, Ephebi and Gymnasiarchs, conducted the holy peplus from Ceramicus up to the temple of the heavenly queen of the Acropolis. On another, a rout of revellers filled the air with shouts and laughter; all was tipsy mirth and jollity, and the most foul-mouthed jester at the bridge of the Cephissus won the fillet of the day. The Greek was present, in the morning at a solemn expiation; in the evening he was leaping on the wine-skin, and carried drunk to bed. His poetic faith filled the air with powers in whose nature there was everything to charm the fancy—little to alarm the conscience. He played at quoits, and thought of the fate of Hyacinth and the jealousy of Zephyrus. He lay on the sunny river's bank, and the whispering reeds told him of Syrix and the amorous Pan. He looked out upon the sea, and saw in it the emerald zenith—the watery sky, which overhung the pearly palaces of Poseidon. He watched the lines of ruddy cloud in the evening west, and they seemed the roses strewn by the hands of the Hours under the chariot-wheels of the descending sun-god. He gazed at the moonlight sleeping on the hill, and thought of the Latmian mount, and the love of Diana for Endymion. In that mossy rock-cleft, kept ever glistening by the silver over-running of a spring, a nymph may hide her urn. That rustling in yon under-wood—it may have been a satyr. The eyes of a Dryad may have glanced through that sparkling network of green leaves. Those shells upon the sand may have been tossed there by a Triton.

Visions such as these did not probe the hurt of man's heart, and could not heal it. The Greeks felt the need of a divinity that should possess human sympathies. But to satisfy this want they lowered deity without elevating man. Gods became human, but man did not become divine. The infection of mortal vice entered the Olympian houses. They attributed to the powers they fashioned, not so much sympathy with suffering, as fellowship in crime. Life is too serious for a holiday religion. The depth of man's necessity cannot be filled with flowers. This profound longing of the human heart after a word from heaven,—this insatiable aspiration, which, in the absence of the truth, has hearkened to the thunder as the voice of God, spelt itself out a fruitless and painful revelation in meteors and in stars, which has given to priestcraft the glory of miracle, and to frenzy the honours of inspiration,—how does Mr. Mackay propose to satisfy it? By giving man, not the reality instead of the pretence, but by an absolute denial. By telling the patient he is not ill, and that his pain is a chimera. By removing prayer and providence, miracle and revelation, with the breath of his mouth, and bidding all these amazed and disappointed expectants rejoice and be exceeding glad. By pointing, not to the Bible, but to the Principia; to the universal Order, instead of a personal God. A Pinnock's catechism in Greek should have cured the Athenians of their religious sickness. Let Science now unveil her glory and the plague of piety will be stayed. Verily the mid-summer night's dream of Ancient Greece is better than this boundless November cloud of negation, this pantheistic law, this vortex of necessitarian naturalism, this utilitarian absolute Something, this god and no-god, who is measured by the quadrant, examined by the microscope, and revealed by logarithms. We are ready to say, with Wordsworth,—

‘——I'd rather be

A pagan, suckled in a creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn—
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea,
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.’

Andersen tells us, in his *Fairy Tales*, of a certain mirror, the work of diabolic art, which distorted every object reflected on its surface. Everything fair assumed a mean or hideous aspect. A beautiful landscape appeared but so much boiled spinach, and if a man had a freckle, it was made to cover half his face. The wicked looking-glass was broken, but of the fragments some men made themselves spectacles through which they look to this day. With a pair of such glasses bestriding his nose, Mr. Mackay has pored over the narrative and the theology of the Old Testament. Thus provided, he can see, as he wishes to see, the exception as

the rule, the abuse as the use, the practice forbidden as the practice sanctioned. The old objections of infidelity are liberally employed by him, heedless of their reiterated refutation. Sceptical writers resemble, in this respect, that little creature (the Nais) which is said to propagate by multiplying the segments of its body in such a way that the identical joint which is the tail of the first, becomes in succession the tail of individual after individual, through numerous generations of the species. Mr. Mackay holds an inheritance similarly *entailed*, and succeeds in his book to the transmitted stock-prejudices which once were living members in the body corporate of our old English deists. The New Testament does not in reality fare better at his hands. In the eyes of his anti-scriptural Christianity the Christianity of Christ is too like Judaism. Christ, he says, 'had no idea any 'more than his disciples, of the possibility of becoming a 'Christian without first being a Jew' (vol. ii. p. 382). The Christians afterwards, however, thought it 'creditable and even necessary' to attribute to their founder the prediction of a Gentile conversion, concurrent with Jewish exclusion, suitable to the comprehensiveness of the Christian plan. According to our author, it appears that Christ, 'conscious of that spiritual 'superiority anticipated for the Saviour,' resolved, in perfect good faith, to adopt the most politic measures for the successful assumption of the Messianic character. 'He disposed of inapplicable 'Messianic imagery partly by figurative construction, partly by 'referring it to the mysterious feature' (pp. 341—343). But in the issue he was called to experience 'the bitter disappointment of an enthusiastic philanthropist.' This was his agony. When he found that his plan 'had failed for the present, both temporally and spiritually,' nothing was left him but to die, as many a martyr-prophet had done before him. Then, 'remorse,' might 'as it were ransom sin, by eradicating sinfulness from the heart' (pp. 462, 463). The allusions he is represented as making to his approaching sufferings, his prophecy of his own death as a ransom, are to be understood figuratively, or as instances of prolepsis,—that is, anticipation, the disciples afterwards attributing to him what they thought he *must* or *would* have said, and putting doctrines into his mouth which were never dreamed of till he had been laid in the grave (p. 396). In a little time every incident of his life received at their hands, 'if possible a super-'natural colouring, the amplitude of his mental endowment 'became a miraculous parentage,' &c., &c. (p. 344). In short, Mr. Mackay is concerned to do away, if possible, with all that is truly distinctive in Christianity. Those truths which have brought to so many great and good minds 'airs from heaven,' savour in his nostrils only of the rankest superstition. Scrip-

tural religion is as intolerable to him as the heavenly fragrance of the Peris to the malignant Deevs of Persian fable.

We may take the remarks of Mr. Mackay on the miraculous conception of our Lord as a specimen of his treatment of the gospels. He travels to the east, and fetches thence the account of the miraculous birth of Roostem, and of Bud-dah, the offspring of a virgin. He adduces the allusion of Jerome to the similar legend of Mars and Ilia. He makes his way among the horses of the Mantchoo Tartars, and hears their story of a progenitor, sprung from a virgin. He brings over from China the miraculous communication made to the mother of Confucius, announcing the supernatural birth of her royal son. He finds the Chinese annals full of accounts of wonderful saints born by miracle. He summons Zoroaster, and by his side Simon Magus and Zenghis Khan, all for the same purpose. He repeats the promise of Tiresias to the mother of Hercules. Having filled his museum with such curiosities from all parts of the world, he goes on to say, 'From the sphere of thought exemplified in these extracts, the minds of Jewish writers were not qualified to escape; and when the idea of a supernatural character and divine affiliation had been suggested, they, as usual, discovered traditions of the fact, accompanied by confirmations of it in ancient prophecy' (vol. ii. p. 351). Accordingly they made 'a seeming and fallacious coincidence take the form of a premeditated providential design;' thus effecting a 'travesty,' as he calls it, 'of a really sublime idea by attempting to explain it physically.' Now it appears to us that the 'seeming and fallacious coincidence' lies with such examples as he has collected. What does he mean by 'the sphere of thought exemplified by such extracts'? He would not surely say that Simon and Andrew, while washing their nets, thought of Mantchoo Tartars, Zoroaster, and Confucius. He must mean that they were just such credulous, myth-making persons as the Scythians and Chinese. If so, their story would display characteristics resembling those barbarous legends. For, of course, if the parallel holds in the one respect it must hold in the other. Their account of the event would be poetical, extravagant, monstrous. They would not have known, any more than other half-educated fanciful inventors, when to stop. We should have had, as in the case of the others, the very cradle of him they delighted to honour, filled with childish wonders. They would have devised such miracles as those related in the apocryphal gospel of the infancy—miracles really analogous to the fantastic creations of heathen mythology. But there is no such exaggeration, no such puerile straining after effect. The narrative of Matthew is homely and prosaic. There is nothing about sparrows released from birdlime

on the Sabbath by the Divine Infant. No such tale as that of the man transformed by witchcraft into a mule, and recovering his former shape when the child Jesus was set upon his back. Nothing like the story of the boy who ran against the Saviour when he was five years old, and was struck dead for the offence. Such absurdities as these abound in those spurious biographies, which would seem to have been preserved on purpose to refute by their contrast hypotheses like this of our author. For precisely so would the disciples have executed their work of invention had they been the kind of persons he supposes.

Again, on Mr. Mackay's own theory, a myth must be elaborated from some previously existing notion or tendency. The disposition to devise the fiction of the miraculous conception must have been implanted in their minds from either a Jewish or a Pagan source. It could not have originated in the latter. Matthew was a Christian altogether of the Jewish stamp,—at the farthest imaginable remove from any inclination to borrow from an abhorred idolatry, materials wherewith to embellish his narration. His Christianity could not have lessened his antipathy to the false gods of the heathen. He was not, like Paul, acquainted with Greek literature. He writes manifestly without any view of adapting himself to Greek ideas. His mind was, it is to be feared, far less liberal than that of Mr. Mackay. He saw no recondite pantheism, no etherial nature-worship, in such fragmentary accounts as may have reached his ears, of the idol vanities in the great Gentile world. He would look on them with the feelings of a Jew, and turn away as from the accursed thing.

Neither would Matthew have been inclined, as Mr. Mackay seems to suppose, to persist in regarding Jesus as divine, to misunderstand (as we are told by the author he did) the Saviour's own statements concerning the simply spiritual nature of his Sonship, and on this ground to seek to exalt him by fabricating a supernatural conception. The Jews, with scarcely an exception, were of opinion that the Messiah would be a mere man, born in the ordinary course, and endowed with his extraordinary powers only on his consecration,—his anointing, in fact, to the Messianic office. In this respect, again, motive was wanting to the production of such a myth. The instances of remarkable birth with which the Jew was familiar, were not at all analogous to the case in question. Samuel and Samson were examples of the birth of children associated with divine intimation, long after the parents had ceased to hope for issue. Mr. Mackay forgets, too, the immeasurable distance placed between Jehovah and mortal men in the mind of the Jew. The gods of the Greek were far less widely separated from mankind. To a Greek, the idea of a demi-god, divine and human in his parentage, was familiar. To

the Jew, the announcement that Christ was, in the highest sense, the Son of God as well as the Son of man, was long a hard saying. Down to a comparatively late period, we see the Jewish Christians repeatedly exhibiting the tendency to sink into Ebionitism, and to regard Christ as a mere man. The Gentile Christians manifest no such disposition. The danger with many of them lay rather in the opposite direction. Thus Palestine would have been the last place in which such a notion would have suggested itself.

Mr. Mackay says, that when the idea of divine affiliation 'had been once suggested,' the evangelist would endeavour to find confirmation of it in ancient prophecy. Now this suggestion is the very thing which was wanting. Granting that the sacred writers were so unscrupulous as Mr. Mackay supposes, they might, with some strong predisposition to believe in a supernatural conception, have endeavoured to interpret the prophecy in Isaiah (vii. 8, 9) so as to countenance their views. But that single passage, in itself so obscure, could never have originated such a myth in the first instance. The ideas which assume a mythical embodiment are always deeply-rooted, popular, and indicative of peculiar national tendency. In the present instance, this essential condition is wholly wanting, and judging *à priori*, such a myth is just what a Jewish mind would *not* have elaborated.

We have argued so far on Mr. Mackay's own ground. When the arguments against the mythical theory altogether are considered, his case is hopeless. That such pious frauds should co-exist with such wisdom, should have accomplished so great a work, achieving by a lie what truth in vain attempted—this is incredible if you will, and here our scepticism is immovable. The time was not mythical, nor was there time for myths. So large a fabulous deposit required a lapse of years, which chronology cannot be bribed to cede. Hippolytus has just emerged from Mount Athos, to complete the ruin of the tottering theory of Strauss.

Mr. Mackay cites the allusion of Jerome to the classic legend concerning the divine birth of Romulus.* That such a story, and the reference to it, should be enumerated among the examples adduced to account for the notion of a supernatural conception, is amusing enough. It is simply putting the cart before the horse; mistaking cause for effect; that is all. Such comparisons would never have been drawn, had not the fact of Christ's miraculous origin become already an established article of faith. They are the consequence, not the source, of the doctrine. Suppose an English settler desired to introduce among

* Justin Martyr has a catalogue of such analogies (*Apol.* ii. p. 66, D). Mr. Mackay is welcome to the reference for his next edition, if he will be fair enough to give the points of *contrast* also indicated by the father a little further on.

some half-barbarous aborigines a mechanical contrivance familiar to the European. He might show them that they and their fathers before them had been all along endeavouring clumsily to attain that very result which his appliance accomplished speedily and well. No man in his senses would say, 'It is evident that the colonist was indebted to the natives for the idea of his machine.' Yet such, if there be any meaning in it at all, is the reasoning of Mr. Mackay.

In the same connexion occurs an instance of that cool assumption in which he is so prone to indulge. He says, 'the word *Almah* does not mean virgin.' The LXX, he tells you, were wrong in translating it *παρθενος*. Now it so happens, that in the six places in which this word occurs elsewhere it is twice applied to young unmarried females certainly (Genesis, xxiv. 43, to Rebekah; Exod. ii. 8, to the maid attendant on Pharoah's daughter), and twice most probably (Psalm lxviii. 25, 'the damsels playing with timbrels'; Solomon's Song, i. 3, 'therefore do the virgins love thee'), and in the two remaining cases (Sol. Song, i. 8; Prov. xxx. 19) this application is, to say the least, as probable as any other. (See Alexander on Isaiah, *in loc.*) Yet this assertion is boldly uttered, without qualification, without research, without attempt at proof. The prophetic language is unmeaning on Mr. Mackay's supposition, that the prediction refers only to an ordinary birth. The passage he cites from Justin Martyr helps him not a whit. The testimony of that father simply goes to show that certain teachers, disliking, as Mr. Mackay does, the doctrine in question, could bethink themselves of no better resource than the substitution of *νεᾶνις* for *παρθενος*, because the long-received and correct translation was hostile to their own theological notions. The translators of the LXX could have been under no inducement to adapt their version to views of which they knew nothing.

Such is the dogmatism greedily swallowed by many so-called lovers of free inquiry. It will be acceptable to those who desire to be confirmed in their irreligion, without the trouble of working out for themselves even an independent unbelief. The show of erudition which parades the pages of Mr. Mackay, will be to them what the vestments of the priest are to another class. The extremes meet in a common credulity. The irrelevant quotations of one man, and the empty gesticulations of another, are alike the medium of a second-hand religion. In either case, faith is placed, not in God, but in man. To write in such fashion is not difficult. To do so, you must despatch some objections by a sweeping assertion. That will go a great way. Feeble-minded readers will not venture to doubt a statement, the contrary of which is so contemptuously represented as totally out of the

question. Other difficulties you must quietly pass by. Readers who are in a hurry—readers who have but scanty leisure, little learning, and less inclination to examine for themselves—(and how large a proportion do they make!)—readers who are impressed by your learned aspect, awed by your oracular tone, or predisposed to admire your scepticism, will never think of them. You must adopt, in fact, the device of the Irish driver, who made a practice of getting down from time to time and slamming the door of his vehicle, to make his horses think that some passenger had got out, and that their load was less. Whether the success of the trick with the horses was imaginary or real, we do not undertake to say. A similar expedient, however, will undoubtedly answer with minds that resemble an animal less noble. Loudly declare that you have got rid of an argument, and seem as though you had left it far behind, and there are those who will believe that it is disposed of, though a ponderous burden of most stout and weighty objections may encumber you to the very journey's end. Such are some of the directions which must be borne in mind by any aspirant who desires to follow in the steps of Mr. Mackay.

Travellers tell us that in the middle of the lake Alakoul, in Central Asia, is a high mountain, which once vomited fire, and even now occasions violent storms, the terror of the caravan. For this cause some sheep are still sacrificed to the extinct volcano by those who pass it. Christianity, with Mr. Mackay, is like that hill of superstition. Long ago it unquestionably convulsed the earth, and shot up transitory glories, the rivals of the stars. It has grown old and dim with years. Science can explore, unharmed, the cold and quiet crater. But a perverse religious sentiment persists in offering the token of its homage. There are yet men credulous enough to attribute to natural phenomena a supernatural origin. To extinguish that flame of sacrifice, to expose this hereditary folly of the race, Mr. Mackay has given to the world his book. With what success, our readers will judge for themselves. The work is not likely to be a dangerous one. It is too dry, too dull. We never encountered such heavy reading on so promising a subject. Nothing but a strong sense of duty could have kept us awake, or carried us safely through to that longed-for Island of the Blest—the Finis. To read it again would be indeed *infandum renovare dolorem*. The volumes have not the clear-headedness, to say nothing of the interest, requisite to produce effect. Amid the mass of heterogeneous facts adduced, we have been frequently at a loss to understand with what view they have been collected. In heaps on heaps they hide, again and again, the last vestige of their compiler's drift. A swarm of witnesses are driven pell-mell into court; all speak at once; a multitude of testimonies are rendered,

in a multitude of tongues: but nothing is heard distinctly; they agree in no story, either for or against their summoner; they are utterly indifferent to him; it is a Babel, not a tribunal. Often have we had painfully to excavate, from under mountains of nondescript material, a crushed and shapeless something, which we suppose was once the author's meaning. If a writer does not plainly show throughout his production what he would be at, few will be at the trouble to discover it for him. Such books never have made much impression, and never can. But though comparatively few may be expected to possess the desperate perseverance necessary for reading through these volumes, a considerable number may hear of them. An impression may be fostered, that a formidable work has been produced on the anti-supernaturalist side. We have seen high praise bestowed on this work by some portions of our press. It is not for us to determine whether such encomiums are to be traced to haste or incompetency, or to both. But we deem it due to our readers to assure them, that nothing can be less trustworthy than the favourable judgments often pronounced upon books of this description in some quarters. These octavos appear armed to the teeth with erudition. Row after row of citations, like tiers of heavy guns, announce nothing less than a first-rate ship of the line. But a near approach betrays the painted port-holes. The author is deeply indebted throughout to German research; especially, in that portion of his task which has fallen under our notice, to the great work of Creuzer. He refers to him, as he is bound to do, very frequently. In more than one page, however, we have discovered, on turning to Creuzer's book, that a large proportion of Mr. Mackay's citations were precisely those adduced by the German when treating of the same subject. Now, if Mr. Mackay has seen, with his own eyes, all the passages to which he thus makes reference, we have no fault to find. But his wholesale style of quotation, as we have before remarked, renders such accuracy in the highest degree improbable. The book might have been a careful, though not a clever one. Though awkward, it might have been original. Though not eloquent, it might have been thoughtful and suggestive; and without independent research, might have presented with judgment the results of former investigation. But it is not clever, not original, not eloquent; while, at the same time, it cannot claim even the humbler praise of careful inquiry, well-arranged material, and well-judged employment of the wealth of other minds. The author oppresses us with learning, without being able to persuade us that he is erudite; and wearies us by obscurity, without convincing us that he is profound.



- ART. VI. (1.) *Second Report of the Commissioners for the Exhibition of 1851, to the Right Hon. Spencer Horatio Walpole, &c. &c., one of her Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State.*
- (2.) *Industrial Instruction on the Continent: being the Introductory Lecture of the Session 1852-53, at the Government School of Mines.* By LYON PLAYFAIR, C.B., F.R.S.
- (3.) *Exhibition of the Works of Industry of all Nations, 1851. Reports of the Juries on the Subjects in the Thirty Classes into which the Exhibition was divided.*
- (4.) *Report on Foreign Schools of Design.* By Mr. DYCE.
- (5.) *Hints on an Improved and Self-Paying System of National Education.* By the Reverend RICHARD DAWES, A.M., Dean of Hereford.
- (6.) *Estimates, &c., Civil Services for the year ending 31st March, 1853. Education, Science, and Art.*

AT the opening of the new Parliament on November 11th, 1852, a pressing necessity is enforced upon the Legislature, in her Majesty's speech, in the following words:—‘*The advancement of the fine arts and of practical science will be readily recognised by you as worthy of the attention of a great and enlightened nation. I have directed that a comprehensive scheme shall be laid before you, having in view the promotion of these objects, towards which I invite your aid and co-operation.*’ This indicates a movement new to this country, and claims our closest attention. The word SCIENCE appears for the first time in our history in a speech from the throne.

There exists a law of human progress, although that law is beyond the reach of human intellect. There are several distinguishing differences between the conditions of the ancient monarchies, the old republics, and those of the present age; yet dare we hope that the law of mutability is suspended in their favour? We think not. It would, however, appear that to man is entrusted a certain amount of independent power, by cultivating which he may advance himself with more celerity, or, to a higher point, and maintain his position for a longer period—by neglecting which he accelerates his fall, or precipitates himself to a yet lower point of degradation.

But it would also appear, that there is naturally a disposition in man to yield to the seductions of luxurious idleness—that a constant effort is necessary to keep even nations moving. It not unfrequently happens that some external source of excitation

acts like a spur, and their movement is quickened. Accelerations of this character are to be regarded as interferences of Providence in favour of a particular race, to urge them through difficulties which they would not otherwise overcome.

Precisely of this kind was the great Industrial Exhibition of 1851. The people of England were then taught a lesson which they will not soon forget; and if they profit by it, they will still maintain their vantage ground in that healthful struggle of industry which is now rife in the old and the new world.

As a people we were far too proud of our manufacturing powers, and since by our commercial enterprise we had opened markets for our productions in all parts of the habitable globe, we imagined ourselves, in nearly all the economic arts, far superior to any other race, amongst the most civilized of our friendly rivals, who accepted our challenge, and brought to our shores the works in which they each thought they particularly excelled.

It is thus the conviction has been forced upon us, that other nations are our superiors in special branches of manufacture, and that they are advancing by rapid strides to equal excellence in others in which we believed ourselves to stand unrivalled.

The jurors' reports of the great Exhibition, unequal as they are, many of them being most unsatisfactory, form a valuable volume. Everywhere it is suggestive. By careful examination of its pages, recording in detail the multitudinous productions of human labour, we discover the points of our own weakness, and learn the direction in which we should move to secure our position as manufacturers. We need not, on the present occasion, examine this point with any degree of minuteness, it is sufficient for our purpose to state as a generally admitted fact, that in art-manufacture we are considerably in the rear of several continental kingdoms, and that, for the applications of science to purposes of usefulness, we are certainly not in advance of them. Examination of the relative conditions of manufacturing industry will prove this. If we take the examples of our dyes—of the purification of oils—of the manufacture of candles—and the fabrication of lamps, to select two or three examples of the most every-day character, it will be found that they have originated on the Continent, though the processes or manufacture may have been subsequently improved by us. Now, each of these are examples directly of the application of science to industrial uses. These might be multiplied largely, and a careful study of the history of scientific applications would prove that, by separating science from practice, we have allowed ourselves to be anticipated in

nearly all the industries to which the attention of our productive classes has been applied.

Dr. Lyon Playfair, in his introductory lecture, well says,—

‘In fact, this is the great question at issue between England and foreign States. With us there is a wide-spread jealousy of science, and a supposed antagonism between it and practice. Mere empirical experience is of slow growth, and, after all, is only adapted for the particular conditions in which it was attained: it is a crutch which will support a lame man, but will not suffice to enable him to run a race; it resembles in its growth the slow propagation of an unaided flora throughout a land, which might be quickly disseminated, if science were allowed to gather its seeds and throw them broadcast over the country. It is only experience, aided by science, that is rapid in development and certain in action. In this country we have eminent ‘practical’ men and eminent ‘scientific’ men; but they are not united, and generally walk in paths wholly distinct. From this absence of connexion there is often a want of mutual esteem, and a misapprehension of their relative importance to each other. The philosopher is apt to undervalue the dignity of productive industry, while the practical man sees, in the absence of utilities, only the visionary speculator. Hence the former too often stands apart in self-reliance on his usefulness to the world, and like Themistocles, when asked to play, is inclined to reply, ‘Though I cannot fiddle, I can make a little village a great city.’ Abroad, the scientific element of production is carefully nurtured, because the truth is there fully recognised, that nothing is so fertile in utilities as absolute abstractions; but it is known also to be essential to industry, that there should be a race of men to translate these abstractions into worldly utilities, and who can solicit nature, in language understood by her, to lend her powers for the fulfilment of practical ends. The creation of this class of men was, as has been shown, a necessity of foreign competition; for, without this superiority in the intellect-element of labour, it was impossible to overcome our advantages in the cheapness of material and in the abundance of capital.

‘But this forced perception of the necessity for industrial instruction has enabled the continent to seize the *growing* element of production, while we are left in possession of the *decreasing* one; and while we continue to rely upon local advantages and acquired experience, we allow a vast power to arise abroad which is already telling against us with wonderful effect. It is most essential that we should furnish this element of strength to our producers.’

Such may be regarded to be the feeling in the Royal Commission, and we find, that, having applied to all the great industrial centres for information, they arrive at the following conclusions, which we quote from the Second Report; the commission having been, by a supplemental charter, empowered to dispose of the surplus funds remaining in their hands.

‘ These applications and the general tone of public feeling have confirmed the views of the Commissioners, as before expressed to her Majesty, that the requirement most felt by the country is an institution which, in the words already employed by them, should ‘serve to increase the means of industrial education, and extend the influence of science and art upon productive industry.’

‘ We are of opinion that if the surplus were applied in furtherance of one large institution devoted to the purposes of instruction, adequate for the extended ranks of industry, and in connexion with similar institutions in the provinces, it would be productive of important results ; whilst, if subdivided amongst many local institutions, as suggested by some of the memorials to which reference has been made (such as those from Warrington, Blackburn, &c.), the effects produced would be comparatively insignificant.

‘ It is further our opinion, that the greatest amount of benefit would be conferred on the community, if such an institution as that indicated by us were established in the metropolis, and rendered capable, by scholarships and by other means, of affiliating local establishments, over this country, in India, and her Majesty’s colonial possessions, whereby the results of its labours might be disseminated as widely as possible, and great advantage derived from a constant interchange of information between the parent institution and the bodies associated with it.

‘ It also appears to us desirable that the proposed institution should act in concert with foreign institutions of a similar character ; and we also consider that every advantage which the new institution might offer should be shared equally by the citizens of all countries, and that, by giving facilities to those who might desire to visit this country with a view to inform themselves on subjects relating to science, arts, manufactures, and commerce, some return might be made for the generous co-operation of all nations in the Exhibition of last year ; a continuance of the friendly relations which we trust that Exhibition has inaugurated might be insured ; and this nation might continue to benefit by an interchange of knowledge with them.

‘ The basis for the formation of the desired local connexion at home would appear already to exist in the Provincial Schools of Design, of which more than twenty are at present established in this country, in various industrial institutions,—such as the School of Arts in Edinburgh, the School of Mines in Newcastle, &c., and in the several Mechanics’ Institutes belonging to different towns.

‘ The Schools of Design are supported, at present, partly by parliamentary grants, and partly by local subscriptions, and the fees received from students ; while the Mechanics’ Institutes referred to have not only endeavoured, of late years, to extend their importance as institutions for systematic instruction, but have manifested a strong desire to enter into connexion with a central institution in London, as evinced at an important and influential meeting held at the Society of Arts on the 18th of May last, which has resulted in the

union of more than 220 institutions, numbering upwards of 90,000 members, all in correspondence with that Society.

‘The Royal Dublin Society, which receives an annual parliamentary grant of more than 6000*l.* for the payment of its professors, and for the other purposes of the Society, and which is in the habit of sending lecturers to the provincial towns, on their application, may also be instanced.

‘Institutions for industrial instruction exist in most of the Continental States, and have been growing into increased development during the last fifteen years. The marked increase in Continental production has been partly ascribed to the knowledge of natural forces, communicated to those engaged in industry by these institutions.

‘In countries in which fuel and the materials of machinery either did not exist, or were not abundant, it was natural to depend more upon the intellectual element of production than in this country, where their abundance gave an impulse to labour, and created much practical experience. It has long been a principle of Foreign States, that the application of science and art to production would more than balance a greater cheapness in raw material; and that the increased facilities of locomotion rendered the latter of less value as an element of manufacture, while it enabled the experience of other nations to be more readily acquired, and consequently would, in process of time, convert industrial competition into one involving the most economical application of natural forces.’

* * * * *

The Industrial Schools on the Continent are referred to as illustrations of the value of the kind of education advocated. We are assured that there is a constantly increasing demand by those engaged in industry, for the pupils reared at the Industrial Schools; and as a consequence of this, it is found that the number of pupils is everywhere augmenting. The reporter in continuation informs us,—

‘It is calculated that in Germany alone 13,000 men annually receive the high technical and scientific training of the Trade schools and Polytechnic institutions; while more than 30,000 workmen are being systematically taught the elements of science and of art, in schools which communicate instruction to them in their leisure hours.

‘Besides the Trade schools which are now scattered throughout Germany, there are important institutions, equivalent to Industrial universities, in the capitals of nearly all the German States. Their systems of instruction have certain variations, but they are all agreed upon the general principle, that their object is to teach the principles of science and art upon which production depends, explaining fully the variations and nature of technical processes, but leaving them afterwards to be practically learned in the workshop or the factory. They rather teach a pupil how to be an intelligent manufacturer, than profess to make him one at the Institution.

‘Elementary knowledge in science is rarely given at these higher schools, as the pupil who enters them must previously possess it, the courses of instruction there being devoted to the application of that knowledge. So essential to the progress of industry are these Technical Colleges considered, that even small States, such as the Grand Duchy of Baden, support them at great expense. Thus the Institution at Carlsruhe, situated in a large and commodious building, with every appliance of museums, laboratories, and workshops, teaches 330 pupils, with the aid of no less than forty-one professors and teachers. In France, the *Ecole Centrale des Arts et Manufactures*, a private institution raised by private capital, which has found and continues to receive, the most ample remuneration in its success, annually educates 300 pupils in the highest branches of applied science and art; while its influence on industry has been found so important, that the Government and the Councils-General of twenty-nine departments of France have established exhibitions in connexion with it, in order to educate poor persons of extraordinary talent. The pupils of this establishment find immediate employment on leaving the school; and already above 500 of them are known to be holding stations of much importance in almost all parts of the world. The school is now found to be too small for the demands of French industry, and its enlargement is under contemplation. We must, however, simply refer to the extracts from Dr. Playfair’s lecture, for further information on the industrial institutions of other countries, both as regards the instruction of the middle classes and of artisans, remarking that the evidences of the increase in the number of the pupils, as well as the readiness with which they obtain employment, would afford sufficient proof of their influence upon industry, were there no other direct testimony to the important influence which they are exercising on the rapid development of production in foreign States.’

From these quotations our readers may gather some general notion of the objects which the Royal Commissioners think desirable to carry out in this country. That they are earnest in their desires to effect an intimate union between science, art, and manufacture, is proved by their having purchased a large quantity of land, upon which they hope eventually to rear a university of science, art, and industry.

The ‘Gore-House Estate,’ which is very nearly opposite the site of the Exhibition Building, has been purchased. This property contains twenty-one and a half acres, possessing a frontage of between 500 and 600 feet in the Kensington Road. The cost of the estate has been 60,000*l.* The trustees of the Baron de Villars have also disposed of this estate to the Royal Commissioners for the sum of 153,500*l.*; this being forty-eight acres in extent, and immediately adjoining the Gore-House estate.

The surplus remaining in the hands of the commissioners from

the 'shillings of the million' will be nearly 170,000*l.* The property purchased already, has cost 213,500*l.*; and it is deemed desirable to secure some additional pieces of ground connected with those estates already named. The House of Commons, on the recommendation of Mr. D'Israeli, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, voted 150,000*l.* more towards effecting this object. 300,000*l.* will, therefore, be invested in land, of which the public are invited to avail themselves.

'The question of the apportionment of the ground among the different institutions to be erected upon it, or of its division between the Government and the Royal Commission, as already spoken of, must obviously be left for future consideration and arrangement. It appears to us, however, that it would be desirable that the new National Gallery, if placed in this locality, should occupy the advantageous and more elevated site fronting Hyde Park, on the Gore-House estate; while an institution like the Commercial Museum or Museum of Manufactures, already suggested by us, might be established on the corresponding site fronting the Brompton Road, at the further end of the property; the central portion containing a building in which the different societies might procure that juxtaposition, the means of effecting which, as we have before mentioned, they have been for several years considering; while the two sides might be devoted to the departments of Practical Art and Practical Science. Although a considerable period will naturally be required for the development of a plan of the comprehensive nature of that which we have now submitted, intended as it is to furnish the means of providing for public wants even at distant times, yet an immediate enjoyment of the grounds may be secured to the public, affording a useful and agreeable addition to that offered by Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens.'

Considerable differences of opinion prevail on the question of the proposed scheme of Industrial Instruction, and on the expenditure of so large a sum of money as 300,000*l.* for a certain quantity of space, and *unoccupied* space. The first building which will rise upon this now national property, will be undoubtedly a New National Gallery, the want of which is admitted by every one. All the reports which have been made on the national pictures, and their safe keeping, suggest the advantages of removing them beyond the influences of those chemical agencies which deteriorate the atmosphere of a crowded city. The commissioners in particular appointed 'to consider the question of a site for a New National Gallery,' in their report laid before Parliament in August, 1851, state very strongly their opinion of the advantages of the neighbourhood of Hyde Park and Kensington, not only on account of the dry character of the soil, but also because 'those large open spaces afford a present

‘security against the inconvenience to which the National Gallery is exposed, and are the only grounds which remain safe for future years amidst the growth of the metropolis.’ In constructing a New National Gallery, it will become a matter for careful consideration, whether the remains of Ancient Art, which are in the British Museum, should not be associated under the same roof as the National Pictures. As the Monolithic relics of Egyptian and Assyrian art, the marbles of Greece, showing the delicate appreciation of the beautiful by the inhabitants of that land to which we owe so much, and those of the Romans, together with their art manufacture, are preserved as studies for the living artists,—the past ministering, as it does ever, to the present—it would appear fitting that these objects teaching the laws of symmetry, should be near those in which are developed the laws of chromatic harmony.

A Museum of Manufactures is also indicated in the quotation last given. In the Museum of Practical Geology, the Museum of Practical Botany, and the Museum of Practical Art, we have three national establishments, which would, when brought together, form a most important nucleus, around which might easily be developed examples of all our industries.

The space required by such a ‘Commercial Museum’ would necessarily be a very large one; and if it included, as we suppose it would do, models of machinery, this alone, in a few short years, would occupy all the ground at present purchased. We perceive that many difficulties, and some serious objections, will surround this subject. These will not yet be brought directly under consideration, therefore we need not any further allude to them at present, the question of education being one more pressingly important.

Education in art has been already recognised as a necessity, and hence Schools of Design, and a Department of Practical Art, have been established, by the joint influence of the people themselves and the government.

With a few exceptions, the Schools of Design have proved failures. The inhabitants of the localities in which they have been established have failed to recognise their utility; or, the Schools of Design having disappointed the hopes of their first sanguine projectors, they have been allowed to fall into cheap drawing schools, and all attempts at cultivating the power of *designing* have been abandoned. Sheffield and one or two other large manufacturing towns are to be excepted; but, by fortunate circumstances, these towns have been enabled to throw exciting elements, in the way of direct applications, into the schools, which have acted by giving them a considerable degree of vitality.

The great cause of the want of success in the Schools of Design in general, is, that the bulk of the people are not prepared to distinguish between that which is good or bad in art manufacture; they do not understand symmetrical form or harmonious colouring. It is necessary to educate the senses to the appreciation of the beautiful; and until this is effected throughout the larger number of the people, they will be as well satisfied with the inelegant and the gaudy, as with the regular and the chaste. It has been said by the superintendent of the Museum of Practical Art, that in art and art manufacture the demand must always regulate the supply; and this has also been applied by him to science and its applications. In both instances, a mistake fatal to all progress is committed. It is perfectly true, that demand regulates supply in manufactures; and that if a gaudy cotton print is required by the public, the calico-printer employs all his elements of production to meet this demand of a perverted taste. If a textile fabric of greater merit is in request, the manufacturer then endeavours to meet the improved taste of the time. But this is not the question to be considered by those who would improve the intellectual condition of the people. By education in arts—which can only be properly employed by the cultivated minds of those who have already laboured diligently along some especial path of improvement—the public are to be taught to feel offended with tasteless things; and when this is effected, they will begin to teach the manufacturer that the production of the elegant in form, and the harmonious in colour, should be the object of his study. While the mass of the people are so educated, that they are indifferent as to the artistic character of the things they employ—whether for daily use or occasional ornament—and retain their fondness for meretricious decoration and violent contrasts in colour, they will not pay for the education of a better class of artists than those now existing. By the large majority of the inhabitants of towns in which the Schools of Design are established, we know them to be regarded as nearly useless institutions; or, at the best, but cheap drawing-schools, at which the *accomplishment* of drawing can be learned by their children, with the greatest economy to themselves. To render, therefore, the Schools of Industrial Art what they should be, it becomes necessary to diffuse across the length and breadth of the land a better order of education than that which now prevails.

The manufacturer is now the instructor of the masses he supplies; or, if he is directed at all, it is by the shopkeeper, through whom his goods find their way to the public. The best taste is very readily perverted; and by constantly placing any unsymmetrical production before the eye, it becomes accustomed

to its want of unison, and even learns to regard it with much favour. Therefore, in every way it is evident that the rule of demand regulating supply cannot be applied to improvement in art manufacture. The production must precede the demand to some extent, and our children must be educated to regard the tasteless as offensive. In science, this objection applies with still greater force. There is not a single application of science to useful ends, which could have been produced by any amount of demand, if there had not previously existed a knowledge of those laws called *abstract*, which are too frequently regarded as valueless by those who can only regard inductive research as so much valuable industry wasted.

Mill, in his *Political Economy*, places the value of abstract science so forcibly before us, that we quote his words:

‘In a national or universal point of view the labour of the savant or speculative thinker is as much a part of production, in the very narrowest sense, as that of the inventor of a practical art; many such inventions having been the direct consequences of theoretic discoveries, and every extension of knowledge of the powers of nature being fruitful of applications to the purposes of outward life. The electro-magnetic telegraph was the wonderful and most unexpected consequence of the experiment of Oersted, and of the mathematical investigations of Ampère: and the modern art of navigation is an unforeseen emanation from the purely speculative, and apparently merely curious, inquiry by the mathematicians of Alexandria, into the properties of three curves formed by the intersection of a plane surface and a cone. No limit can be set to the importance, even in a purely productive and material point of view, of mere thought. . . . Intellectual speculations must be looked upon as a most influential part of the productive labour of society, and the portion of its resources employed in carrying on and remunerating such labour, as a highly productive part of its expenditure.’

Since in this country, hitherto, science has been regarded as nearly valueless until it comes to be *applied*, it has been neglected in education. Science has not even yet received its full recognition from politicians, and the manufacturer is still contented with the empiricism by which he has slowly improved his works, and speaks of *experience* as something infinitely superior to *research*.

The Continent furnishes us with a different set of examples, and these have been very fully developed by Dr. Lyon Playfair, in his Lecture; by the aid of which we attempt a rapid analysis of the industrial instruction abroad, as contrasted with what we are doing at home.

In the Industrial Schools of Germany, it appears that not less than 13,000 students are now receiving a scientific educa-

tion; but this does not exclude from attention other subjects which materially influence the well-being of society.

Taking one example, out of many of the same general character, we shall see what is done in this direction in Bavaria.

'In Bavaria there are no Real schools, and only a few of the Gymnasias introduce realities into their courses; but there are twenty-six Trade schools, or, in fact, one such school for every large town. I find by the statistics of twenty-one schools, which I have obtained, and proportioning for the five, of which I have no account, that there are above 3000 pupils annually obtaining the high education given in these Trade schools. The schools are supported by the Commune, aided, when necessary, by the Province. The management of the schools and appointment of the professors rest with the locality; but the Government exercises a supervision, and sends commissioners annually to examine and report upon them to the Minister of Trade. The courses extend over three years; and as the entrance age is twelve, the pupil at fifteen may pass into the higher Polytechnic colleges. Of these there are three, one being in Munich, another in Nuremberg, and the third in Augsburg. They are chiefly supported by Government, which allows, however, only 39,000* Bavarian florins, or 3250*l.*, for their support; and the number of pupils amount to 481, the professors being thirty-four in number. In addition to these higher Polytechnic schools, there are two Commercial schools, also supported by Government (at Nuremberg and Furt), and there is a Building school at Munich, which is chiefly intended for the instruction of master masons and carpenters. Besides these, there are Industrial schools for workmen on Sundays and holidays; and the pupils attending them cannot be less than from 8000 to 10,000.

'The system of industrial instruction in Bavaria dates from 1833, and so satisfied is the Government with its effect, that they continue to support and extend it with great liberality. It would be impossible in this lecture to describe to you the details of the systems of instruction pursued, even in each of the three head colleges; and I confine myself to simply giving you the scheme of the Munich institution, referring you to the Appendix for fuller descriptions. I ought, however, to state, that it would require a union of all three colleges to make really one Polytechnic Institute; as each of them practically, though not professedly, gives a leaning to special branches of the Arts; thus, Munich chiefly devotes itself to civil engineers and architects; Augsburg, to mechanists; and Nuremberg, to chemists; I confine myself, however, to the Institution at Munich, as an illustration. It is situated in a large and commodious building, possesses admirable collections, especially one of physical apparatus, and has a modelling and

* Munich receives 18,000 florins, Augsburg 9000, Nuremberg 12,000; and in addition, they may receive from 800 to 1200 florins (1 florin = 1*s.* 8*d.*) each from pupils.

sculpture workshop in great activity. The number of its professors and teachers is sixteen, and of pupils 307, of whom eighty-three are foreigners. Its course of general instruction extends over three years, but engineers take a special fourth year's course. The scheme of instruction is as follows :

COURSE I.		COURSE II.	
Hours.		Hours.	
7	Mathematics.	7	Analytical mechanics.
7	Physics.	6	Machinery and machine drawing.
7	Machinery and machine drawing.	2	Plan drawing.
2	Plan drawing.	7	Chemistry.
3	Descriptive geometry.	7	Differential and integral calculus.
2	Ornamental drawing.	4	Architecture.
2	Catholic religion.	3	Building materials.
2	Protestant religion.	3	Electro-magnetism and telegraphs.

COURSE III.		ENGINEERING COURSE.	
7	Applied mechanics.	12	Roads and bridges (in winter).
4	Geodesy.	12	Hydraulic engineering (in summer).
5	Machinery and machine drawing.	12	Constructions and projections ; building, surveying.
6	Analytical chemistry.	8	Architectural drawing and model- ling.
6	Applied architecture.		

In addition to this high class of instruction, we find, in Germany, that from 30,000 to 40,000 workmen are instructed in the Industrial Sunday Schools, in all those branches of education which are known to have a commercial value. The *Ecole Centrale des Arts et Manufactures*, in France, is, beyond any other continental institution, one to which Englishmen should have their attention directed, since it has arisen entirely by the efforts of the people to provide for themselves an establishment to meet the demands of native industry.

'It is well known that France encourages to a great extent the industrial instruction of its producers. The *Ecole Polytechnique* of Paris, the *Ecole des Ponts et Chaussées*, and the *Ecole des Mines*, have been too often described to require more than a passing reference to them. But as they are chiefly for the instruction of Government *employés*, they do not necessarily act immediately on private production. At the same time it is not to be forgotten that it is the principle of the French Government to act upon its own perception of right by instructing the population, even before formal demands have been made, on the part of the public, for the benefit which is thus conferred. It is therefore the more surprising, that the middle classes for some time urged their want of an institution for the industrial instruction of their producers, without carrying conviction of its necessity to the Government. Impelled by the urgency of the want, a private institution was raised ; and the feeling in its favour was sufficiently strong to induce a capitalist to embark a large sum of money in founding it. This private institution, raised in a capital where the public schools are altogether under the Government, proved that it was a

necessity of the times by its immediate and eminent success. Thus rose the *Ecole Centrale des Arts et Manufactures*, now the most important industrial institution in France. It possesses the most eminent men of France as its professors, and it has reared those who promise to be her future brightest ornaments. As a commercial speculation it has been singularly successful, and it still remains under the business direction of the original enterprising capitalist, M. Lavallée. The Government now gives to it a certain number of exhibitions to educate poor students of extraordinary talents, and the Councils General of twenty-nine departments of France also do the same. The appreciation of its importance to France may best be seen in the Report of the Commission of the Chamber of Deputies appointed to inquire into the budget :

‘ You know, gentlemen, this useful establishment was founded in 1829, by the association of eminent professors, with the intention of forming civil engineers, the directors of works, the chiefs of workshops and factories. This private institution, which by its importance rivals in excellence our first public establishment, has created and put in practice a complete system of industrial education. It is at the same time a supplement to our Polytechnic School, and an addition to our various applied schools. Such an institution ministers to one of the first necessities of the age, therefore its success is complete. This is confirmed both by the unanimous opinion of the first manufacturers of the country, and by the ease with which all the pupils educated at it have received employment.’

‘ The school possesses 40 professors and teachers, and 300 students, each of whom pay 36*l.* annually. The number of the latter is only limited by the size of the building, and it is in contemplation to remove to one considerably larger. The courses extend over three years, and are compulsory on all; but in the second year the practical operations divide into two parts, the one general, and the other applicable to one of the four following specialities :

- A. Mechanists.
- B. Engineers.
- C. Metallurgists.
- D. Chemists.’

In Belgium, in Denmark, and in Sweden, similar industrial institutions have been long established, and the results have been in all cases most satisfactory.

Disguise it as we may, flatter ourselves as we best can, here is a manifest fact. The continental states are availing themselves of the powers of the highest authorities in art and science to improve their respective industries, while we are yet trusting ourselves to the comparatively blind guidance of an empirical system.

It will be said that the peculiar constitution of the mind of the Saxon races is such, that, by its unaided energy, and by its untiring industry, it does effect for itself that which others are doing by extraneous aids. This is true in part, but false in its

general bearing ; and a careful examination of the history of our respective industries will show how deeply we are indebted to those extraneous aids which, while we have refused them recognition, we have employed, by a sort of left-handed course, and claimed for our own *experience* things which were really due to the *experiments of others*.

The Exhibition appears to have opened our eyes, however, to the fact, that there are people who can excel us in many of our specialities of industry. Russia and Sweden manufacture iron superior to our own, and the metallurgical processes on the Continent are admitted to be in advance of ours. The English light-houses are constructed with French glass. The English chemist is compelled to go to Germany for the porcelain vessels which he uses in his investigations. The British artist looks to the Continent for his supply of carmines, lakes, and ultramarines ; and the dyer declares that it is something in our atmosphere which prevents his producing colours of equal beauty to those obtained by the dyers in France ; the actual difference, however, arising from the exact system of the latter, and the 'rule of thumb' system of the former.

One of the juries of the Great Exhibition of 1851, thus conclude their report :

'The Jury of Class 30, having brought their labours to a conclusion, cannot refrain from expressing their hope that steps may be taken for rendering the Great Exhibition as useful after it has ceased to be, as it has proved gratifying and instructive in the course of its short existence. It is the wish to see these hopes realized that impels the jury, even at the risk of overstepping the strict limits of their functions, to submit, with great deference, their views on this point to the Royal Commissioners. The foundation of a permanent industrial museum in the heart of the metropolis of trade and industry, seems to the jury the logical and practical consequence of this Exhibition. It is in the Crystal Palace that the great truth has been impressed upon us, that art and taste are henceforth to be considered as elements of industry and trade, of scarcely less importance than the most powerful machinery. It seems also natural that this museum should, in the first instance, consist of the objects to which the several juries have called public attention as happy types and models for imitation. While such a museum on the one hand would be a lasting depository of industry and of the arts, it would, on the other, serve as the best and easiest standard of comparison, by which human ingenuity might mark its progress on the opening ten years hence of a new Great Exhibition : it would serve alike as a guide and as a beacon.'

Our government has been long convinced that some assistance was required to improve the taste of the people, and hence they have given aid to the Schools of Design, desiring, however,

to render them entirely independent of any such support. This is shown by the fact that the salaries of the Professors at the Museums of Practical Art have been reduced, and they are to depend for their remuneration on the fees produced by the students in the schools.

It is admitted that one cause of the failure of Schools of Design has been, that although the pupils have been taught to draw, and even to design, they have not been instructed in the peculiarities of the material to which their designs are to be applied. Of all the technical difficulties of each special manufacture, they have remained quite ignorant; and hence many of their best productions have been useless to the manufacturer for whom they were intended.

Our Government now purposes to try the experiment of extending some aid to the advancement of that knowledge which is found to be necessary in every kind of handicraft. It is contemplated to raise up a National Museum, in which to examine and compare the works of our own country with the productions of other lands; and a University, in which a technical system of education of the best class may be obtained. Space is secured for this, but nothing more. The Royal Commissioners have no more funds, and the House of Commons, at present, is not likely to vote any additional sum for educational purposes, beyond that at present granted, amounting to 470,762*l.*, which is employed as follows:

1. Public Education (Britain).	£160,000
2. Ditto (Ireland.)	164,577
3. Board of Trade. <i>Department of Practical Art,</i> <i>including Schools of Design</i>	17,920
4. Professors, Oxford and Cambridge	2,006
5. University of London	3,957
6. Universities &c. in Scotland	7,560
7. Royal Irish Academy	300
8. Royal Hibernian Academy	300
9. Royal Dublin Society	6,340
10. Theological Professors at Belfast, and Belfast Academical Instructors	3,000
11. Queen's University, Ireland	1,710
12. { British Museum Establishment	52,343
{ Ditto „ Buildings	21,350
{ Ditto „ Purchases	2,966
13. National Gallery	2,495
14. Museum of Practical Geology, and Geological Survey	14,920
15. Scientific Works and Experiments	4,018
16. Galleries of Art, Edinburgh	5,000

Everything, therefore, is left in the hands of the people themselves. If the public voice is in favour of an improved system of education—that is, a system superadding science and art to our present conventional mode, and will show their earnestness in this by taxing themselves temporarily—the Government, we have reason to believe, is prepared to render to science the kind of aid it renders to the local Schools of Design at present.

There has been a considerable movement of late amongst the mechanics' institutions of the country, and certain attempts have been made to improve their usefulness. The time has been short, consequently the results could not be apparent. In the Society of Arts has originated an idea of converting them into *trade schools*; or, rather, perhaps of appending such schools to them. On the interpretation given to the term *trade*, depends entirely the effectiveness of the scheme. If youths are to be taught to handle tools, and to acquire manipulatory facilities, we foretel its failure; since it has been found that boys who have been so educated have so much to unlearn when they enter a workshop, that others who start without this preliminary tuition, go fast a-head of them. Experience, too, has proved the defects of the system. The following quotation, from Dr. Hudson's *History of Adult Education*, places in its truest light the position of the mechanics' institutions considered as industrial schools.

'The workshops of the London, the Manchester, and the Newcastle Mechanics' Institutions, had a short career; and, indeed, wherever industrial education has been attempted in these institutions, it has proved a signal failure. Several societies are rich in philosophical apparatus, in working models of machinery, and in cabinets of minerals; but these stores, if not absolutely valueless, have been comparatively useless. Manchester, Leeds, Glasgow, and London, have each collections of this nature, on which the dust has been long accumulating. On the other hand, the formation of chemical laboratories (where the entrance to them has not been barred by heavy fees) have realized all that could be anticipated, or that their capabilities would allow. The chemical classes of Leeds, Bradford, Wakefield, Manchester, Westminster, York, Glasgow, and Newcastle, are just examples of the general taste for chemical science.

'Lectures have met with a premature decay. The older institutions made their engagements for long and complete courses in each branch of science, somewhat of the character of university lectures, with examinations testing their usefulness, and taxing the attention of their auditory. From complete courses of ninety and sixty lectures, upon one branch of physical science, lectures have dwindled to an average of three in each course, and a general practice of having one lecture for each branch of science. In the choice of subjects, the change has been equally unfavourable; the plain and easily understood

discourses on the elements of the sciences, and their application to the useful arts, illustrated by numerous experiments, have been abandoned; and the preference shown for light literature, criticism, music, and the drama, has given just occasion for the statement, that even the elder Metropolitan Mechanics' Institution, since its establishment, has given more attention to the drama than to the entire range of physical science.'

It appears, however, of the first importance, that every workman should know something of the physical character of the substances upon which his industry is employed. This he can only acquire by giving some attention to practical science. Every man, yea, every boy, should be acquainted with the laws of motion—the mechanical powers—and have some particular knowledge of hydro-dynamics, as involving the applications of the impulsive powers of water and air. Beyond this, a general acquaintance with the laws by which the physical forces are regulated should be acquired.

Our Mechanics' Institutions might, by directing their attention to this end, become more valuable establishments, and take the position of local industrial schools. These must be founded on the principle of being self-supporting. If in the difficulties of starting, the Government should be induced to render some assistance, they should be taught that this is only temporary, and that as soon as fairly launched, they must rely upon themselves.

As incentives to industry, the establishment of scholarships might prove of much advantage, as enabling the intelligent and industrious, though poor student, to receive that superior education which the metropolitan institutions could alone afford him, and which would fit him for a superior position in the workshop or manufactory. By establishing local schools on such a system, and making the success of the central university depend entirely on the healthfulness and vitality of the most distant ramifications of the roots, an institution in strict accordance with the self-reliant habits of our country might be reared, which would spread out its branches and embrace the whole of our industrial community within their protecting shadows.

Any hothouse system, in which well-salaried professors and government officials labour merely to maintain the appearance of usefulness, by forcing up a few fine plants, would soon degenerate; and having produced a few abnormal and useless growths, would moulder and decay. But a system, in which every member should be made to depend directly upon the public for support, would be certain of existing in all activity, and of producing the best possible results for industrial Britain.

Hoping that such will prove to be the view taken by the Royal Commissioners, with Prince Albert at their head, and by the government of the country, we are disposed to commend the scheme shadowed forth in the second Report, and to aid, as far as consistent with our views, in its development.

ART. VII. (1.) *Russia*. By the MARQUIS DE CUSTINE. 3 vols.

(2.) *Life in Russia*. By EDWARD P. THOMPSON, Esq. 8vo.

(3.) *Austria*. By EDWARD P. THOMPSON, Esq. 8vo.

FRANCE is again an empire. The tyranny fastened on that country by the first Napoleon, is succeeded by another more iron-handed, and in every view more humiliating than the former. France was the one power on the Continent of Europe that might have been expected to show itself strong on the side of freedom. But even France now stands pledged to the great league of the perjured heads against humanity. The hour is dark—will probably grow darker. The great device just now is, to exhibit a government by oppression, as the only government that can be allied with peace; to describe arbitrary power as the form of power specially fitted to ensure material prosperity to a people; and to assure us that the spot pre-eminently favourable to the highest development of humanity, will be found beneath the shadow of the tree of despotism. The effrontery of all this, as addressed to the men of Europe in the middle of the nineteenth century, is not a little extraordinary.

We are bound to confess, however, that absurd—contrary to all history and experience, as this language may be, it is not reiterated and emphaticised, after the present shameless fashion, altogether in vain. Many have come to believe in it—and many affect to believe it. The former consist of the ignorant, and may be pitied; the latter consist, for the most part, of the selfish and the servile, towards whom our feeling is something different from pity. The men among us who seem disposed at this moment to ignore the ever-wasting, ever-destroying tendencies inseparable from the working of arbitrary power, may be divided into three classes, consisting of the residuum of our old Tory faction, of a considerable portion of our mercantile men, and of the more zealous patrons of our peace societies. Toryism judges of the greatness of a people by the strength of its monarchy; with not a few of our mercantile men, the test of prosperity everywhere is a good market; and with our peace society friends, the atro-

cities of a bad government can never become so bad as to warrant an appeal to force against them. All these parties have their one idea, and the passionateness with which they cleave to that one idea, is the measure of their tendency to wink at the doings of our continental despots, and to find excuses for leaving them to their humour. History, however, demonstrates, that, in the natural course of things, a monarchy must be unstable in the degree in which it is irresponsible; that a nation subject to an arbitrary rule never can be a great commercial nation; and that the crime and inhumanity which belong to the wars of the past, great as they may have been, are really small, if compared with the crime and inhumanity which have proceeded from the bad governments of that past. The time has come, we think, in which it behoves us to express ourselves thus explicitly on these points, and to place before our readers some portion of the evidence on which we rest these opinions. If the military despotism of Asia, or of the old Roman empire, is to take root in Europe, let us at least see where we are going.

We shall glance first at some of the natural effects of despotic power in its relation to the PHYSICAL condition of the people. In this respect, strong testimony is furnished by the proportion of people to territory, and still more by the proportion of deaths to the population. The surface of the territory included in the Austrian dominions amounts to 218,440 English square miles, being about one-twelfth of the area of Europe. But though the territory of Austria is one-twelfth of the territory of Europe, its population is not more than one-sixth of the population of Europe. Its inhabitants, according to the last census, amount to thirty-nine millions; which gives 164 persons to a square mile; while in the United Kingdom the population is as 225 to a square mile. In some considerable portions of the Austrian dominions this comparatively small population is perceptibly on the decrease; in no place does the yearly increase much exceed one per cent. At the same time, the number who die is in the proportion of one in twenty annually; while in this country, the deaths in proportion to the population, are about one in sixty. Why is it that the population of the territories of Austria is found to fall below the average population of the states of Europe to the extent of one-half? Why is it, also, that in a space covered by 10,000 in Austria, more than 500 people must die next year, while in a space covered with that amount of population in this country, not more than a third of that number will die? It cannot be pretended that the soil of the Austrian territory is not upon the whole as grateful as the soil of Europe generally. Nor can it be pretended that the climate of that empire is specially un-

favourable to longevity.* If the people there were trained to the habit of self-reliance—to the habit and freedom of caring for their own concerns, the blame might be justly cast on them. But as the paternal government which obtains through those countries, takes upon it to do nearly everything *for* the people, leaving scarcely anything beyond the dulllest routine of things to be done *by* them, we see at once where the fault must rest. In England, the population has been increasing rapidly for many generations past; and the proportion of deaths to the population has been as steadily diminishing. These deaths are now one-third less than they were in 1700, showing that the sufferings, physical and mental, that shorten life, have been gradually abating through the whole of that period. With less than half the population of Austria, the increase of its number year by year is greater.

Pass now from the paternal government of Austria in this view of it, to that of Russia. The population of that empire is more than sixty-two millions, and the proportion of deaths to the whole population is annually as one to twenty-five. This is the report given even by Russian statistics; but there is reason to believe that if the whole truth were told, the case would be found to be much worse, even worse than in Austria—that is, that the deaths annually would prove to be even more than one in twenty. Now the proportion of deaths in Prussia is as one to thirty-six; in the United States, as one to thirty-seven; in Holland and Belgium, as one to forty-three; and in England and Wales, as one to fifty-nine—so that the mortality among the people of Russia is about double that which takes place in Holland and Belgium as compared with population, and considerably more than double that which takes place in England. Nor can this difference be attributed more than very partially, if at all, to difference of climate, inasmuch as in Sweden and Denmark, the deaths are only as one to forty-eight; and in Norway, still more north, only as one in fifty-four. Here, the observation already made, is again applicable—if the people were left to the

* ‘Situated between the 42nd and 51st degrees of north latitude, Austria occupies one of the most favoured positions of the European Continent, lying almost equidistant from the torrid and the frigid zones, and exempt from the burning heat of the one and the benumbing cold of the other. The seasons are uniform, and, like those of human life, though stamped with their different vicissitudes, glide imperceptibly and without violence into one another. * * *

In the southern parts of the empire, the olive, the lemon, the pomegranate, and the fig flourish in the naked soil, and in Dalmatia the date palm, the oleander, the lotus, and aloe grow wild. The lower parts of Hungary yield rice, excellent wines, melons, chestnuts, and tobacco; while the Banat territory, containing an area of enormous extent, fattened by the periodical overflowings of the Danube, as the plains of Egypt are by the Nile, is inexhaustible in its fertility, and would form the great granary of Europe, if the spirit of enterprise could be infused into its inhabitants.’—*Thompson’s Austria*, pp. 303, 304.

freedom of self-government, the people might be to blame ; but as the government assumes everything in relation to them, for whatever is corrupt the government is fairly responsible.

It is a fact, then, speaking within the most cautious limits, that more than two millions and a half of human beings have died during the year 1852, under the paternal sway of Austria and Russia, who would not have died, had their lot been cast under such governments as obtain in Holland, in Belgium, in Sweden, in Norway, or in England. It is certain, also, that two millions and a half—five and twenty hundred thousand—more will die in this year 1853, in those empires, who would not be thus torn from all the ties of present existence, had they not been born subject to the sort of power wielded by the chiefs of those empires. It is where this military rule is most ascendant, that this reign of death is most terrible. The seat of this rule may be amidst the winter snows of St. Petersburg, or beneath the summer skies of Vienna—it matters not, the same results follow. Its sweep over the length and breadth of its domains, by day and by night—is that of the destroyer.

No doubt there have been despotic rulers with good feeling and good intention. But it must be remembered that while in an absolute government everything depends on the wisdom and virtue of one man, there is everything in the court of a despotic prince to ensure that the heir apparent shall not be a man eminent in those qualities. Such men have been the rare—the very rare exceptions. The centre of despotism must be expected to teem with the vices natural to despotism. In such a region, the intoxicating influences of power are hardly compatible with the sobrieties of wisdom and goodness. Nor is it in all cases within the power of the despot himself to abate the monstrous evils of such an administration, more than very partially. Its machinery is so complicated and so vast, that he is necessarily ignorant to a large extent of its working ; and should he attempt to reform it, he finds, perhaps to his cost, that the functionary is interested in its worst abominations, and is too strong to be controlled even by his hand. The poor scarcely dare to become loud in a call for some amelioration of their lot ; but if they should, there are many grades above the poor who profit by the poor man's grievances, and who can always make themselves heard, by intrigue, if not otherwise, in support of things as they are. In this manner royal houses not unfrequently find their hands impeded by the Frankenstein powers which they have themselves originated. We must not judge of despotic power, therefore, by the very rare instances in which a despotic ruler may make some approach towards becoming as a father to his people ; nor by those rare occasions when the chief ruler is strong

enough, as well as virtuous enough, to soften the more oppressive action of arbitrary power. Our business with it is in those average exhibitions of it, in which there is little to admire in the chief ruler; and as little in the system itself to allow of the hope of seeing it amended. The weight of exaction of all kinds, as pressing on the mass of the people under such a rule, is commonly such as to crush them to the earth, and millions of them yearly into premature graves.

But it will be well, perhaps, to lay before our readers a brief statement of facts, bearing on this section of our subject. The following passage from Lord John Russell's *Causes of the French Revolution*, will suffice to show the manner in which arbitrary power operated to the wasting away and destroying of life among the poor of that kingdom during the last century.

'After the administration of justice, the most important relation which connects a government with its subjects, is the distribution and collection of taxes. The manner in which this great concern was managed in France may convince us that it formed a system of oppression, unparalleled perhaps in any Christian state of Europe. The taxes may be comprehended under the three heads of direct taxes, the excise, and the customs. To these are to be added the *corvées* and other seignorial rights. Under the head of direct taxes, the chief were the *taille*, the *capitation*, and the *vingtième*. All persons who were noble were exempted from the payment of the *taille*: 'Noble n'est tenu payer la taille, ni faire vile corvée,' says Loiseau. The number of families exempted under this title amounted to about 200,000. There were numerous offices, moreover, which gave a privilege of exemption from this burthensome tax. One of these, the most commonly disposed of for money, the office of secretary to the king, gave occasion to some one to remark, 'What a pity it is that Adam did not buy the office of secretary to the king; we should have been all noble!' The tax, being thus made to bear invidiously upon the poor and the humble, was aggravated by the manner of its distribution. For this purpose the kingdom was divided into generalities; at the head of each was an intendant appointed by the crown, who had supreme authority in all matters of finance. The generalities were subdivided into elections; at the head of each was a sub-delegate, appointed by the intendant. The rolls of the *taille*, *capitation*, *vingtièmes*, and other taxes, were distributed among districts, parishes, and individuals, at the pleasure of the intendant, who could exempt, change, add, or diminish at pleasure. It is undeniable that such an arrangement could not but lead to the grossest oppressions, by which the revenue and the people would equally be sufferers; but, besides the manifest tendency of such a system, its injustice and pernicious effects are proved by the clearest evidence. Colbert made a benevolent regulation, that the cattle of the poor husbandmen should not be seized for the payment of the *taille*; but it does not appear that the spirit of his orders was observed after

his death. The Duke of Orleans, upon coming to the regency, wrote a circular letter to the intendants, in which he stated as well known facts, that the receivers had their own allowance paid before the *taille* due to the government; that 'many of them employed their authority rather to protect the rich than to relieve the poor;' that the receivers and other officers of elections were in league; that they protected their friends and relations; 'that they exercised vengeance against those whom they disliked; that they seized the cattle, beds, clothes, and tools of labourers and artisans; that the officers of jurisdictions, and other powerful persons, exercised an authority over the collectors, to procure for themselves and their tenants moderate assessments, and placed the tax on others: thence,' continues the regent, 'has resulted the failure of the tax, and the ruin of the people.' The regent ordered this letter to be printed and sent to every parish; but the result was not so happy as might have been expected. Indeed, we may be assured that the evils here complained of were not remedied, as we find the very same statements in a remonstrance of the Court of Aids, dated the 14th of September, 1756. It is there asserted with confidence, that the part of the *vingtièmes* especially, which was not levied upon fixed incomes, fell exclusively upon trade and industry; that the daily labourer was left at the mercy of the arbitrary decisions of the subalterns employed under the intendants. In addition to all other evils, they add, that the cognizance of revenue causes had been taken away from the regular tribunals; and that no alternative had been left to subjects who thought themselves injured, but either to submit to an unjust tax, or to appeal to the person who is the author of it; by demanding of him to reform his own work. Hence, they assert, have arisen vexations of the most odious nature, and abuses of the most flagrant description. The Court of Aids complained, at the same time, of the creation of irregular tribunals, established upon the frontiers of the kingdom, to judge of offences relative to the customs. They pointed out two very grievous effects of this system; 'on the one hand, the terror which these irregular tribunals spread among the people; and, on the other, the great number of sanguinary executions which have been made under their authority since their creation. The necessity of putting a stop to smuggling has been the pretence for these formidable establishments. Let us judge, from recent instances, whether this practice is put a stop to, or even decreased, in your dominions.'

'Next to the direct taxes comes the *gabelle*, or salt tax. The regulations by which the collection of this tax were levied were arbitrary and oppressive in the extreme. All persons, even the poorest, were obliged to buy a certain quantity of salt, amounting to 7lbs. a head per annum: they were not allowed to receive any more, even as a gift, under penalties that amounted to total ruin. The person who dealt in the article was forbidden to sell it out of certain limits; every family was obliged to employ their salt in cookery, and the daily consumption of the kitchen, unless by special permission. If the cultivator happened to have too much salt, he was not allowed to dispose of it as he

pleased. In Normandy only eight *salines* were allowed to be at work on the same day, and the quantity of salt in each was limited. The herring fishery was altogether ruined by these provisions. The execution of the law was still worse than its enactments; the rich generally bought an exemption; parishes were made responsible for the conduct of their inhabitants, and in some, the quantity of salt allowed to be consumed in the parish was arbitrarily fixed; the most dreadful punishments were enacted in order to maintain the observance of the tyrannical edicts of the ministers and their deputies. Smugglers of salt, armed and assembled to the number of five, incurred capital punishment, except in Provence, where they were liable to nine years of the galleys: smugglers armed and assembled, but in number under five, incurred three years of the galleys; and for the second offence ten: smugglers who carried the salt on their backs, without arms, a fine of 200 livres; and for the second offence six years of the galleys: women and children who smuggled were liable, for the first offence, to a fine of 100 livres; for the second 300 livres; and for the third, were flogged, and banished the kingdom for life. The husbands were responsible for the women; the fathers and mothers for the children, even to the suffering corporeal punishment for them. It was calculated that, upon an average, there were annually taken up and imprisoned 2340 men, 896 women, 201 children,—total, 3437. Three hundred of these were annually sent to the galleys.’—pp. 67—73.

Such are the expedients by which deaths come to be so many in proportion to population in despotic countries. What France was in these respects in the last century, Austria has continued to be, for the most part, to our time. The Emperor Joseph was disposed to do something towards diminishing the burdens, and elevating the condition of the humbler classes of his subjects; but the outbreak of the first French revolution came as a god-send to the large and influential classes whose privileges and exemptions, sustained at the cost of the more necessitous classes beneath them, disposed them to resist such measures. They pointed to the excesses in Paris, and elsewhere, as demonstrating the wisdom of their maxims. Men who did not now see that the strong hand is the only safe one in the government of the people must be infatuated—blind. During the Napoleon wars it was necessary at times to be somewhat considerate of the feeling and condition of the people; but from 1820 Austria rose to the bad eminence of being the most place-ridden and priest-ridden state in Europe.

‘The enforced submission of the people was called ‘*duty*,’ ‘*filial confidence*,’ ‘*passive obedience*;’ and the mere idea, that when regulations were made, there existed necessarily the right that the people should also be considered, was branded as a revolutionary proposition, fraught with danger to the State. The bureaucrats, who devised and gave publicity to these doctrines, declared besides that

the so-called rights of the people, and even of mankind, were the ravings of insanity: that the Sovereign was accountable for his actions and administration to God alone, while the people owed him unlimited obedience and unconditional submission. As a natural consequence of such principles, the term *nationality* became synonymous with that of revolution, and their identity was declared. In short, the people were considered as an animal mass, created for the will and pleasure of the State; and the doctrines that every man has a destiny of his own to fulfil, and that a state is instituted for the people, and not the people for the state, were no more conceded than the right of individuals to a political existence—*everything must be governed.*—*Thompson's Austria*, pp. 20, 21.

Among the blessings of this policy in its relation to the peasantry of Austria, is the fact, that the peasant is precluded from becoming a proprietor, while for his usufruct—the fruits of such land as he is allowed to cultivate—he has to pay great and small tithes, dues of various kinds, and to submit to demands upon his socage—that is, upon his labour for so many days in the year in lieu of rent to the landowner. In some places these demands are comparatively moderate; in more, they are so heavy as to become a cruel oppression, extending in many large provinces to as many as 156 days in a year. What makes the system of socage a special annoyance is, that in almost every province a different scale exists.

‘In some parts of Upper Austria, it rests on custom and agreement; and in others it is a general obligation, affecting all equally. In Lower Austria, on the contrary, it is determined by the nature of the occupation, according as the peasants are whole, half, or quarter feoffees, or only small cottagers; by which arrangement they are placed in different classes, according to the extent of land in their occupation. In the Tyrol, where the ancient order of taxation continues, the land in possession of the peasants is in some parts assessed above, and in others below, its value, with reference to the charges and services for which it is liable; and as land records, when kept, consist mostly of agrarial and parochial matters, whose correctness cannot always be vouched for, it follows that it is extremely difficult, in numberless cases, to pronounce accurately between the rights of the landlord and the obligations of the peasant. It may be said, without contradiction, that, owing to the immense load of business thrown on the Government provincial offices, of which a great proportion finds its way to the district central courts, at least the half of these intricate questions connected with the ground service of the peasants come to nothing. But the worst feature is, that the poverty of the peasantry, not only in Galicia, but in the provinces of Austria Proper, has rendered it impossible for them to commute the tithe in kind for a payment in money; and if a law were even passed to establish such a process, it would be for that reason almost inoperative.

‘New imposts in addition to the ancient existing ones, have been levied on the peasantry within the last sixty years; and to have enabled them to discharge these impositions, and to lay by something for themselves, their means and condition should have advanced in a like ratio; but this was far from being the case, and at last the capabilities of the soil became inadequate to the burthens heaped upon it, and prudential savings were out of the question. Indeed, the load of debt continued to increase, swallowing in Lower Austria three-fifths, in the plains of Salzburg one-half, and in the mountain districts the whole, of the value of the land. In the northern parts of the Tyrol, in Carinthia, Carniola, and Styria also, the same state of things exists. In many cases the peasantry, unable to contend against the pressure of these difficulties, have deserted house and home, leaving their fields uncultivated.’—*Thompson’s Austria*, pp. 33, 34.

This is the condition in which the peasantry of Austria have been, without any perceptible change, since 1780. Nor is the condition of large farmers such as to be at all compatible with prosperity. The feudal services or contributions exacted from them by two or three, sometimes by four or five landlords, are most distracting and burdensome; and as a matter of course the ill-condition of the farmer ensures the ill-condition of the labourer. How it fares with the poor when sickness, largely induced by such hardships, unfits them for labour, is thus described:—

‘The labouring classes in the towns find shelter and medical assistance during sickness in the hospitals and other charitable institutions; but where such are not to be found, in the country, they are left altogether to shift for themselves; or if they are not totally disabled, they quarter themselves on the peasants’ houses, and as they cannot reasonably remain longer than a certain time in one house, they shift from one to another till they make the circuit of the district. The afflictions of helplessness, old age, and sickness, are acutely felt under this precarious kind of dependence, which subjects the intruding sufferer to unfeeling and even barbarous treatment, the extent of which can only be imagined when one compares the amount of human misery with the insufficiency of the remedies afforded by the state. It is the imperative duty of the state to insist on the authorities appointed to watch over the health of their districts to afford medical relief and necessary attention to the poor peasant, and to save him from utter destitution at the close of a life which has been spent in an honest struggle to procure the barest subsistence. The little that is done is doled out with the wretched economy of a grudging spirit. The most ordinary medicines, but little more expensive in themselves than the merest simples, are substituted by some succedaneum; and if the stimulant of wine be necessary, it is of so bad a quality, that it is more injurious than beneficial.’—*Thompson’s Austria*, p. 244.

Our next extract will show how Austria provides for her lunatics

—the class of sufferers towards whom the thought of the right-hearted never turns without a sympathizing sorrow.

‘While other nations have exerted themselves to ameliorate the condition of the sufferers under this most awful of inflictions, to improve the system of their asylums, and to introduce modes of treatment which may conduce to a cure, Austria remains, as with its other institutions, centuries in the rear, dreading alterations and innovations, and, jealous of authority, charging itself with the executive, instead of the controlling power. The medical men, of undoubted talent and ability, who are appointed to this establishment, and who only accept the trust as a stepping-stone to preferment, are miserably paid, beginning at 20*l.* a-year, and never attaining to more than 90*l.* Their chief duty is to attend to the bodily health only of the patients: some petty control, in extreme cases, is permitted them, but no innovation on the system is allowed, nor do they venture on any suggestions for its amelioration. As some difficulty is found in getting keepers from the same reason of insufficiency of compensation, the most unfit characters are put in charge, and who, having even been dismissed for tyranny, have been compelled to be reinstated, as none others could be found to supply their place; and formerly, for that one incredible abuse has been corrected, they would excite and work up to a state of ungovernable fury the unhappy beings under their charge, for the amusement of visitors, who would laugh and give them money.’—*Thompson's Austria*, p. 359.

Such, then, in brief, is the manner in which despotism in Austria kills off its million a year before their time; let us now pass to see how despotism in Russia contrives to do nearly double that amount of work in the same interval. The population of Russia includes three distinct strata—the nobles at the top, the serfs at the bottom, and a handicraft and mercantile class, with certain free cultivators of the soil, between the two. The nobles, as in Austria, lay claim to many exemptions and privileges; the mercantile class is divided into three guilds, graduated according to property; and the serf population, which includes *eighteen millions* of *males*, are the property, either of the nobles or of the Emperor, and may all of them be commanded, treated, and bought and sold as slaves. More than eight millions of these male slaves belong to the crown, the remainder are private property in the hands of the aristocracy. The mercantile, or middle class, if we may so describe it, is very limited; and the remaining portion of the population of Russia consists for the most part of farmers and peasants in countries included within the territory of the empire, but where serfdom has never been introduced. Of course the *eighteen millions* of *male* slaves give you only a portion of the really enslaved persons in the Russian dominions, and it is no doubt among this class that we are chiefly to look for the terrible sweep of sickness, suffering, and death. It does not behove us to conceal from our-

selves that the greatest slaveholder in the world is that well-dressed, bland, and smooth-spoken gentleman—the Emperor Nicholas. It has been said that the crown slaves are treated more leniently, upon the whole, than the slaves in the hands of private owners. But this may well be doubted, as the last census shows that the crown slaves had decreased in numbers, while the private slaves had slightly increased. It has been rumoured, also, that the Emperor, and still more the heir-apparent, is favourable to an emancipation of the serfs. But the interests involved in such a scheme are great and potent—hard to be dealt with even by an autocrat. Many of the serfs pay an annual contribution to their owner for liberty to remove from under his eye, and to engage in occupations of their own choice. Some of these prove to be persons of aptitude, acquire property, in instances grow rich, and become men of mark upon 'Change. Such men sometimes purchase their freedom, more commonly they have not that option. The master is pleased to retain his hold upon his victim, exacting a larger yearly contribution from him as his industry becomes successful, and finds gratification as an aristocrat in the feeling of having even such men wholly subject to his bidding. The hand that should break up such a system needs be a strong one. But it is ever thus. The country which has its great despot at the centre, has its lesser despots everywhere, and the grinding oppressions of the vassal and the functionary are commonly more intolerable than those which proceed more immediately from the highest source. But the proportion of the serfs who solicit such liberty, and use it with success, though great enough to be a frequent source of profit to their owners, is small compared with the millions who toil on in their condition, alike hopeless from one generation to another. The following passage gives the impression of a writer on this subject who has had the opportunities of knowledge within his reach, and who is not disposed to exaggerate on such topics.

‘ In general, the men here use a very soft and specious language. They will tell you with the most benign air, that the Russian serfs are the happiest peasants upon earth. Do not listen to them; they deceive you: many families of serfs in distant cantons, suffer even from hunger; many perish under poverty and ill-treatment. In every class in Russia humanity suffers; and the men who are sold with the land suffer more than others. It will be pretended that they are protected by a legal right to the necessaries of life; such right is but a mockery for those who have no means of enforcing it.

‘ It will be further said that it is the interest of the nobles to relieve the wants of their peasants. But does every man always understand his interests? Among us, those who act foolishly lose their fortunes, and there is the end of it; but here, as the fortune of man consists in the life of a number of men, he who mismanages his property may

cause whole villages to perish of famine. The Government, when attracted by too glaring excesses, sometimes puts the unprincipled nobleman under guardianship, but this ever-tardy step does not restore the dead. The mass of sufferings and unknown iniquities that must be produced by such manners, under such a constitution, with so great distances and so dreadful a climate, may be easily imagined. It is difficult to breathe freely in Russia, when we think of all these miseries.'—*Custine*, iii. 92.

Ay—good reader—picture to yourself all that! The apologists of such a state of things may tell us that the serfs of Russia are happy, content, and that we waste our benevolent breath in lamenting over them. If this could be shown, the case of Russian despotism would not be amended thereby, rather otherwise. It would only be to show that, in Russia, the work which it is always natural for despotism to attempt has been largely accomplished—that is, that the mind as well as the muscle of the people has been thoroughly subdued, so that this abject condition, unnatural as it is in itself, has become natural by habit. Furthermore, if these millions of people are indeed so well pleased with their estate, what a pity their owners do not relieve themselves of the burden of caring so considerately for them, and at once wipe away the reproach of holding such multitudes of their fellow-men in a thralldom proclaimed by nearly all Christendom as so iniquitous. If the present condition of the serf be the condition he would choose, why not leave him to the choice of it? Why, in place of that, do you bind him to your service by the strictest laws, and by the most terrible penalties? The recent outbreak among these men, in the quarter where the rumour had come, that the Emperor himself was not unfavourable to their freedom, was significant enough as to what a serf's impression is concerning his lot as such. The greatest pleasure among these people, as among their betters, in Russia, is drunkenness; in other words, says *Custine*, forgetfulness. Unfortunate beings! They must dream if they would be happy. Much of the decay of health and strength, and of the unusual mortality which takes place among these sufferers, must be attributed, no doubt, to causes purely physical—to their being, as we have intimated, badly clothed, badly housed, badly fed, and miserably neglected in sickness and old age. But there is a decay of the body which comes from a decay of spirit. There is a drooping of the outer nature which follows from the sad pressure that bears upon the nature within. It is in the nature, moreover, of that ceaseless dread of evil, which is so common to serfs, and to nearly all beside under such a rule as that of Russia, that it should both distress and abridge human life to an awful extent. There is too much wearing of the sword upon the scabbard in

such cases, and it goes to pieces, accordingly, before its time. Never to be secure against accusation; never to be certain of being allowed the means of defence if accused; and to see the heaviest penalties following inexorably upon conviction—these are conditions of humanity inseparable from the inquietude and fear that must waste and contract human life; and to the effect of such evils every man is to a large degree subject both in Russia and Austria. Hence the notoriousness of the Siberia of the one country, and of the dungeons of the other. The snow regions of the northern power, and the deep dark cells of the southern one, are ever present to the imagination of the thoughtful and impulsive in those countries as objects of terror—and as objects of terror which, if they quell such spirits into passive obedience, do so through processes not a little costly. The author of the ‘Revelations of Russia’ gives us the following account of the doings of the Emperor Nicholas, as natural to him, and the system which he upholds and represents.

‘On the whole, Nicholas is neither better nor worse than the average of his predecessors, inclusive of the great Tsar, who first made Russia European; but he has done, and he bids fair to do, more injury to mankind than all of them put together, without, perhaps, the genius or the boldness to have ever played more than a very subaltern part in many situations of life, he was peculiarly calculated, when placed by the chances of birth in possession of such power, and at the head of such a system, to push it to its extremest limits. He possesses, besides his singleness of purpose, precisely the quantum of moral courage, of obstinacy, and of intellect, to allow him to use the means in his power, in the most effective manner, to attain this end, and withal, the exaggerated self-veneration to induce him to do so. During the nineteen years of his reign, only seven men have been condemned to death, but probably more than in all the united reigns alluded to, have in reality perished by the hands of the executioner. Men, indeed, are not decapitated, impaled, or hanged up by the ribs with hooks, as formerly; but whole companies of Polish prisoners are flogged to death. The knout and plitt which tear away in strips the muscles from the bone, have been inflicted upon thousands and thousands for political offences, who die within a day or two, or perish on the Siberian journey, which inevitably follows. So those have been treated who only refused to change the faith of their fathers on an imperial order!’

To read of such things is to feel one’s blood alternate between heat and cold. But the individuals and the families so tortured and exiled, have most of them left many hearts behind them which bleed for them—not a few bleeding to death. And while a multitude so frightful have been made to pass through such sufferings, a multitude far greater, we may be sure, have endured them all in imagination through fear, so as to have become but too familiar with them.

So far, then, we have endeavoured to dissect the body politic subject to despotic rule, as regards the tendencies in that form of government to shorten the lives of the people, by multiplying the evils which conduce to that result. The question—Freedom *versus* Despotism—is, in this view, simply a question of humanity. It has reference to the fitness of these kinds of government respectively, to ensure length of life among the people, by ensuring to them those conditions of social existence which are favourable to that end. We have something to say as to the conclusion on this point to which our inquiry has brought us, but we abstain until we have directed the attention of our readers to the remaining items of our case.

Our next point of inquiry concerns the relation of despotism to the INTELLECTUAL condition of the people subject to it. We have seen what it does for the bodies of its victims—what does it for their understanding, their mind? In Russia, as every one knows, popular education can hardly be said to exist. Primary schools for the masses of the people, if sustained at all in that country, must of course be sustained by the state, and the state has its reasons for directing its attention to objects of another kind. It does institute colleges on a small and narrow scale; but even here, it not only determines the things that shall be taught, but limits the number of the persons who shall be permitted to learn. The autocrat is the judge, both as to the compass of the matters with which the mind of his subjects may be occupied, and as to the proportions in which the several matters to be known at all shall be known among them. That the state should include a certain number of men capable of acting as physicians, as notaries, or as government and police functionaries, is admitted. But concerning the educational apparatus necessary to secure the needful supply of such material, the emperor is the judge; and his maxim seems to be, that it is better the state should suffer some lack of intelligence in such departments, than that there should be any surplus production of that kind, inasmuch as that is a commodity possessing a strange tendency, whenever it is not duly placed and pensioned, to run into mischief.

In one department, indeed, Nicholas must have the command of men of the first order of ability—we refer, as our readers will suspect, to the diplomatic business of the Empire. Three years since, the army of Russia restored absolutism and arbitrary power to their old place in Europe: and it is not too much to say that the liberties of Christendom are likely to suffer as much from the intrigues of Russia as from its sword. There is no diplomacy in the world so artful, so pervading, and so pernicious, as the diplomacy of Russia. Its war against the powers of Europe is only on rare occasions; its war against the ideas—the intelligence of Europe,

is ceaseless. Nicholas is not desirous that his subjects should be wholly without ideas; but he is exceedingly desirous that their ideas should be very few, and that they shall be purely Russian. The great Russian idea is, that the Czar is the representative of the Great Invisible—at once Autocrat and Pontiff, the irresponsible head of Church and State. That this idea, and a few others cognate with it, may be preserved intact, and without any mixture from the jarring thought at work elsewhere in Europe, is the great object of the rigid censorship which presides over the press. Nothing of a political nature can appear in a newspaper, except as prepared or revised in the proper quarter. Books which discuss religious or political questions—even those which give histories of revolutions proceeding from causes of that nature, are strictly prohibited. One book, we are told, was seized not long since, by a government official, because it happened to have the alarming word ‘revolutions’ in the title, the learned functionary having failed to see that the revolutions intended were those of bodies in the heavens, not of states upon the earth. Through the length and breadth of that empire, the greatest care is taken that the ideas of the people shall be such only as go down to them from the central power above them; and that nothing of home news, or of news from other countries, shall reach them, of a kind to stir their thought, so as to unfit them for the absolute submission expected from them. In a word, the Russian system is a colossal, monstrous system, which practically teaches that mind was made for matter, the spiritual for the material, the soul for the body, making the great duty of man to consist in such a culture of what is sometimes called his higher nature, as may contribute to the gratifications of the lower, and as may fit him for subjecting both natures to the absolute bidding of a single will. Political, moral, and religious questions being in fact no questions at all, but all matters determined and fixed, it is to physical and mechanical science only that anything of the nature of patronage is extended by the government—and even in this field the autocrat would seem to be afraid of the mind of his subjects, and avails himself largely of the discoveries and the helps of scientific foreigners, rather than confide in it.

In Austria the educational apparatus is considerably different from the appearances of that nature in Russia. But the characteristics of the two governments are in the main identical. Through the Austrian territory a system of popular education has been in action for some generations past, and the reports concerning the operation of this system, with its array of school-houses, and teachers, and pupils, might lead us to regard the people of that country as a people generally well instructed and intelligent. But these signs are fallacious. Such systems are good or

evil according to the purpose for which they are devised, and the hands by which they are worked. In such countries as Belgium, Holland, Scotland, and the United States, the results of systems of this description have been highly beneficial. But there is a world of difference between a machinery of this nature, as left in the main in the hands of a free people, and as regulated to its minutest details by an arbitrary government. Austria, we may be sure, would not incur the cost and labour of sustaining such a machinery, did it not admit of being worked as an engine of state of no mean value. All children between five and thirteen years of age are reckoned as of the school age. In Austria Proper, attendance at these schools is compulsory, and it is so as far as practicable in other provinces of the empire distinguished by difference of race, language, and religion. But the attendance varies greatly. In Upper and Lower Austria the attendance is as more than seven out of ten that should be in attendance, but in other provinces the scale drops considerably below that level, so that in some places the attendance is little more than one-tenth, in place of seven-tenths. We should not omit to state that a commendable effort is made to infuse a modicum of the industrial element, for both sexes, into some of these schools; but their general effect, as regards any real culture of the intellectual and moral nature of their pupils, presents a miserable failure. The following extract on this point is from an author who has had opportunities of seeing for himself, and of understanding the subject on which he writes:

‘The official statistical tables display a vast array of popular schools, teachers, assistants, and visitors, and, to judge from that report, national education is the radiant point of the government; but the result is far from being satisfactory, if these institutions be measured by their fruits. While public education has made vast strides in other parts of Germany, it has remained stationary in Austria. The teachers are so badly paid, that, to save themselves from want, they are often compelled to take service in aid of their scanty allowance. Very many of the school-houses are in a most ruinous condition, and often from the simple reason, that the permission to rebuild or repair is delayed even for years by the tedious progress of public business. The rooms, also, are often too small for the public wants, and the children are packed together in a most unhealthy compass. The spirit of economy which seems to prevail in this branch of the public expenditure might be better applied in other directions. After six or seven years’ schooling, the utmost that the children have gained is a mere superficial knowledge of the elements of reading, writing, and arithmetic, beyond which they never advance, partly because the teacher himself can go no farther. At the same time that no material acquirements are to be got in the schools, all instruction in domestic duties is neglected. In the whole of the Austrian states, not one useful manual, and, still

more, not one work of reference or information for the labouring classes, is to be found. The reading of the peasant is limited to some trash of the so-called holy legends, as absurd as unscriptural, and to little elementary books which he buys at the yearly fair of his village. The clergy have not the remotest idea of procuring useful books for him, nor even of drawing his attention to them; and, indeed, it is not an unusual opinion among them, that it would be better if he could not read at all. It follows, hence, that the peasants gain nothing by the course of elementary education which has been pursued towards them; and instead of deriving knowledge and intelligence, they only become bewildered and lost.'—*Thompson's Austria*, pp. 238—240.

This description, as intimated, applies most forcibly to the schools for the peasantry through the country districts. But there is room for much of this kind of complaint in reference to the schools in the small towns, and even in the large cities. Nor does the matter improve greatly when you ascend from primary schools for the poor, to the better class of schools, and to the colleges designed for the middle class, the rich, and the noble.

It is richly characteristic of Austria, that the educational establishment on which the government bestows its most marked patronage, and its largest bounty, is an establishment for the education of the sons of the aristocracy in the matters which may fit them for becoming able *employés*. The effect of this institution, which was originated by Maria Theresa, is two-fold—it has tended to preserve the aristocracy, as a class, distinct from the classes below them—an object which the court of Vienna has always looked upon as of great importance; and while it has contributed to supply ability for the public service, whether at home or in foreign courts, in the special degree demanded by the genius of Austrian rule, it has given to the men in whose hands the springs of authority are placed, very substantial reasons for wishing to see the *statu quo* of things perpetuated. The number of students in this aristocratic college, not long since, did not exceed 170, of whom 140 were pensioners on the state. For this 170 students, strange to say, there is a staff of directors and professors amounting to 63 persons; and the expense of the whole establishment is more than 17,000*l.* a-year. In the university of Vienna there are 5000 students, with 84 professors; and the expenditure of the Government in behalf of these 5000 students in Vienna, is about *one-fifteenth* of the sum annually expended in favour of the 170 students elsewhere. The great object of Austrian policy has long been that the few should be found competent to rule, and that the mind of the many should be screened from every influence that might unfit them for being strictly passive as given into the hands of the few. In the comparative position assigned to this school for making functionaries, states-

men, and diplomatists, we have a significant indication of this element of Austrianism. The late Emperor, who was often lauded as the father of his people, when solicited to allow the founding of an Academy, made a reply eminently characteristic both of himself and of the system which he represented—‘I want no men of learning; I want good *employés*’. That saying might serve as a motto for the beaucroatic school founded by Maria Theresa, and indeed for everything truly Austrian. The following passage shows how easy it is for our shallow runabouts during a few months in summer to be deceived in this matter. The writer is speaking of Vienna.

‘No capital of Europe can boast of finer collections and more extensive museums, both in the arts and sciences, than Vienna; but it is an undoubted fact, that there is less done to advance science, and to encourage the true philosopher, than in any other city of Europe. All who are capable of forming an opinion, or who dare express their sentiments on the subject, are unanimous on the lamentable truth; and the men of science and of literature who visit the capital, recoil with dismay from the barren soil. The foreigner and visitor who spend their leisure hours in the Ambrose Museum or the Gallery of the Belvidere—see the richest treasures of the animal and mineral world crowded into the different splendid cabinets of natural history—are lost in wonder at the brilliancy of the Schatzkammer, and contemplate, in the Museum of Antiquity, the noblest efforts of Grecian and Etruscan art—whose minds are powerfully impressed with the paternal government which has created and endowed such noble institutions—and, looking at these things through the purple veil with which well-ordered diplomacy has encompassed them, say, ‘Surely, with such encouragements, art and science must flourish here—the savans of Vienna must be numerous and celebrated.’ But, noble and impressive as these museums and institutions are, they have not produced the effects which similar establishments have in other countries. The higher branches of science are at a very low ebb: chemistry has never had existence; astronomy is buried in the grave of its late professor—mineralogy is locked up in the glass cases of the KK cabinet; physiology is but a name; and geology and comparative anatomy are still unborn in the Austrian capital—the former, because it is forbidden to be taught lest it should injure the morality of the religious Viennese! and the latter, because it has not yet been specified in the programme of education prescribed by the state. It appears hardly credible that there should not be one comparative anatomist of note in Vienna, or that the science should form no part of the extensive system of medical study prescribed in the University. A Cuvier, an Owen, or a Müller, are not the offsprings of every country, and Austria never has had, and never will have, according to her present system, any philosopher of reputation, until she publicly patronizes the sciences.’—*Thompson’s Austria*, pp. 342—344.

But if thus much may be said concerning the science of

Austria, small hope can there be that literature—connecting itself as that does with so many principles and passions accounted dangerous—will find a genial home in such a country. The censorship of the press is there so administered, that no man of due self-respect could bring himself to attempt the treatment of any of those topics which must always give life to literature—wherever it has life—history, biography, poetry. Who, with the wings of the black eagle spread over him, could hope to be allowed to give forth his thoughts through such channels in the manner becoming a man of genius? To such puerilities does the meddling of this censorship descend, that rather than be at the mercy of such officious ignorance, the few men competent to useful authorship choose almost anything rather than such employment. Schiller's works are in the hands of the reading class, but if his 'William Tell' is to be acted, it must be so pruned of all references to Austria, and of all its noble execrations of tyranny, as to become one of the most vapid of performances. Had Schiller been an Austrian, would 'William Tell' ever have been written? In the book catalogue of Leipsic Easter fair in 1835, the German publications were 3164—the Austrian 216. In 1839, the German list was 3127—the Austrian 180. Melancholy as this may be, it is only what the circumstances might have led us to expect. Nor is this all. Even this small—this very small proportion of works from Austria, consists almost entirely of books on Natural History, Physics, Medicine, Mathematics, and Law—to the exclusion of all works of the greatest concernment to humanity, as touching upon its what, its whence, and its wherefore. Neither rulers nor their maxims, neither priests nor their dogmas, must be brought under criticism, or be subject to any questioning. An Austrian newspaper gives a meagre sketch of political events in other countries, suited to the meridian of Austria, is silent about its own judicial and police affairs, and contains little beyond short literary notices, critiques upon the theatres, and hints upon matters relating to agricultural or domestic economy.

Suffice it now to say, that all this which is true in relation to the nearly forty millions of Austria, is true in a still greater degree in relation to the more than sixty millions of Russia. More than a hundred millions of souls, then, are before us, being, for the greater part, thus bound, thus crippled, thus utterly and for ever dwarfed, by means of a huge political—or rather '*infernal machine*,' constructed from beginning to end that this thing may be done. These millions are to be for the ruling, the ruling are not to be for them; and everything needed to ensure the required strength on the one side, and to entail the expedient measure of weakness on the other, is done—done with a carefulness that knows no rest, and with a relentlessness that knows

no pity. Think, good reader, on *that*—on the CRIME of the one side, and on the WRONGS of the other, involved in *THAT*!

In directing the attention of our readers to this dark and chilling shadow that has come over all mind in Russia and Austria, we must not omit to observe that it is the phenomenon which has made itself perceptible of late in other states of Germany; and which since the memorable second of December, 1852, has diffused itself over Paris and France, menacing even that country with the St. Peterburgh and Vienna signs of toleration and progress. Dictators can do much—but, happily, to preside over a chained press, and over a great literature, is not possible even to them. Under the present tyranny, France has no literature—can have none. For the present, her place in the literary history of nations is vacant.

We shall next look, in this dissection of our subject, to its tendency in relation to MORALS.

The awed and subdued condition in which the minds of men generally are kept, in despotic countries, is not more adverse to eminence in literature or science, than to a really healthy state of things in relation to manufactures and commerce. It is the aim of such governments to fix the attention of their subjects on material processes and material enjoyments. They would have it believed that in such processes, and in such enjoyments, consist the great duty, and the chief destiny of man. It is in this channel that they would have men's thoughts to flow, so as to leave them without motive to higher aspiration, without a disposition to concern themselves with disturbing speculations. But the thing attempted is not possible. There can no more be great manufacturing skill, or a great commerce, without freedom, than there can be eminence in literature or science without freedom. The ruler that would preside over a nation possessing the ingenuities and the energies of a free people, must see that his people are free. Even in Asia this law has prevailed. The cities of Phœnicia would never have been the places they have become in the history of commerce, had they not been comparatively free and self-governed. It was so with the Greek cities, both in the mother-country and in her colonies. It was so in the Italian cities; and in the cities included in the Hanseatic League, during the middle ages. Everywhere the security of person and property is the condition indispensable to the existence of manufacturing invention or commercial transactions on a large scale. It is a law—the retributive law of the All-just, that the ruler who must have a passive people, shall never have an ingenious, an industrious, an energetic, a high-minded, a truly great people. If the objects of his oversight must be in all

things submissive, they may be his shame, they can never be his glory. Our fickle and short-sighted neighbours, the French, are trying just now to persuade themselves that the shade of a military tyranny will prove favourable to the development of their skill and industry as producers and traffickers. But if history has any truth to tell, they are committing themselves to an egregious mistake. While we write, the man whom they have assisted to stilt himself into the midst of so much splendour and power, upon his accession as Emperor, in place of relaxing his hold upon them, has placed himself more completely than ever in a position to have the values and the safety of all property at his bidding;—and the single will which is to be thus omnipotent, is a will subject to the low and shameless passions which, in the sight of all Europe, could alienate the possessions of the Orleans family with a stroke of the pen. Tyranny and traffic do not thrive together. The dictatorship of a year may not show this—the dictatorship of something less than a decade of years will do so. Commerce, to its expansion and stability, requires, not only the forms of liberty, but the virtues of it—its fidelities, its honesties, its humanities.

The extent in which we are ourselves interested, as a commercial people, in the promulgation of this doctrine, admits of being reduced to figures. With few exceptions, and for each of which special reasons may be assigned, our *exports* to foreign countries are found to be less and less, as the people with whom we trade are found to sink lower and lower in the scale of freedom. Our exports to Russia, for example, are one-tenth only of our exports to the United States, while the population of the United States is not a third of the population of Russia. Belgium and Holland, with their seven millions only of people, take more of our produce than Russia with her sixty-two millions. It is, therefore, altogether a mistake for the Napoleonists of France to suppose, that by shutting up the French nation to the producing of wares for the market, and to the selling of them there, they are taking the course to build up France into a great commercial power. No nation coerced by such a policy, ever became great in anything. Nature is against the success of such low and selfish expedients. The atmosphere, in such case, is too confined—the people compelled to breathe it lose robustness, become sick, and die.

This is a view of despotism which further illustrates its tendency to deteriorate both the physical and the mental condition of society. But it is a view of it showing its relation no less clearly to deteriorated morals. Teach a people that material possessions and material pleasures are the true end of man, and you wed them to materialism. The materialism may be,

for the most part, of the grossest description, as at St. Petersburg; or it may be allied, to a large extent, with splendour and refinement, as in Vienna at present, and as in Paris under the old *régime*. But the substance is still materialism. It is the sensuousness of man becoming man. Nor is it true that the vice, in such case, loses much of its evil by losing something of its grossness—for often where the grossness becomes less, it is only that vice, taking the form of spiritual wickedness, may become greater. Your libertine in low life verges towards the animal; so does your libertine in high life, but he so does with more forethought and system, and in the manner of a more deliberate and conscious depravity. Preclude men from the free thought and the free action proper to them as free men, and all history shows that this is the state of morals to which they are doomed. Leisure hours will come, and will have occupancy. Thought will come, and must have its outlet. The best occupancy—the best outlet—would be in the direction of the intelligent and the free; but as all that is forbidden ground, the only path open is that which leads to ground much lower down.

The effect of the prohibition of all the more manly topics of conversation in the intercourse of society, necessitates that whatever passes in such intercourse should be of the most frivolous and vapid description, or something worse. The men, here and there, retaining some measure of good sense and right feeling, are so bitterly sensible to this evil, that they commonly avoid society almost entirely. But even that course is hardly safe. It often betrays a feeling dangerous to be evinced under such a surveillance. In Russia, the police are not only the authority to arrest real or pretended delinquents, they are the authority to judge them. Hence the probability that few arrests will take place without being followed by conviction, and hence the dread of those gentlemen which pervades society. Their function is not so much to protect society, as to make aggressions upon it—to determine its conduct and discourse, and even to regulate its tastes.

‘The Russian walls,’ says one of our travellers, ‘have more than ears: the whole country is, in fact, a Dionysian ear; so perfect is the system of espionage established by Count Benckendorf. His power is as much dreaded as the horrors of the Inquisition, to which, in some respects, it may safely be compared. By his rules, suspicion is so nearly allied to actual guilt, that innocence can hardly escape the penalties of crime. Society is ruined; and an unguarded remark may cause the explosion which will seal the fate of the unconscious delinquent, and consign him at once to an unknown doom; or, if a foreigner, expel him from the country at twenty-four hours’ notice.

‘The Russian, prone to gaiety and *bonhomie*, relaxes only when

distance from his country loosens his restraints. It is said that the Russian landing at Lubeck is the most complete contrast to the one embarking; the one is about to re-enter his vast prison, while the other is experiencing the first sensations of unalloyed freedom and self-action. It has been my fortune to travel with some of these released captives, and it was quite amusing to witness the difficulty they felt in conforming to the easy and natural freedom, both in speech and manner, of those who surrounded them; the attempt, for some time, sat as ill upon them as their *bourgeois* costume.'

How this beautiful machinery has been working for a long time past in Austria, is thus described by the same witness:

'The effect of the conservative system on the intelligence of the people may be compared to a sleep with troubled dreams. Proscription and repression have been simultaneously exerted to stifle every intellectual manifestation. Written language has been emasculated by the censor, and speech has been choked in its utterance by the secret informer. This corrupt and consuming ulcer ate so deeply into the moral frame of society, and extended itself, polypus-like, so widely, that at last there was no degree, high or low—whether wrapped in the steel of loyalty and truth, or incapable of forming a judgment—that was not contaminated by it. The powerful magnate might disregard it, but the dependent masses shuddered within themselves when they reflected on the dangers of denunciation; dangers which continually threatened their very existence, and against which security was only to be found in the grave.

'Against the perils of espionage there existed no other safeguard than the maintenance of the most complete silence on all political and social questions, or the exercise of subserviency to the hypocritical extent of acquiescing in or extolling whatever was permitted to be seen, said, and believed by the community, or ordered to be received with demonstrations of satisfaction. It naturally followed, therefore, that a most humiliating and disgraceful system of hypocrisy took root, and, spreading far and wide, gained universal ascendancy. The well-disposed people did violence to their consciences, and by dint of persuading themselves of the truth of the system, they at length satisfied their understandings, and became converts to it. It may be readily conceived that even men of honest intentions, and blameless in act and speech, did not always escape the fate of denunciation. An institution, ever open to receive impeachment, but closed to all vindication,—which encourages informations against the simplest expressions of opinion, and the slightest objections of a political tendency,—which even intrudes into the most insignificant domestic and social concerns, affords unbounded scope for the indulgence of hatred, revenge, and defamation; and, letting loose the evil passions of bad and depraved spirits, places in their hands weapons more dangerous to the well-disposed than the sword itself. By offering facilities to the evil-disposed to blast with a lie the most valuable possessions of man,—his liberty, honour, and good name,—and thus to ruin the

prosperity of one family and destroy the happiness of others, the whole foundation of public morality is undermined, and the very institutions which should be its support and protection become the vehicles of terror and dismay.'

This passage describes the state of things generally. Take the following as an instance of illustration :

'One example will be sufficient to prove that the system of secret denunciation extends to the most insignificant trifles. A lately deceased physician, of high reputation in Vienna, and a man of the most upright character, happened to say at an evening party that he did not approve of the plan of supplying the city with water from the Danube, on the score of the public health, as he believed the water to possess injurious qualities. After the expiration of some little time, he was summoned to appear before one of the public authorities, who thus addressed him: 'Your name stands on the police report as 'having spoken offensively against the project of the government to 'supply the city with water; for which I am under the necessity of 'rebuking you, and of signifying our displeasure.' The physician, having succeeded in recalling the circumstance to his mind, ridiculed the whole proceeding, and proved most satisfactorily that his remark had been wilfully perverted by the informer.'

Under such a government 'the vilest men are exalted,' inasmuch as the inquisitorial service necessary to its power is such as vile men only will render. Everywhere its operation is as a bounty to the evil rather than to the good. Society under its sway is a huge hypocrisy. Nothing is as it seems. It dooms men to submission, and calls that submission loyalty—to silence, and calls that silence contentment. Everywhere the struggle is of the weak against the strong; and everywhere the weak learn to counteract the force so exercised by fraud. In this manner despotism inverts the principles of morality. What in other circumstances would be virtue, comes to be crime; what in other circumstances would be crime, comes to be virtue. Craft in the governed, is accepted by common consent as the fitting weapon wherewith to counteract cruelty in the governing. Thus the moral sensibilities cease to be natural, are perverted, and often utterly effaced. The practice of deceit becomes so general, that to give men credit in any case for acting with sincerity, is an effort so contrary to habit as to be all but impossible; and of all schemes for making men knaves, there is none so summary as that of always demeaning yourself towards them as such. The maxims of Machiavelli are the natural product of such a school. Jesuitism must ever be the fitting ally of such powers. There is no depth of mental turpitude towards which despotism does not tend, with which it has not its manifest affinities. Tyranny,

servility, venality, present themselves in all grades. Each class submits to wrong, but each is careful to transmit the same as with usury to the class next beneath. The frown which alarms the noble is only as the first link in a chain, which ends not until the blow falls on the neck of the peasant or the serf; and in every stage through which these influences descend, manhood, all nobleness, is seen to perish, as beneath an electric touch that must be fatal to it, while a spirit at once abject and pitiless comes into its place.

In Russia, the duty of lying is nowhere more an object of credence than with the government. If an accident happens at a festival, or upon a railway, and hundreds of lives are lost, the matter is veiled from the scrutiny of the people, and the scores that may have perished are officially reported as units.

‘This policy of deceit is inexplicable; for instead of calming the public mind, suspicion is engendered; and the universal impression naturally is, that a fault has been committed by the authorities, which they try to gloss over; besides, the disclosure of the truth involves no political principle. The system of falsehood, thus sanctioned, influences materially and mischievously the character of the people, whose duplicity is a national vice; they feel that to lie is but the performance of a needful duty; and that the utterance of truth, even in the most trifling subjects, is a defiance of the authorities. It is impossible to place the slightest reliance on any information which you may receive; for, either from fear or from a desire to mislead and to perplex the ideas of strangers, they over-colour their statement or pervert the truth in some way. Accustomed by habit to disguise the truth to others, they arrive at last at the point of not perceiving the evil in themselves, excepting through a veil which hourly thickens its folds. They deceive you without mistrust of discovery, and utter falsehoods with the ingenuousness of candour. It would be curious to ascertain (if it were possible) at what period falsehood ceases to be estimated as a crime, for it must have an early origin in those who live by fear.

‘The sanctity of a promise, even, is no guarantee of good faith; and as its fulfilment was never contemplated, forgetfulness offers no excuse for its violation. Habit tolerates the principle, and self-interest unblushingly excuses the abuse, notwithstanding its criminality, and the heart-breaking consequences it entails. It is well known that the head of a noble house promised to emancipate a family of peasants at the ransom of the large sum of 50,000 roubles; but having received the money, he continued to keep the deluded victims among the serfs on his estate.’

The suspicion diffused by a government so little to be trusted, and at the same time so ubiquitous and penetrating in its agencies, has disposed the Russians to give themselves to gaming, as some diversion of their thoughts, and as a source of some pleasurable

excitement. This passion, described as a national vice among the Russians, is hardly less prevalent in Austria, and for the same reason. Vice in the government generates this vice among the people, in all grades; and this vice among the people becomes, in its turn, the parent of a progeny, whose name is legion.

In the income of the Austrian government, one large item arises from its profits as dealing in state lotteries. The drawings of these lotteries take place more frequently than every day in the year, for they amount in twelve months to 450! The prizes in this gambling affair are always before the eyes of the people, and a stake as low as twopence is sufficient to give a man his chance. Thus does the government minister to the passions of the gamester in the mind of the people, profiting most, we may believe, where the ignorance and the superstition are the greatest.

We have spoken of the policy of despotism in restricting its victims to the pursuit of material possessions and pleasures. Such pleasures being the one thing, they naturally become a thing in excess, and one pursued, unchecked by the finer and by the ordinary moral feeling in action elsewhere. What would our readers think of a state of society in which it is about as much a matter of female vanity for a married woman to have lovers beside her husband, as for a single woman to have suitors. But so it is in Russia. ‘Immorality and *intrigue*,’ says Mr. Thompson, ‘are of universal prevalence; and in a social sense are hardly looked upon as criminal acts—while gambling and debauchery are the natural consequences of the tedious monotony from which all wish to escape, by indulging in gross and vicious excitement’ (101). Our readers must imagine for themselves the effects upon domestic life, inseparable from such habits among the married portion of a community. Children as they grow up may know their mothers, but—their fathers! It would be a waste of sympathy, however, to pity these people, even in this view of their condition. They feel it not. Young men in a *café*—men of some station, too—may be heard comparing notes on these matters of probable genealogy, and seen to find occasion for mirth in pursuing retrospections which would fill a young Englishman with an inexpressible sense of shame. The middle class is not much more exempt from this corruptness than the higher. There is one season of the year when the officers of the garrison at Moscow are sure not to be absent—it is when the traffickers and merchants of that city go to transact their business at Nijni fair, leaving their wives under the special charge of duennas during the interval. We have only glanced at the edge of this foul topic—we dare not do more.—(*Custine*, iii. 88, 89.)

Vienna has too much in common in this respect with St. Petersburg.

Concerning the illegitimate births in Russia, we have no means of judging with accuracy. We may be sure that the 'revelations' which might be made on this subject, are not such as to present a very edifying example. We know that one half the population is said to die before they reach the tenth year of their age; and the emperor's Foundling Hospital, with its 15,000 disowned children, brought up as a commodity of state, for state purposes, suggests nothing very promising or agreeable in this direction.

But in Austria we have statistics on this matter, and very pretty results do they place before us. The government, in the tenderness of its paternal wisdom, takes upon it to judge who may marry and who may not. The magistrate must grant a licence, without which the priest may not marry; and the licence may be refused, if the magistrate be not satisfied, upon inquiry, that the parties are in possession of the requisite means for their support. The effect of this policy is such as might be expected. Not a few decline application for the licence, and those to whom it is refused learn to dispense with it. Taking the towns and cities upon an average, the illegitimate births are found to be as many as ten in every seventeen. In some places the degree in which the scale turns on the bad side is frightful. During seven years, the illegitimate births to the legitimate were, in Milan, as 11,370 to 32,096; in Lemberg, as 7685 to 11,077; in Prague, as 12,371 to 17,938; in Grätz, as 7406 to 5441; and in Vienna itself, as 44,773 to 56,394. Well may Austria abound in lying-in and foundling hospitals, sustained by the state. Of the latter there are as many as thirty-four; and the former are everywhere thrown open indiscriminately. We must not dwell on this most offensive picture; but the reader must not fail to bear in mind the numbers of children which thus grow up wholly strangers to the softening influences of relations to father and mother, brother and sister. Even in the case of the illegitimate children whose birth does not subject them to this loss, how much else is there of a mischievous and melancholy description that must be entailed upon them. In France, the illegitimate births are as 1 to 13; in Holland, as 1 to 15; in Belgium, as 1 to 21; in Sweden, 1 to 16; and in Norway, as 1 to 14. — *Porter's Progress of the Nation*, 22.

The Marquess de Custine, speaking of Russia, says, that it is common to the people of that country to confound corruptness with liberal institutions, and for men of the most dissolute habits to be admired on account of the licence to which they give themselves, much as we admire a talented opposition or minority.

Such, he adds, are 'the aberrations into which despotism—the *'most immoral of governments—can drive the minds of men. 'Here all revolt appears legitimate, revolt even against reason 'and against God! Where order is oppressive, disorder has its 'martyrs. A Lovelace, a Don Juan, or yet worse, if it were 'possible, would be viewed as a kind of liberator, merely because 'he incurred legal punishments. The blame can only fall on the 'judge. People here avow their hatred of morals, just as others 'would elsewhere say, 'I detest arbitrary government.'*

In this manner even vice becomes virtue, as being at least one form of bidding defiance to restraint; and the Russian often talks of the doings of his countrymen in this way in a manner which seems to say, 'You see we are not quite so uncivilized or passive as you suppose.'

We see, then, in this section of our inquiry, that political vassalage and commercial greatness are not compatible; that to shut men up to material gain and to material pleasures, to the exclusion of all free, manly, and higher occupations of their thoughts, is to wed them to materialism, to selfishness, to depravity, and to entail upon them the world of evils which must come in, as the heart of a people loses its power to do homage to the true, the just, and the noble.

While such are the effects of despotism in respect to the physical condition, the intelligence, and the morals of those who are subject to it, we may readily conjecture what the fruit of it must be in regard to RELIGION.

Religion, if it is not to be made up of superstition and fanaticism, must be allied with intelligence; and we no more expect to find it amidst squalor and filth, than amidst sensuousness, and the depravities of moral feeling. The empire of Russia includes Mohammedans, Jews, Protestants, and Romanists. But the great majority of the people belong to the Greek church. In that church superstition in its worst forms is lamentably dominant, checked by a much less degree of intelligence than is generally found in connexion with Romanism. If the conquered are allowed in certain regions to retain their hereditary faith, the Russian convicted of deserting the religion of his fathers is sent to Siberia. The supreme pontiff over the Greek church is the Czar himself; all its springs of power are in his hand, and all are regulated by him, so as to subserve his pleasure. It is not too much to say, that in the popular creed of Russia, to fear the Czar, and to keep his commandments, comprise the whole duty of man. It is true there is one God, but the Czar is his prophet, and civil disobedience, under his theocratic sway, is held forth

by priest and magistrate as being at once treason and impiety. Custine visited the church of St. Isaac of St. Petersburg, an edifice in the course of erection, little less extraordinary, especially if viewed as a product of our age, than St. Peter's of Rome, and it is in the following terms that our author becomes reflective from the sight of it:—

‘And such efforts for the benefit of a church crippled by the civil power! Alas! the Word of God will never be heard under this roof. The temples of the Greek church no longer serve as roofs for the pulpits of truth. In scorn of the memories of the Athanasiiuses and the Chrysostoms, religion is not taught publicly to the Russians. The Greek Muscovites suppress the Word of preaching, unlike the Protestants, whose religion consists of nothing but that Word.

‘The emperor, aided by his armies of soldiers and of artists, exerts himself in vain. He will never invest the Greek church with a power which God has not given it; it may be rendered a persecuting, but it cannot be rendered an apostolical, church—a church, that is to say, which is a *civilizer* and a conqueror in the moral world. To discipline men is not to convert souls. This political and national church has neither moral nor spiritual life; where independence is wanting, there can be nothing else that is good. Schism, in separating the priest from his independent head, immediately throws him into the hands of his temporal prince; and thus revolt is punished by slavery. In the most bloody periods of history, the Catholic church laboured to emancipate the nations; the adulterous priest sold the God of heaven to the god of the world, to enable him to tyrannize over men in the name of Christ; but that impious priest, while even killing the body, enlightened the mind; for altogether turned from the right way as he was, he nevertheless formed part of a church which possessed life and light: the Greek priest imparts neither life nor death; he is himself a dead body.

‘Signs of the cross, salutations in the streets, bowing of the knees before the chapels, prostrations of old devotees upon the pavements of the churches, kissings of the hands, a wife, children, and universal contempt—such are the fruits of the priest's abdication; such is all that he has been able to obtain from the most superstitious people in the world. What a lesson!’—*Custine*, ii. 76, 77.

It must not be supposed, however, that the dead level to which the Greek church is reduced in Russia, by the pressure of this external machinery on the one hand, and this complete absence of religious teaching on the other, is such as to ensure a strict unity of opinion. This common coercion, and this common ignorance, do not suffice to produce a common thinking. It is beyond the power even of a Russian despotism to reduce men either to a strict sameness of opinion, or to a strict sameness of condition. Nowhere are there greater diversities of condition; and the diversities of notions about religion are much greater

than the government cares to be cognisant of, or would have the stranger to suspect. But these differences of opinion, unhappily, are none of them in the direction of a more intelligent piety. They are almost uniformly aberrations into follies still more puerile, or into extravagancies which give a still greater licence to the sensuousness of the people: 'We have one sect,' said a Russian prince to the Marquis de Custine, 'holding the doctrine of polygamy, and another the promiscuous intercourse of the sexes, and they both practice what they teach. In fact, we have more differences upon religion than upon any matter beside, and it is on that rock that we are most likely, in due time, to go to pieces.'

In Austria, as in Russia, there are great differences of creed. Jews, Lutherans, Reformed, Unitarians, and Romanists. But the Catholic faith is predominant. Greatly preferable as this faith is, in general, to that of the Greek church, it is barely so in Austria. Hot wars were carried on, both with the pen and the sword, and through many generations, between the German emperors and the popes, to determine the limits of their respective authority. In these struggles the civil power was, upon the whole, and ultimately, the winning power. Under the house of Austria, accordingly, the clergy have been made to feel, from times far remote, that they were much more dependent on the will of their prince than on that of the pontiff. Bowing their neck to the Erastianism of the state, they have sold themselves and their people into its hands. The discussion of differences on religion, as on other matters, being jealously repressed by the censorship, all thought on the subject is necessarily hereditary and stereotyped, both among priests and people. But even stagnant ignorance, as we see in Russia, will have its dreams and aberrations. Its progeny, however, will be worthy of it. Austria, solicitous to possess good soldiers, good diplomatists, and good *employés*, knows nothing of priests, except as instruments wherewith to perpetuate the ignorant routine that may best conduce to keep the people in order. The members of the royal family are—or at least were—very devout, according to the Romanist idea of devotion. But of religion among the people, they have no notion, except as consisting in submission to the guidance of a priest. Among the common people, what passes for religion is a gross superstition; and with the higher classes, it is of that pageant and festal kind, which is soon over, and is very pleasant while it lasts.

One of the most popular and fashionable of these pageants takes place at Easter, when a clumsy and tawdry representation is made, after dramatic fashion, of the resurrection. Another,

connected with the same season, and which is still more attractive, consists of a public ceremony, in which the emperor washes the feet of twelve poor men, and the empress the feet of twelve poor women, all cleaned up for the occasion—the royal personages condescending to act as waiting-man and waiting-woman, at the table where the twenty-four paupers are afterwards seated. The fact that exhibitions of this nature do really take place, must suggest nearly all that could be said as to the thoroughness with which the house of Austria has succeeded in denuding religion of its true uses, and in turning it to a false use. In a word, religion is, in Austria, what it must be wherever monarchy verges towards despotism, an engine of state, and nothing more. As it is with the priests, so it is, as we have seen, with the schoolmaster. They are only different agencies filling up a vast system of police.

In this investigation, then, we have seen something of the tendencies of despotic power in relation to the Physical, the Intellectual, the Moral, and the Religious condition of the people subject to it.

It is well that our Conservative people, and our Whig-liberals, who, now-a-days, are so little distinguishable from them, should be met with a full and honest showing of the natural tendencies—of the actual fruit, of systems towards which they are often inclined to demean themselves so very respectfully. These gentlemen, of course, admit, that such systems are not all wisdom, nor all goodness; but this admission is usually made in a manner which seems to say—‘bad, however, in some respects, as such an order of things may be, it is better than anything that could be set up in its place.’ We must, however, be permitted to ask—is it really so? How do you make that appear? Something better has been set up in Sardinia, in Belgium, in Holland, in Sweden, and in Norway—to say nothing of Great Britain and the United States. Why should the course of things be so different in Naples, in the domain of his holiness, in Tuscany, in Lombardy, in Hungary, in Austria itself? Surely it is not that those *countries* are incapable of becoming the homes of an elevated and prosperous people—they are more capable of that than half the countries which have so become. Nor can it be that the *people* are incapable of being trained to an appreciation of something better. Of that many have given proof by hazarding the loss of all things—even of life itself, in the hope of realizing something better. Alas! for them—the widowhood and orphanage of thousands in those countries, and the butcheries of so many in cold blood, going on even to this hour, furnish sad evidence

that the men among us do lie—cruelly lie, who say, or insinuate, that bad as the actual may be with those peoples, it is the best that may be. The evidence of probability, from the nature of the case, is against such a conclusion; and the evidence of facts, many and immediate, is such as to demonstrate that it is an untruth, and an untruth betraying a sordid, low, and merciless temper in the men who utter it. There is nothing better in those countries, simply because, in political matters, the powers which rule them have each said to evil, ‘Be thou my good.’ How it stands with the Emperor Nicholas in this respect we learn from his own words. Pressing the hand of the Marquis de Custine, he is described as saying—‘I have been a representative sovereign (in Poland), and the world knows what it has cost me to have been unwilling to submit to the exigencies of this *infamous government* (I quote literally). To buy votes, to corrupt consciences, to seduce some in order to deceive others; all these means I disdained, as degrading those who obey as much as those who command, and I have dearly paid the penalty of my straightforwardness; but God be praised, I have *done for ever with that detestable machine*; I shall never more be a constitutional king’ (vol. i. 270). Of the virtuousness of the *régime* which his majesty has substituted in the place of the ‘infamous’ and ‘detestable’ rule of a popular constitutionalism, we have given some illustrations in the preceding pages. No doubt, it would be a somewhat troublesome thing for the Emperor Nicholas to be obliged to rule upon a plan requiring him to consult any other will than his own; and the *statu quo* of his empire, and the sacrifice of a million or so of lives in a year, are, of course, trivial matters, compared with the importance of allowing his majesty to be perfectly at ease in his position. St. Petersburg, Hesse Cassel, Vienna, Tuscany, Rome, Naples, are all manifestly at one on this point. These are among the dominions and thrones which have become agreed in the conclusion, that whatever power is possessed by the people, must consist of what has been purloined from the crown. In all these countries the good that *might* be, is *not*, purely because it has been thus ruled that it is *not good*. The cardinal maxim in all these governments, acted upon if not avowed, is, that peoples are made for princes, not princes for peoples. We have seen in the case of outraged and down-trodden Hungary, what these powers could do in the affairs of Europe without the aid of France. For the present, the fanatical adventurer to whose juggleries fortune has given the throne of France, has placed that country among the military tyrannies of Christendom. All these powers, be sure of it, are filled with a deep and settled hate of Great Britain. It is

natural it should be so. The nations most conspicuous in its sympathy with that 'infamous' and 'detestable machine' called constitutionalism, and most capable of giving diffusion and strength to such a mechanism, must be viewed by such rulers as being, beyond all other nations, their *natural* enemy. Antagonism comes from opposites, and is strongest where the opposition is the strongest.

In brief, then, the gentlemen who make excuses for the military tyrannies of Europe, as though they could not be other than they are, have given themselves to a course of special pleading which is as false as it is cruel; and a special pleading, moreover, in which they overlook the inevitably hostile bearing of the present course of things on the continent with reference to this country. From a natural posture of affairs on the continent, England has everything to hope—from the present monstrous posture of them she has everything to fear.

We have said enough elsewhere touching the folly of some of our mercantile men, who are willing to hope that countries converted into barrack-yards may prove favourable to commerce. Our exports show that it is not from the competitions natural to free countries, but from the apathy and the hostile tariffs, no less natural to servile countries, that we have to apprehend a failure of markets. The disposition of some men not to seem to be aware of the destructiveness of despotism, from a solicitude about their immediate purchases or sales, speaks as little for their farsightedness, as for their sympathy with freedom and humanity.

The history of despotic power, as presented in the physical suffering that has resulted from it, gives us a retrospect so dark as to become terrible. The governments of Russia and Austria are not more productive of evil in this form than such governments have commonly been. But we have directed attention specially to these governments, because they are contemporary and European. We repeat, then, the great, the terrible fact, that two millions and a half of human beings have perished during 1852, through the vices of these governments. Two millions and a half more will so perish during 1853. In two short years, five millions of our race will have died prematurely, as the effect of bad government, in those two sections of Europe—namely, Austria and Russia. Had the lot of these millions been cast in Holland, in Belgium, in Sweden, in Norway, in Great Britain, they would not have been thus reported as among the lost, the destroyed portion of their species. It is true, the hundreds, the thousands, the tens of thousands, the hundreds of thousands, the hundreds of thousands many times told, who thus die, year by year, that military despotism may live, do not

go down under the bayonet or the sword, the musketry or the artillery. But who does not see, that so far as these sufferers themselves are concerned, it would be mercy if death did come upon them in some more summary manner than it does? It is true, also, that they die in secret—but to die in secret is to *die*! To die slowly, and to die obscurely, is often only to pass through many deaths before the last death-pang comes; and is, scarcely less often, to meet suffering, in its last intolerable pressure, without sympathy! To droop under sickness, brought on through being ill-clothed, ill-housed, ill-fed—is not that to live a dying life? Do men die the less painfully because they die by inches? Where is our humanity, if we do not *feel* the sort of answer that must be returned to these questions? Then, there are the deaths which take place in such a state of society, from the vices natural to it; and from the fears, the dungeons, the exiles, and the capital punishments, natural to it. Pray, good Christian people, that God would ‘scatter the men that *delight in war*’—pray that prayer from the depth of your soul; but do not, in the name of humanity and of God, do not stop there, but go on to implore your Maker, if possible with a yet deeper earnestness, to bring an end to the powers of the earth that *delight in tyranny*; for if the men who delight in war have slain their thousands, beyond a doubt, the men who delight in the exercise of lawless power have slain their tens of thousands—their fifties of thousands. Wars are only occasional: despotism knows no sleep, no rest! It is a monster grave; its maw is ever open: its cry—its ceaseless cry—is, Give! give! God pity you, doomed ones of 1853! and hasten the amendment or the fall of the powers that are now taking your blood upon them!

We are quite aware of the readiness with which parties who have their reasons for turning away from such representations, can take up the language—‘look at home.’ It is well to do so; but the persons who proffer this counsel in such exigencies, we have found to be, almost invariably, persons who were never guilty of doing much for the benefit of others either at home or elsewhere. The answer here is two-fold—the evils in the two cases do not admit of comparison as to magnitude; and while in despotic countries, speaking generally, the people *cannot rise if they would*, in free countries, speaking generally, it is *their own fault if they do not*. The plea will not hold; it is as hollow as his who said—‘Why was not this sold for so much and given to the poor?’ This plea about charity as beginning at home, is commonly the plea of those who have it not either at home or at all. How often have we need to say—‘Clear thy mind of cant.’

We have seen that despotism, which is inseparable from contempt of the weak, and of the sufferings of weakness, is pledged

to perpetuate ignorance, that so the weak may continue to be weak. It can no more desire that the people should be intelligent, than it can desire they should be free; seeing that the possession of intelligence naturally disposes men to covet the possession of freedom. Despotism may encourage art and science, in so far as these may aid to replenish an exchequer, to give splendour to an aristocracy, or pomp to a court pageant. But it belongs to this kind of rule that its function toward intelligence should be twofold—to dwarf it and to pervert it. The lower intelligence possible to the people it confines to very narrow limits; and the higher intelligence not possible to them, it turns against them. We have to call to mind, then, the exquisite pleasures which men derive from a free literature and a free general culture, and the elevation which society realizes by such means; and then to remember that against nearly all this despotism is an organized and a centralized conspiracy. It is a perpetual war against mind, against ideas, against thought. Its aim is not to develop manhood, but to prevent its development; not to further the manifest intention of Deity concerning man, but to frustrate it. All this it is, that some one house may be a royal house, and that some one member of that house may be possessed of supreme power. Need we say that a policy which wars against intelligence, is a policy against which intelligence should war? The man of intelligence who does not so feel, should he not be branded as a traitor to that intelligence? To remove the poor man's landmark, and to defraud him of his right, is evil; but to intercept the few better thoughts that might be his, and to withhold from him the little mental patrimony that might do so much to soothe him and to lift him up—must not that be a double iniquity? The grand instrument wherewith to reduce mind to this stagnancy, gloom, and passiveness, is the censorship of the press; and the dark shadow of this power now rests on four-fifths of Europe, everywhere menacing the remainder!

But the mind of a people is like the soil on which they dwell: if you sow not good seed in it, there will spring forth evil. Despotism does not merely ensure that the people subject to it shall know little or nothing of the pleasures of intelligence; it subjects them to the many forms of suffering entailed by vice, and to the many frauds and terrors generated by superstition. Every moral man, accordingly, in the measure in which he is such, is bound, in consistency, to take his place among the antagonists of despotism. Every Christian man, in the measure in which he is such, is bound to the same course and on the same ground. To be indifferent as to the future of despotism, in Europe, is, in fact, to be indifferent as to the future of

morality and of religion in Europe. Apathy, on this subject, therefore, may, in all truthfulness, be described as deeply *immoral—deeply irreligious*. ‘*If thou forbear to deliver them that are drawn unto death, and those that are ready to be slain; if thou sayest, Behold, we knew it not; doth not he that pondereth the heart consider it? and he that keepeth thy soul, doth not he know it? and shall not he render to every man according to his works?*’ (Prov. xxiv. 11. 12.) The great ethical principle of this passage is of universal application. It does not, indeed, require that we should become Quixotes, traversing the globe to set all wrong things right; nor that we should become politicians of the pedant or dilettante order, clamouring for the setting up of liberal constitutions where the people are not prepared for such changes. But this much at least it does enjoin upon us—namely, that whatever we *can* do, we *should* do, towards strengthening the cause of free institutions among the nations who have them, and who know how to value them; and, furthermore, that whatever *may* be done by us, *should* be done, towards preventing the diffusion of despotic principle where it is not, and towards the abatement of its power where it is. We owe it to man and to God, that our influence should be everywhere an influence against despotism. Has it so been of late? If at all, has it so been to the extent in which it *might* and *should* have been? Here the answer must be—no. To the indecision, the timid selfishness we have betrayed, in some late exigencies, the present dark hour for Europe and humanity is in great part to be attributed. We wish to see the free states of Europe and America so combined to uphold the great interests of freedom, as gradually and peacefully to leaven the nations that are not free with their better influences. But if we are to be supine in this matter as heretofore, and despotism is to diffuse itself more and more, through our connivance or neutrality, then, much as we deprecate war, we have no scruple in saying—better a war that should put an end to such a rule, than a long peace that should only ensure to it a greater permanence and power. This we say as men in earnest to abate human suffering; and not less earnest to see the nations of Europe progress in intelligence, in morality, and in religion. Let despotism continue strong, and all these interests must continue weak;—only as such powers shall become weak, can such interests become strong. Nations have their responsibilities and their duties, as such; and they have, no less surely, their retributions as such. The people who have ceased to feel this truth, have become more selfish than the savage; have sealed their own doom; and will, ere long, see the heritage, of which they show themselves to be so unworthy, pass into other hands.

OUR EPILOGUE

OR

AFFAIRS AND BOOKS.

SINCE we last went to press Protectionism has fallen. The men who strove in vain to save it, might have saved themselves. But even that they have not done. To retain office, they were prepared to do the things which they had declared, often, everywhere, and to the last hour, to be the things which no statesman should do. It was a high bidding for power. But the bidding was not accepted, and the loss of power has been attended by the loss of something that should have been much more precious. The great principle so long at stake is now doubly safe—safe in its own strength, and safe in the self-induced weakness of its adversaries. Truth, like the great forces of nature, works slowly, but surely.

We should not choose coalitions for their own sake. But the principle of coalition is inseparable from the principle of constitutionalism. Without some merging of the less for the sake of the greater, popular government is impossible, and arbitrary government becomes inevitable. The question here, with men of sense, can never be more than a question of mode or degree. To show that such combination is possible among us, is to read a wholesome lesson to the despots. Thank Heaven!—faction has not prepared us for another *coup d'état*.

But the strength of the new ministry is not such as to preclude the necessity of caution and firmness. It will be expected to acquit itself manfully in our Foreign Policy—will it do so? It talks of a national system of Education—can it devise a scheme that shall commend itself, not only to a good middle stratum of our people, but to our Voluntaries on the one hand, and to our Tractarians on the other? The difficulties here are great, if not insuperable; we trust they will not be underrated.

BOOKS.

THE function of a Quarterly Review has come to consist, not so much in the reviewing of books, as in a treatment of topics, of particular or general interest, after a more full and thorough manner than is possible in other sections of the periodical press. From the first, we have endeavoured in some degree to combine the two objects, by means of a supplement to each number consisting of notices of books. To this last department we mean to assign a larger space, and care will be taken to ensure that the pages so appropriated shall present a faithful analysis and criticism of the more important works in our current literature.—EDITOR.

Isis: An Egyptian Pilgrimage. By JAMES AUGUSTUS ST. JOHN.
2 vols. Longman. 1852.

When the traveller disembarks at Alexandria, and sets foot for the first time on the mysterious soil of Egypt, his ears are assailed by a Babel of languages—every modern tongue (as once every ancient) has its representatives on that busy quay, and gutturals, sibilants, and liquids, growl and hiss, and undulate about him in a tumult of unintelligible articulation. Mr. St. John, as he invites the reader to accompany him from the port on his travels up the country, adopts modes of address quite as multifarious. His speech, indeed, is English throughout; and very good English too, but the forms which it assumes are Protean in their number and variety. He gossips like a Frenchman, dreams like a German, and judges like an Englishman. He has reveries and pictures for the imaginative, anecdotes and tales for those of lighter mood, and descriptions and reflections for the lovers of fact and the lovers of thought. Each cast of mind is by turns accosted, as it were, in its own native language. It would be hard, indeed, if some fish were not caught by a net with a reach so extensive. The author dwells on no subject till it becomes tedious. Interest is kept always alive by the shifting of the scenes; and fact melts off into fiction, or fiction crystallizes into fact, with most grateful interchange. If now and then a reflection merges on the trite, or feeling lapses into sentimentalism, the writer secures, the next moment, a full pardon by something pleasant, which opens on us at the succeeding page. It is impossible to be out of humour with him.

We have often thought that the fictitious, or ideal element, might be introduced with advantage into books of travels in a proportion far larger than has been customary; that the traveller might sometimes shelter himself behind imaginary personages, and portray by invention, as well as facts, the thoughts and feelings of the people

among whom he has sojourned. However undesirable such a course might be for those who travel to enrich the stores of natural or social science, it would be quite in harmony with the purpose of those who leave home to enjoy the beauty of strange scenes, to give life and colour to their study of the past, or to observe the manners and the usage of a distant nation. It is somewhat surprising that such a combination has been hitherto unattempted. For the East this method would be especially appropriate. The Oriental world, without its romance, is the play of Hamlet with the part of Hamlet omitted. It conveys, in the issue, a far more correct impression to devise or modify examples true to the spirit of that romance, than simply to inform the reader many times that the Arab is passionately fond of story-telling. Mr. St. John has adopted the course we describe with an originality that is very refreshing. He introduces characters to relate tales of wonder, of passion, or of touching pathos; he breathes the spirit of the old Egyptian theosophy into a vision of Isis at Amenti; he peoples the subterranean caverns with fantasies which embody the thoughts of those who built and deemed them holy; and if, sometimes, we scarcely know as we read whether an adventure or a scene be imaginary or real—whether we wake or dream, the result of the whole presents Egypt vividly before us—its fiery sun, its worshipped river, its dazzling deserts, the lingering grandeur which consecrates it still, the rude and simple life of those who now people the domain of the Pharaohs, and ride or smoke beneath the shadow of the pyramids. This is not the first good book Mr. St. John has given us on Egypt. The present work is the matured result of the thoughts and the impressions produced by repeated visits, during which he became proficient in the language, and at home among the people. Thus, mellowed by distance, thoughtful with many a musing reminiscence, his *Isis*—unencumbered with the profitless detail of the raw traveller—presents with judgment the truly characteristic features of the Land of Riddle, enters into the spirit of its mystery, and surrounds the whole with an imaginative halo, pensive and yet kindly.

There are some travellers whose accounts of personal discomfort, their anecdotes of suffering or peril from rudeness and ignorance, their complaints of intolerable extortion, seem all assembled in their pages to deter the reader from ever entering the unhappy country they describe; much as the prince in the *Arabian Nights* was warned, at landing on the country of the enchanter, by the crowd of animals which came down to the beach—animals which had once been men, and which besought him by their cries and gestures to advance no farther, lest he should suffer a like miserable transformation. Mr. St. John is not one of this class. He is resolved to see the land of the sun on its sunny side. His olfactories are peculiarly sensitive. Patient of heat and of fatigue, the ill-odours of the mummy-caves prostrated him at once. Yet the stenches of Alexandria—worse than those of Cologne—cannot disturb his equanimity. The mention of them leads him off

by the association of contrast, to a digression on perfumes, and he makes himself amends by burning pastiles in the next paragraph. He loves, children, and wins the heart of Arab mothers by playing with their little ones. If he describes his exhaustion or his illness, it is only to descant immediately afterwards on the wondrous luxury of true oriental coffee and foaming buffalo's milk, and to revel in the remembrance of the joys of convalescence. He depicts the deliciousness of kabobs, with a gusto that would make an alderman purple in the face with desire and envy, with a luscious minuteness that amounts to cruelty, as he cannot supply his readers with each a dish of this ambrosial delicacy, smoking hot. He can even enter into the enjoyment of a solitary, philosophic stork, on which he gazes and meditates as it bathes its feet in the water where floats perpetual dinner in the form of innumerable fish. Never, surely, did mortal press to his lips such ecstatic amber-mouthed pipes—magic wands of cloud-land—find dates and bananas so exquisite, see daughters of the east so lovely, fall in with characters so piquant and romantic, and receive from the sensuous and ideal worlds alike, such intense and inexhaustible enjoyment. Imagination has, doubtless, done not a little in his case to heighten the pleasures and to veil the annoyance of eastern travel, but a cheerful temper and a loving heart have done yet more.

Mr. St. John is traversing the Delta, having just recovered from a fever, and thus describes the characteristic scenery of that region :

'Words are poor things for the purpose of painting, in comparison with ochre and ultra-marine, unless one possesses the art of inducing the reader to make pictures for himself. But on the evening, as I remember well, of leaving my fever-village, I stood on a lofty stone bridge, or rather sat on my donkey's back, and looking round me, was literally transported into forgetfulness of time and place by the exquisite features of the scene. Towards the left, a large river, not the less beautiful for being artificial, went winding away beneath the evening sun; now spreading, now contracting, now hidden by foliage, now flowing on in free majesty, till lost in the blue distance. To the right, numerous villages, saints' tombs, mosques, minarets, and cupolas, rendered ruddy and glowing by the rich light streaming upon them from the west, were beheld through openings in the woods; while immediately before me stretched a succession of wheat and rice fields, of the freshest and brightest green, terminating in the distance on the edge of spreading lakes, dotted with islands, and reflecting the crimson clouds which lost themselves among palm-groves, mimosa-copses, and masses of mighty sycamores, richer and more towering than the oak.

'An abundance of clouds were generally ready towards evening to multiply the features of the picturesque, piling themselves behind the woods into mimic mountains, seeming, for the moment, every whit as real as the Alps, which at sunset often assume the appearance of being transparent, and ready to melt into the air or float away like vapour. It must have been some ridge of this aerial substance that suggested to the poets of antiquity the idea of Olympos; for the stupendous eminences on which I gazed in the Delta, of purple, amethyst, ruby, saffron, green, and gold, disposed in glittering terraces rising above each other and connected by easy pathways of emerald, conducting the eye upward like a Titan, till it scaled the heavens and seemed to penetrate into the empyrean, were worthy to be the habitations of gods.'—vol. i. p. 132—134.

The following account of female life in Egypt will not be to the taste of the modern ecclesiastusæ of America:

'We probably form a false conception of the life of the harem, misled by writers

who suppose its inhabitants to be swayed by a system of ideas different from that which really prevails among them. My own opinion is, that they are quite as happy as the rest of their sex, otherwise nature would never have given perpetuity to the institutions, which seems quite as suitable to the east as very different institutions to the north. At any rate the women themselves are the best judges, and they appear upon the whole no less contented than their sisters of Frankistan.

'Besides, their seclusion is not so absolute as we imagine. I have seen respectable men and their wives going out to spend the evening pleasantly in the fields between Cairo and Shoubra, forming little groups, but not so far removed as to prevent conversation. They did not, of course, belong to the upper classes, which every where sacrifice the heart and its best affections to pride and vanity; but were probably shopkeepers, or what is called in the east little merchants, extremely comfortable, and as we express it, well to do. At any rate, if mirth be a criterion, they were as happy as Greeks, for they talked, laughed, related anecdotes and stories, smoked, drank sherbet, and ate sweetmeats and all sorts of delicacies with much greater gusto than the same number of princes and princesses in the sombre north.

'Again, when I visited the Mosque of Flowers, I saw at least four or five hundred women, many of them of the highest rank, distributed through the various aisles, in pleasant little groups seated on carpets, some sewing, others suckling their children, others talking and laughing, or eating and drinking, while their slaves stood round in attendance. As I was dressed like a Turk, they bestowed no more attention on me than on any other person. So I gazed on them at my leisure, while I affected to be regarding the architecture, the colours of the painted windows, and the materials of the pavement.'—vol. i. p. 292.

Of the Arabs, described by most travellers as equally light of finger and of heart, the author speaks in terms of praise; and says that he found them, with few exceptions, honest and kindly disposed. As he journeys with his friend Vere towards the desert, they diverge a little from their route to visit a Bedouin encampment, lying on the border land between the cultivated country and the wilderness.

'What may have been the feelings of the inmates, it is not of course in my power to tell; but to my fancy they presented in their dwellings one of the most cheering pictures I have ever beheld. Imagine a small verdant plain running southward, and terminating in the sands of the desert, which approach it in tiny waves like those of the sea in summer. In the midst of this grassy level, a line of black tents, forming a spacious crescent, faced the east, and enclosed within its horns what may not improperly be termed the village green: the tents, large and roomy, were open in front, and we observed hundreds of pretty mammas sitting under the projecting canopy, knitting, sewing, or chatting, while their children, in great numbers, gambolled before them on the grass. Their husbands, sons, and brothers, were away in the desert, with their horses, sheep, and camels, while two or three old men remained, nominally to protect the encampment, though there was, probably, so near the valley very little danger to be apprehended.

'We halted on the north wing of the crescent, that I might form some idea of the existence I had once traced out for myself, and I can conceive that it would have been most happy. The women, young and old, were all unveiled, and seemed neither to court nor shun the gaze of strangers. Several came out to look at us, and I remember one in particular, with a baby at her breast and two very little children clinging to her skirts, who would have been called extremely beautiful in Europe. Swarthy, no doubt, she was, but her regular features, her large black eyes, her lofty forehead, shaded by a profusion of dark tresses, suggested to me the idea of a Greek woman in the heroic ages.

'Freedom everywhere ennobles the mind, and impresses an openness and grandeur on the countenance. In Egypt, the women, however pretty, are so timid as to be almost sheepish. They appear to you afraid of all the world, not so much through modesty as through sheer apprehension.

‘The Bedouin girls, on the contrary, seem to fear nothing; and the expression of their faces gives you distinctly to understand that they are able to defend themselves against any one. I never saw an immodest woman in the desert; their manners are free, easy, graceful, and would be thought to indicate a high degree of civilization, if it were not evident that they are inspired by unsophisticated nature.’—vol. i. p. 273.

We can commend these two volumes of confessions and dreams, pictures and meditations, to all; and especially to those who will relish a suggestive and imaginative work all the more for being equally free both from method and from affectation.

The Philosophy of the Senses; or, Man in Connexion with a Material World. By ROBERT S. WYLD. Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd, Tweeddale Court. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. 1852.

Here is a book of 505 pages on the philosophy of the senses. To assign its true position in the philosophical literature of the day, is the object of the present brief critique. Of the works which are daily coming from the press, for a permanent or short-lived existence and influence, there appear, at intervals somewhat distant, some that possess original materials, the result of long and patient study, and of elaborate and careful experiments, the publication of which will tend to widen the domain of ascertained science. They are the announced results of explorations into regions hitherto untraversed—spoils from the darkness which tempts that it may repay the investigations of the inquiring mind. All hail to such productions, with whatever department of truth they may be connected. They become the law and the testimony to which appeal is made, and on which decisions are based. Hence the eagerness with which we anticipate any new work from the man who is known to be in actual conflict with Nature, to wrest from her her secret truths. Whether he be the astronomer, sweeping the heavens with his powerful telescope, and eliciting, through the application of a high and rigid calculus, a new fact or law; or whether he be the physiologist, with his scalpel or microscope, examining the structure and organic movements of the living body; or the chemist, in his laboratory, pursuing his thaumaturgic art to new analyses and combinations;—to all such earnest workmen we give cheerful homage, and we look forward with a very warrantable interest to the appearance of some fresh book from their pen, as to a new utterance from the oracle. Nature speaks through them to those who lack power and appliances to have immediate intercourse with her, and their testimony must be accepted to a large extent on faith. Works like these, however, are not only rare phenomena, but they are frequently unadapted in their structure and language to the popular mind. They are written in cipher which only the initiated can comprehend; and hence arises the necessity of literary mediators, who can strip them in some degree of their scientific aspect, and (though at times with some little sacrifice of rigid accuracy) succeed in rendering them intelligible to the mass.

Men and books of this latter description are by no means to be

despised. Though inferior in point of authority to the originals, they are superior in the breadth of influence they immediately exert. The work before us is manifestly of the latter class. Its true place must be assigned among the compilations which of recent years have abounded, and which have been of such signal use in diffusing knowledge through the length and breadth of society. As a compilation, however, it is by no means the best that might have been easily written upon the "Philosophy of the Senses."

The writer does not seem to have had a very clear idea of the real import of the title of his book; and unless we are greatly mistaken, the complaint among its readers will be general, that there is a total absence of that method which is now indispensable in any work which aspires to popularity and usefulness.

It is freely acknowledged, that it contains materials which, under a careful metamorphosis, might be converted into a very respectable manual. The writer has laid under contribution some of the highest authorities upon the various subjects he has treated, and consequently he cannot fail to have brought together valuable reasonings and results. But he has not made the best of them; and we may suggest to him the propriety, if ever the vanity of authorship in his case should be flattered by a demand for a second edition, of curtailing the ambitiousness of the title "Philosophy of the Senses," and replacing it by one which shall not excite expectations which are sure to be disappointed. In short, the volume is neither more nor less than we might expect to find in the published note-book, somewhat amplified, of any careful student of science; and though, as already hinted, Mr. Wyld is strangely lacking in the architectural skill needful for a methodical work, we must do him the justice to admit, that he has given abundant marks of patient and extensive investigations. It gives us pleasure, also, to be able to speak favourably of the aspect his work bears in relation to religion. Unlike the greater portion of our scientific publications, which either make no recognition of religion whatever, or insinuate opposition to its truths and claims, there is in almost every chapter a devout and intelligent submission to revealed truth.

The volume is dedicated to Sir David Brewster, the virtual father of the science of optics. It is divided into four parts and thirty-seven chapters. In the first part, among other subjects, he treats of inorganic and organic forms of being; their distinctions and relationships; of life in plants and animals; and of the phenomena of organization generally. It is in this part that he has a knightly encounter with the author of the *Vestiges of Creation*, or rather, with the vestiges of the author; for by this time his totality has been so seriously shattered with the Sedgwickian sledge-hammer, and other minor weapons, that it is positively cruel to attack his remains. *Quiescant in pace.*

The following extract from the fifth chapter, on the phenomena of organization, is chiefly valuable for the manner in which it illustrates the marks of design, as exhibited in the vital and organic functions of the body:

The most important materials for nutrition are the albumen and fibrin contained in the blood; a portion of these is imbibed by the tissues of the body and incorporated by them, while the rest is returned into the veins for circulation. This nutrition of the different parts of the body is effected by what is called assimilation; that is to say, *each portion of the substance of an organ or tissue, whatever its nature or function, attracts from the fluid portion of the blood the necessary particles, and by the changes which it effects on them, causes them to incorporate into its substance, and to participate in the vital principle of the organ itself.* Thus, nerves form nervous substance, muscles muscular substance, bone forms osseous substance, and so on. 'The peculiarities of the secretions,' says Muller, 'do not depend on the internal conformation of the glands, for, as I have sufficiently demonstrated, each secretion is in different animals the product of the most various glandular structures, and very different fluids are secreted by glands of similar organization. The nature of the secretions depends, therefore, solely on the *peculiar vital properties of the organic substance* which forms the secreting organ, and which may remain the same, however different the conformation of the secreting cavities may be. The variety of secretions depends, therefore, on the same cause as variety of the formation and life of organs generally; the only difference being, that in nutrition the part of the blood which has undergone the peculiar change is incorporated with the organ itself, while in secretion it is eliminated from it.'

'If, then, it is neither difference in the form and structure of the different glands which gives them their power of producing their distinctive secretions, nor difference in their chemical constitution, which in all is albuminous, whence arises the distinction in their operations?—the one secreting bile, and the other tears. Must it not be 'the residence,' as Muller expresses it, 'of a peculiar vital power allotted to each, to enable them to perform their requisite functions?' This may be called a law—yes, a natural law—but what light does such a term throw on the phenomenon? Evidently none at all. We must look deeper, or rather higher, before we can comprehend it. *The same Being who gives its chemical character to a bit of iron or stone, gives its physiological, or we may say, psychological, character to the liver, to the heart, and to each other organ of the body.* Thus the functions of animal organic life—digestion, assimilation, secretion, excretion, absorption—processes going on in the animal frame, on what do they all hinge?—the simple principle of attraction and repulsion, the drawing of the required atomic elements of matter to the particular part, or the repelling them from it. The materialist seizes on this as a proof that all things are ruled by the laws of matter, and he says, '*how simple are these laws!*' True, and we may simplify the expression still further, and say that all is explained by one word, and that word is *motion*. We readily assent to this, and we like to envisage it closely; all the operations of matter are but a transferring of the atoms of matter from one place to another—a simple motion; but then, is it a blind, unmeaning motion? Is there not a discriminating and selecting power in all the processes we have named?—something *directing the motion* for the designed ends? This is the first consideration that occurs to us; the second is this—*every movement infers a mover*. So says human reason. Now, in the processes we have been contemplating, we see movements all afoot. Who or what produces them? is the question. Who builds a house?—masons. Very good. The world?—attraction. This attraction is the very thing we wish explained. Attraction is a name for a living, active, moving power: he who can explain its origin and continued existence, will clear up much. The vulgar of Greece and Rome were satisfied with the gods of Olympus; thinking men searched deeper. Let us see that we rest not satisfied with a name instead of a cause.'—pp. 46—49.

The second part is chiefly occupied with a description of the phenomena of sound and light, and contains nothing of interest which may not be found in any book of repute in these departments of science.

The third part treats of the number of the senses—of the skin—of taste—of smell—and then, by a singular violation of method, of vision.

The fourth is devoted to metaphysical inquiries, and is by far the least successful portion of the volume. The author is evidently at the mercy of second-hand authorities, and labours under the additional disadvantage of being ignorant of the first principles of the science. He has discussed the doctrine of perception—endeavoured to balance the claims of its mediacy and immediacy, while he is clearly unacquainted with the real scientific purport of these contrasted terms, and with the manifold representative media, both material and spiritual, which have been hypothetically assumed in order to connect the *ego* with the *non-ego*. He has imputed to Reid and his illustrious editor the doctrine, that the mind perceives matter *in itself*, that it feels the table and sees the green fields; and that it does this *immediately*, and not through the impression produced on the nervous system by the impulse of the molecules of matter.

We are bold to give this construction of their doctrine an emphatic denial, for, as regards Hamilton at least, nothing can be more clear and explicit than his disavowal of any such notion. In his edition of Reid, page 160, we find the following words :

‘It is incorrect to say that ‘we see the object’ (meaning the thing from which the rays come by emanation or reflection, but which is unknown and incognizable by sight), and so forth. It would be more correct to describe vision a perception by which we take immediate cognizance of light in relation to our organ—that is, as diffused and figured upon the retina, under various modifications of degree and kind (brightness and colour), and likewise as falling upon it in a particular direction. The image on the retina is not itself an object of visual perception. It is only to be regarded as the complement of those points, or of that sensitive surface on which the rays impinge, and with which they enter into relation. The total object of visual perception is thus neither the rays in themselves, nor the organ in itself, but the rays and the living organ in reciprocity : this organ is not, however, to be viewed as merely the retina, but as the whole tract of nervous fibre pertaining to the sense. In an act of vision, *so also in the other sensitive acts*, I am thus *conscious* (the word should not be restricted to self-consciousness), or immediately cognizant, not only of the affections of self, but of the phenomena of something different from self; both, however, always in relation to each other.’

Against some other theory, then, the remarks of Mr. Wyld may have unanswerable weight, but they are wholly out of place as directed against the doctrine of perception held by the editor of Reid, if not with uniform clearness by Reid himself. Sir William maintains, that we have an *immediate* perception of the *non-ego*. This *non-ego* is twofold, either *organic*, or *extra-organic*. The *organic*, or *corporeal*, may, under different aspects, be regarded as either belonging to the *ego*, or the *non-ego*. If the *ego* be viewed as embracing the composite man, *body and soul*, then, of course, it claims the body as its *animated organism*. If the soul alone be regarded as the *ego*, then the body is excluded from the sphere of *self*, and becomes an *extended, outward, material* substance. Now, as to the world which is external to the body, Sir William maintains, as strongly as Mr. Wyld, that we know nothing except through the medium of the senses; but he maintains that the soul, being in vital yet mysterious union with the senses, per-

ceives immediately whatever is phenomenally revealed to them. His philosophy does *not* affirm that when I see a house in the distance, I see it immediately just as it is—in its absolute dimensions, position, and colour;—but it *does* affirm, that *what is seen*, is *immediately perceived to be something different from the ego (the soul)*. It does *not* affirm that vision would of itself ascertain for us the externality of the house to our *body*; but it *does* affirm that when, through the consciousness of our locomotive energy being resisted, we have once acquired the knowledge of a world exterior to the body, we, by a combination of experiences, learn to infer, when we see a house, that it lies beyond the province of our organism.

The immediacy of perception, therefore, still remains unrefuted, and scepticism still glares upon its rejectors as the only ghastly alternative. Mr. Wyld fancies that he is not yet in such logical straits. We can only explain the illusion upon the principle that he is not master of the problem at issue.

Esmond. A Story of Queen Anne's Reign. By W. M. THACKERAY.
3 vols. Smith, Elder, & Co.

No small expectation was awakened when it was announced that the author of *Vanity Fair* was about to appear before us in a new walk of fiction. The period selected was one of great and varied interest. He had already portrayed with skill its literary characteristics, in a course of lectures recently delivered. It remained to be seen how far the art which had depicted so successfully times present, or very near our own, would add to its triumphs among scenes and characters more remote. The new work could neither be assisted nor injured by the fragmentary method of monthly publication. It would be written, as it would be read, at once. It would probably be carefully matured and harmonized throughout—‘*teres atque rotundus*.’

Taken as a whole, *Esmond* will not disappoint those who are best able to appreciate the real excellence of this popular author. The devourer of novels, greedy for mere excitement, will pronounce the book heavy. The action is, indeed, in some parts much too tardy. The preface, and the introductory part of the story, though well written, introduce the characters awkwardly. The reader wishes for a genealogical tree of this confusing Castlewood family, and only begins fairly to enjoy that part of the book on a second reading. An author should endeavour to interest his readers as early as possible in the actors of his piece. He should never cool their ardour or dissipate their good-humour by any needless difficulty at the outset. We should not be initiated in the secrets of a story, as the candidate of gold in the arcana of Egyptian priestcraft, through a porchway of grievous preliminary probation. Mystery allures us onward—it is the veil upon the statue. Obscurity repels—it is as though the author chose a foggy morning for our day's journey in his company. We do not travel very far, however, with Mr. Thackeray's *Esmond*, before the sun breaks out, and we thoroughly enjoy ourselves.

Many novels which open with the pretence of being household narratives, belie their name ere long, and lose all verisimilitude, by a change of style or plot quite at variance with the title they bear. The fiction of an autobiography is felt to be a mere trick. The family story is like a text, taken, not to be expounded, but abandoned; not as the theme of the discourse, but as the point *from* which it is to diverge. The hero who tells the tale is discovered, before the end of the first volume, to be *possessed* by the novelist—his individuality is merged in that of the author, and it is he who reflects, describes, or satirizes. Mr. Thackeray has succeeded perfectly in his disguise. The book does read more like a family memoir than a novel. The scenes of *Vanity Fair* and *Pendennis* were crowded with characters. Here the interest centres upon two or three. The action embraces the best part of a life-time. The pathos is that of secret home-sorrow, the incidents such as were happening every day. If, in not a few places, the reflections of Esmond are obviously a vehicle for the pensive and desponding satire of Thackeray, the writer is at least free from the fault of having selected as his representative a character to whom such thoughts would be uncongenial. It would be most unreasonable to require of an author, so circumstanced, that he should deny his nature, and divest himself of that idiosyncrasy which stamps his productions as his own. It is sufficient to demand that he should not be himself in the wrong place—that he should not be unnaturally natural. This law Mr. Thackeray has satisfactorily obeyed.

There is this great difference between Scott and his imitators in the management of the historical novel: he wrote with a mind stored already with the requisite historic and antiquarian lore; they have, for the most part, visibly ‘crammed’ for the occasion. Their personages resemble the man smothered in the crowd, described by Fuller as ‘perfect and entire, wanting nothing but breath.’ They are painfully accurate in costume and detail. All Meyrick’s ancient armour clatters down upon their pages—bascinet and camail, testieres, guiges, plastrons, jupons, jambeaux,—we are not spared a single strap or rivet. Their descriptions are frivolously pedantic as the frisks, turns, and demi-pommadas of Captain Tripet in his famous battle with Gymnast. As Corporal Trim said, ‘one home-thrust with the bayonet is worth them all.’ No breathing, tangible body fills out these trophies of accoutrement; and, like the empty suits of ancestral armour which stood round the drinking-hall of old King Biorn, the plumed casques enclose only shadows. Now of any approach to this sin, Mr. Thackeray is perfectly clear; he knows where to stop. Having well digested large information previously acquired, he selects with judgment. Without the parade of intimacy, he displays a familiarity with the characters and habits of the time, the manifest result of thoughtful, discriminating study. Here are no laced coats and hoops enclosing names and nothing more. When Walter Scott was about to write *Nigel*, he sent up to town for Derham’s *Artificial Clock-maker*. He

wanted the book for the character of old David Ramsay, the watch-maker, a man who can scarce talk or hear of anything but his beloved clocks. Yet after such pains to be accurate, Scott allows the dreaming mechanist but a few sentences here and there. An inferior hand, with such an idea and such a mine of terminology, would have thrust him in times without number, and wearied the reader (as much as he did George Heriot) with his perpetual pins and wheels, escapements and calculations. Mr. Thackeray displays, in this respect, the same intuitive sense of fitness. His descriptions, whether unlaboured or elaborately terse, are coloured, as by a master, in a few strong touches. He never stops in his course, or wanders from it, to hold up to our admiration some choice specimen from the curiosities of literature. We could well have exchanged some of the scenes in those interminable continental campaigns for a peep into the literary coffee-houses of the day, while Mr. Thackeray rekindled for us those coruscations of wit which made there the mimic lightning that played under the clouds of tobacco-smoke. But, with this exception, the great writers of that period could not have been introduced more largely without injury to that unity of purpose which pervades the work. The excellences of the book should be estimated by a consideration of what it is not, as well as by the appreciation of what it actually is. The language of Mr. Thackeray is that of the age he depicts. It is by his style throughout, and not by masses of detail, heaped up here and there by the way, and obstructing the course of the story, that he evinces his complete acquaintance with those times. The structure of the sentences—now their involution, their parenthesis, their pendent clauses (which with us would be separate sentences)—now their manly idiomatic simplicity, their vigour sometimes, and mostly their graceful ease—all combine to transport us irresistibly to the days of Addison and Steele. As a work of art—in thought, in harmony, in finish—*Esmond* ranks greatly above anything which Mr. Thackeray has yet produced. Some writers endeavour to divert the scrutinizing eye of criticism by clothing their ideas in a dress confessedly careless, somewhat as the Egyptian mother suffers her child to go abroad in a squalid and disorderly attire, that the evil eye may not rest upon and harm it. Not so Mr. Thackeray. He is neither so impatient nor so self-satisfied, as to shrink from taking pains. The characteristics of a particular style are often more strikingly exhibited in a clever imitation than in the original itself. Thus the student who would excel in Latin prose composition, is directed to study, not only Cicero, but also the best writers of Latin in modern times. In the same way, *Esmond* might be read, apart from its other merits, as a new model of an old style—as a refreshing revival, in our hurrying, headlong days, of that calm and statelier cast of expression so long since out of date.

A word or two on some of the principal characters in this story. All are drawn with ability, but not all with an ability equally well bestowed. On some much skill is thrown away, and their faulty design and incongruous elements refuse to be veiled by the graceful

diction and sparkling dialogue through which they are presented. Lady Castlewood is designed to win from us an admiration only short of that loving homage paid her through life by Esmond himself. The reader will probably respect her more than the Helen of *Pendennis*, but will love her less than Laura. Gentle and wise as she is declared to be, her heart is revealed to us as full of petty jealousies. She gives way to outbursts of feeling, to a passionate injustice which jars painfully with the rest of the nature assigned to her. Three times—once when he has caught the infection; again, when she suspects that he is a messenger from her husband; and a third time, when he is in prison for the duel—does she address Esmond in the most cruel language woman could devise; she hisses out her words, she stamps upon the ground—the angel is mournfully transformed by fury. At the very time when she is in anguish of soul for her husband's death, and when the only feeling (except sorrow) powerful within her is an unreasonable anger against Esmond, she is described as cutting a gold button from his sleeve, which she wore ever after next her heart. Her affections appear to have strayed towards him while her husband yet lived. It is undesirable, on the score of taste, to take no higher ground, that a leading personage, elaborately portrayed as worthy of such love as is rendered to the very ideal of womanhood, should be stained by feelings such as these.

Esmond, again, provokes us by the want of spirit with which he endures from her the most ungrounded reproaches. Instead of resenting their cruelty, and manfully justifying himself, he is utterly crushed and spirit-broken by her vehemence. His abject devotion for years to a woman like Beatrix, who, if possessed of a heart at all, had none for him—with whom union would, he knew, be certain misery—lowers him irretrievably in the opinion of the reader. Mr. Thackeray seems to have been conscious of this danger. Again and again he is careful to assure us that the greatest and the best of men—all mankind, in short—must be victimized, sooner or later, in the same fashion. Nothing is so repeatedly asserted in the book—let no one think of escaping this doom. But the dictum is not true. Powerful natures are bound by this spell—commit a thousand follies, only less foolish than the passion which is their parent—are ready to turn Belzebubs, and live like a savage in a cave, because Oriana has written a cruel letter; but the fever burns itself out, reason makes itself heard, and love grows more elevated as it is less fantastic. The feebler the character, the longer is the Werter period protracted. Esmond is generous, personally brave, with glowing, enduring passion smouldering under a grave and phlegmatic exterior, but defective in energy of character. With an almost feminine facility, he is led this way and that by his feelings. His generosity in the matter of his title was the first-fruit of love;—love determined his politics, love gave him ambition, love impelled him to adventure and intrigue. Everywhere he is the creature of circumstances. It is true that a like passivity is observable, and has been blamed, in many of Walter Scott's heroes, from

Waverley downwards. They are polished billiard-balls, pushed about by the more stirring actors in the great events of the time. But then Scott's heroes do not, like Esmond, tell their own story, or fill so large a portion of the canvas; neither are they endowed with those attributes of matured thoughtfulness, those ripened habits of calm reflection, with which Esmond is invested. Esmond is a strictly natural character. There are such men—men capable of noble self-sacrifice, yet destitute of the ardour and the strength which press life into the service of a great and worthy purpose, and conquer by a wise enthusiasm. But the desirableness of making choice of such a man for the hero whom we are to esteem so highly, is very questionable. The position of Esmond between the mother and the daughter,—confiding his passion for the child to the ear of the parent, who is tortured by secret jealousy, and at last discovering that his truest love has all along been given to the elder lady, whom he marries in the sequel—this is not a pleasing picture, and in hands less able would have been simply repulsive.

Beatrice is a specimen of a type of female character repeatedly introduced by Mr. Thackeray. It is a mistake to say, however, that she is merely Becky in silver-clocked stockings, high-heeled shoes, and surmounted by some one of those ever-changing head-dresses which Addison declared the most variable thing in nature, having risen and fallen within his own memory above thirty degrees. Becky, Blanche Amory, and Beatrice, are distinct species of one peculiar genus. The pliant meannesses of Becky, and the hypocritical sentimentalism of Blanche, would have been alike impossible to the proud, cold-hearted, audacious Beatrice. This most faulty character is drawn faultlessly. The scene in which she is counselled by the family to leave the dangerous vicinity of the prince, and confronts them all in turn with a spirit and an art that remind us of Vittoria Corombona, is one of the most masterly Mr. Thackeray has imagined. It is much to be regretted that our author, either from inadequate acquaintance, or some radical misogyny, should persist in representing women almost exclusively under two aspects—either as heartless, if possessed of brains; or else as defective in understanding and in action, if rich in the warm and generous endowments of the heart. Mr. Thackeray seems to fear that the mean is rare between the hen-pecked husband and the tyrant. He appears to have sought in vain, in the other sex, for a combination of amiable and energetic qualities, of goodness and of talent. For our part, we hold a happier creed on this matter. But we shall say no more, lest that wicked sceptic we review should be malicious enough to suspect that we reviewers are domestically reviewed, and have been put up by our womankind to assume the cudgels in their defence, on pain of being asked 'what we call ourselves?'

We are sorry to see Mr. Thackeray speaking with the levity he does of the youthful vices of Frank Castlewood. He says he is not going to play the moralist, and cry 'Fie!' But excesses, among

which (if some hints do not mislead us) seduction must be numbered, are not surely to be thus lightly treated. The author has forgotten himself for a moment. It was very different in his last novel. Surely he will not himself adopt the ethical code of Major Pendennis. He kept Pen, with all his follies, pure from such contamination. In a passage where we seem to hear the author in *propria personâ*, Esmond should be made not less true in his sense of purity than was the biographer of Arthur Pendennis. No doubt that age was less strict in language and in practice. Yet this fact would justify no one in writing a novel with a moral no better than that of *Tom Jones*. It is possible to indicate the temperament of an age in this respect, without seeming to share or to approve its maxims. The extinction of Frank in matrimony is highly amusing, and meant, it may be, as a kind of poetical justice. Hear Beatrix describe the manœuvre, in her lively way:—

“ I made that onslaught on the priests, in order to divert my poor dear mother’s anguish about Frank. Frank is as vain as a girl, cousin. Talk of us girls being vain, what are *we* to you? It was easy to see that the first woman who chose would make a fool of him, or the first robe—I count a priest and a woman all the same. We are always caballing; we are not answerable for the fibs we tell; we are always cajoling and coaxing, or threatening; and we are always making mischief, Colonel Esmond—mark my word for that, who know the world, sir, and have to make my way in it. I see as well as possible how Frank’s marriage hath been managed. The count, our papa-in-law, is always away at the coffee-house. The countess, our mother, is always in the kitchen looking after the dinner. The countess, our sister, is at the spinet. When my lord comes to say he is going on the campaign, the lovely Clotilda bursts into tears, and faints so; he catches her in his arms—no, sir, keep your distance, cousin, if you please—she cries on his shoulder, and he says, ‘O, my divine, my adored, my beloved Clotilda, are you sorry to part with me?’ ‘O, my Francisco,’ says she, ‘O, my lord!’ and at this very instant mamma and a couple of young brothers, with mustachios and long rapiers, come in from the kitchen, where they have been eating bread and onions. Mark my word, you will have all this woman’s relations at Castlewood three months after she has arrived there. The old count and countess, and the young counts, and all the little countesses her sisters. Counts! every one of these wretches says he is a count. Guiscard, that stabbed Mr. Harvey, said he was a count; and I believe he was a barber. All Frenchmen are barbers—fiddle-dee! don’t contradict me—or else dancing masters, or else priests;’ and so she rattled on.”

Lord Castlewood is a life-like figure, a fair sample of the fuddled, fox-hunting, cock-fighting, spendthrift, good-hearted, high-spirited squire or noble in the so-called good old times. The family group which occupies the first volume possesses a charm and mournful interest which deepens into pathos at the close, when poor Castlewood dies more nobly than he had lived. The dowager Viscountess Esmond, with her half-French jargon, her rouge and cards, her love of priests and politics, of intrigue and of King James, her reminiscences of by-gone gallantry, is a sketch executed *con amore* by Mr. Thackeray. She talks in this style:

“ And she has shut her door on you—given the living to that horrid young cub, son of that horrid old bear, Tusher, and says she will never see you more. Monsieur mon neveu—we are all like that. When I was a young woman, I’m positive that a thousand duels were fought about me. And when poor Monsieur

de Souchy drowned himself in the canal at Bruges, because I danced with Count Springbock, I could'nt squeeze out a single tear, but danced till five o'clock the next morning. 'Twas the Count—no, 'twas my Lord Ormond that played the fiddles, and his Majesty did me the honour of dancing all night with me. How you are grown! You have got the *bel air*. You are a black man. Our Esmonds are all black. The little prude's son is fair; so was his father—fair and stupid. You were an ugly little wretch when you came to Castlewood—you were all eyes, like a young crow. We intended you should be a priest. That awful Father Holt—how he used to frighten me when I was ill! I have a comfortable director now—the Abbé Douillete—a dear man. We make meagre on Fridays always. My cook is a devout, pious man. You, of course, are of the right way of thinking. They say the Prince of Orange is very ill indeed.'

As to the historical personages, we have a *vera effigies* of that thorough Stuart, Prince James, who is well introduced in the third volume,—unworthy, as were all his house, of that high-souled infatuation which would have served him with success could he have served himself. Swift appears in a single scene, insolent and brutal, stalks off with his Irish porter, and we see him no more. Marlborough receives hard measure, as he deserves. Mr. Thackeray's estimate of his character is given in a powerfully written passage, exhibiting, in the strongest relief, the strange contrasts of a nature whose memory is associated with so much obloquy and so much renown. The secrets of poor Steele's domestic life are opened to us, and we behold him tippling and hen-pecked. It is touching to see him filled with such reverence for Addison, without a particle of respect for himself.

This novel, true to the character of Esmond, is serious throughout—presenting scarcely a vestige of that comic element which sparkles at intervals in the other productions of the author. The *dénouement* is unpleasing. Esmond is the worst in plot and best in expression of all Mr. Thackeray's writings. Female character is even less charitably treated than in former fictions. Mr. Thackeray's portraits are like daguerreotypes, which never represent the faces of men in their most favourable aspect, but are almost invariably unjust to women, owing to the undue strength of shadow. In spite of these faults, the book will win and will retain the attention of the thoughtful by its instructive exhibitions of the pathology of the heart, by many a grave lesson eloquently uttered,—will endear itself to every reader of taste by an indescribable charm,—and will probably survive in our literature almost every similar work of its time.

The Pentateuch and its Assailants. A Refutation of the Objections of Modern Scepticism to the Pentateuch. By W. T. HAMILTON, D.D., Pastor of the Government-Street Church, Mobile (America). 8vo, pp. 380. Edinburgh: J. & J. Clark. London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co.

The Bible, contemplated as a whole, resembles an edifice or structure something like a pyramid or an obelisk. All its parts in succession are dependent the one upon the other, as they gradually advance to the summit or apex. The whole structure is characterized by the security or strength of its foundation, the simplicity of its plan, and the unity of purpose manifested throughout the different stages, or gradual

development of its dependent portions, as they succeed each other, and at length issue in that which gives it a graceful and appropriate finish. Though it is a work carried on through a long succession of ages, and by a variety of artificers, each accomplishing his own portion, under the impulse given to the idiosyncrasies of his own mind, and in a great measure independently of what had been wrought before, and of what might follow after, yet when the whole stands forth in its finished state, and is seen in all its proportions, it is found to be perfectly symmetrical, having an object in view most entirely accordant with the nature of the construction.

Such a work of human art, were it possible, would show that there had been not only an original designer of consummate skill, but an original design so exquisite, so perfect, that it had never been superseded nor altered through the long progress of the whole undertaking, and consequently that there must have been in operation some special power or cause to secure the perfection of the original plan; some superintending intelligence and supreme authority employed from its commencement to its completion, which might indeed very properly be called *peculiar* and *remarkable*. Such a case never did occur, and never could occur, as to any material erection; for a succession of builders, through any great lapse of time, would necessitate some alteration; most probably many alterations and many improvements, as each came to carry on the work of his predecessors, free from any restraints of their authority. The ideas, the opinions, the tastes, the capabilities, the designs of men, vary greatly through successive ages. The world contains samples of many buildings, begun in one age and finished in another, but mostly with considerable variations from the original plan. But the world contains no example of an edifice which occupied seventeen hundred years from the time of laying the foundation to the putting on of the top stone—of which it could be said that the original plan had prevailed to the last without any, even the slightest, deviation; and thus the whole stands within its original foundation, like a pyramid or an obelisk, and has from the first been gradually and slowly, but yet sublimely and securely, rising to that beautiful completeness it has at length attained, and to that significant issue which all can now understand, but which was concealed till the work was done. On the broad and deep foundation of the Pentateuch rests the whole superstructure of the Bible. The New Testament cannot stand without the old; nor yet the prophets without Moses. If the authority of Moses and the prophets could be destroyed, that of Jesus Christ could not maintain itself.

The enemies of revelation perceive this, and while many of them pay fine compliments to the wisdom and moral virtues of Jesus Christ, as an example or as a teacher, they assail the writings of Moses with the most formidable weapons that can either be discovered or fabricated; as if he had been a revolted rebel against his lawful sovereign, a mere captain of a savage banditti, and one of the greatest impostors that ever lived. But if they could succeed in overthrowing the

evidences of inspiration in his case, they would soon recall their eulogies on Jesus Christ, because they might then turn round and tell us, that he had implicated his own claim with that of Moses; and, therefore, if the one was an impostor, so must be the other; or that, at any rate, if Jesus Christ was deceived by Moses, and mistook him for a true prophet of God, there could be little ground for placing implicit confidence in himself. Thus the whole fabric of revelation would totter to its fall, and the Bible must be abandoned, as, in point of inspiration, no longer worthy of confidence.

Dr. Hamilton has engaged in the highly important work of vindicating the writings of Moses from the objections which, it has been thought by certain persons, science, criticism, and antiquities supply against them. Of by far the larger portion of these objections, it must be observed that they bear the character simply of difficulties, arising, it may be, out of imperfect knowledge on our part; mistaken interpretations; errors which are due to transcription; and the unfairness of adversaries in forcing a scientific interpretation upon language which was used in a popular or poetic sense, or in accommodation to the then state of human knowledge. Most of these objections have been satisfactorily answered long ago. Had they pertained to uninspired writings, they would never have been entertained, or when answered, certainly never resuscitated. Others are the results of that overstrained criticism of our German neighbours, which delights in new theories, and lives upon its own creation: while some few, and but a few, remain as real difficulties, or facts which we cannot yet reconcile with other portions of human knowledge, but which can by no means be pronounced *irreconcilable*, and beyond the reach of all future discoveries, to place in a state of harmony with real science and veritable history. It is a remarkable circumstance, strongly in favour of Moses and the Bible, that, hitherto, through all the past, science, criticism, and philosophy have been gradually but satisfactorily answering themselves, as to every new objection brought against the Bible. So that indeed the quiver of infidelity was quite exhausted when geology, a few years ago, came in opportunely to its aid. New missiles were soon forged, and most of the old blunted ones gathered up and sharpened to a fresh point, so that the adversaries have latterly made a considerable show of fight. But as yet there has not been fished up from all the depths of ocean, nor sifted out of the ruins of empires, nor drawn forth from the darkness of the remotest ages, nor dug up from the lowest foundations of the mountains, nor educed from the mechanism of the heavens, or the chemistry of the stars, nor translated from the hieroglyphics of Egypt, or traced amidst the sculptures of Assyria and Babylon, a single object or fact that confronts Moses as an impostor, that impeaches his veracity as a historian, or his knowledge as a prophet. On the contrary, the general results of all such investigations, so far as they have proceeded, are in his favour. First appearances have often been hostile or questionable; but deeper inquiry, profounder science, wider inductions, and ampler knowledge,

have always turned out to the honour of the Bible. The rule, therefore, with regard to some points which yet involve difficulty and mystery, should be—WAIT. Advancing knowledge and science have hitherto been constrained to confirm the Mosaic record, and most probably they will be so still. As yet, the advocates of the Bible have discovered no cause either for shame or fear. Amidst the blaze of modern science and the ardent spirit of progress that is abroad in all departments, they can say, '*hail*' to your inquiries! We wish you God speed; for 'we are not of the night nor of darkness, but are all the children of the light and of the day.' Our Bible is still the light of the world, and fears no eclipse. As yet, no demonstrated fact impeaches its veracity.

The work before us consists of twelve lectures. The three first are introductory, being on the following subjects: The character of Moses as a Scholar and a Statesman; The Necessity of Revelation; The Bible is a Revelation from God.

In the fourth lecture, the author enters upon the special subject of his volume. The Pentateuch the work of Moses, genuine and authentic. In this lecture there is much valuable matter, collected from various sources, the result of which shows that no ancient author is supported by an equal amount of evidence. He then enters into a particular examination of the book of Genesis, and pretty fully into a refutation of most of the German speculations concerning the composition of the book. The sixth lecture is on the 'Creation in six days.' This lecture comprises a view of the different theories of creation, and limits the use and signification of the term in Exod. xx. 11, to the setting in order, or preparing, this world for man.

Lecture VII. is on the populousness of the earth in the days of Cain, and on the longevity of the ancient patriarchs. VIII. On Antediluvian Giants. IX. & X. The Deluge Universal. XI. Death among the works of God—its origin and extent. XII. Man one Family.

Dr. Hamilton labours hard in two lectures to maintain the universality of the Deluge. We highly respect his reverence for the text of Moses; but we cannot pronounce him successful in his attempt to remove the grave difficulties still attaching to a strictly literal interpretation. He has, however, ingeniously defended his own view, and brought forward some facts in mitigation of its difficulties, which deserve attention. Upon this important subject, his last lecture—the Unity of the Race—as the author entertains a theory of his own to meet the scientific difficulty of holding, that all the existing races have sprung from one pair, we cannot do better than allow him to explain himself.

'The Bible teaches also, that after the lapse of some centuries from the creation of man, such was the great wickedness of mankind, that God found it necessary to sweep away the impious race by a general deluge, from which one family alone, consisting of eight persons, was saved. Noah, with his three sons and their wives, were the sole survivors of that universal calamity; and from them and their descendants was the earth again replenished with inhabitants. Consequently, all men now on earth must be the descendants of Noah.

'But mankind are now found exhibiting great diversity of complexion, form,

structure, and habits, which constitute distinctive marks of different varieties or races.

'These races are found occupying each its own peculiar portion of the earth's surface ; each race is invariably propagated by hereditary descent ; and among these races a great variety of different languages are spoken.

'For this diversity of language and of race also, the Mosaic narrative furnishes a solution. When the descendants of Noah were on the plains of Shinar, they united together to erect a tower at Babel, on purpose to keep together, and to avoid 'being scattered abroad over the face of the whole earth.' (Gen. xi. 4.)

To defeat this purpose, and to ensure the dispersion of man over the surface of the whole earth (see Gen. xi. 5—9), the Creator did himself interfere, by a direct and preternatural exertion of his own power, so as to produce diversity of language, and to effect the dispersion of man into all the different countries and different climates over the face of all the earth.

'If, then, as naturalists tell us, the peculiarities in the complexion, the osteological structure, the muscular development, the nervous system, the veins, the arterial arrangement, and the respiratory organs, as well as in the cuticular secretions existing in the different races as now found, be necessarily connected with the zoological provinces, in which these several races of men are now seen naturally existing and best flourishing, and with the influences which there surround them ; if, also, the languages spoken by the several races of men differ in the same proportion as *their organs of speech are variously modified* ; and if, as we freely admit with Professor Agassiz, '*the adaptation of different races of men to different parts of the world be intentional*' on the part of the Creator, then inasmuch as—instead of the creation of these several races of men, with all their distinctive peculiarities upon them as now, each in the locality where now it is found, as Agassiz supposes—Moses informs us, that at Babel, God himself did directly interfere, in order to produce, in the one uniform stock of Noah's descendants, the sole survivors of the deluge, a variety of languages, and the dispersion and settlement of different branches of this one primitive stock, in all regions and all climates over the face of all the earth : and if, as none will deny, whatever God does, he does effectually, so as to secure the attainment of the object aimed at ;—it follows clearly, that the difference of complexion, of anatomical structure, and of constitutional peculiarities in different branches of mankind, as now formed, being necessary to produce diversity of language, and to effect dispersion into all climates (or at least being a necessary incident to such dispersion), the intervention of God at Babel did certainly secure them all.

'This occurrence at Babel was, therefore, the time, and this the occasion, in which the Creator himself did miraculously interfere to produce, in a primitively more uniform race, all the changes necessary to constitute the various races now found.

'The passage of Scripture demanded by Professor Agassiz in his challenge (p. 134) is here presented in Gen. xi. 5—9. The introduction of a constitutional law in man's very nature, to secure, sooner or later, all the varieties now found among men, and necessary to adapt these several races to their several localities in the zoological provinces they have permanently occupied, did take place at Babel, if Moses wrote the truth, and if the principles laid down by Agassiz himself, and by other naturalists, be correct. All that was necessary to secure the end he aimed at was certainly known to God ; and everything so necessary he was able to do.

'Moses says that God did, at Babel, directly and miraculously interfere to produce diversity of languages, and to effect the dispersion of mankind '*abroad upon the face of all the earth.*' Mankind are now found actually speaking different languages ; and found, too, spread '*abroad upon the face of all the earth.*'

'But mankind are found, also, presenting great diversity of appearance and of structure, in these different countries ; so that they are divided into different varieties or races, each race being adapted to the region it occupies, and to the fauna and flora found in that region.

'If so, then this adaptation is inseparably connected with this dispersion. The

purpose to disperse man, whether to disperse him from and in his first creation, or subsequently to the creation, must, therefore, have included the purpose to produce in man the peculiarities of his physical constitution, necessary to his being so dispersed. Moreover, *the execution of this purpose* to disperse man abroad over all the earth *must have included the production in man* of this adaptedness of his physical organization to live and flourish in the several regions over which he was to be dispersed.

‘Agassiz supposes that this *execution* of the purpose to disperse man over all the earth, took place in the original production of the several races, distinct as now, in nations, as bees in swarms, in the localities where they are now found. But Moses tells us that at Babel this purpose to disperse man over all the earth was effected, and that by a great change wrought upon the mass of mankind, who were all the descendants of the one family of Noah.

‘If Moses is to be believed, this constitutional difference in man, which produced diversity in the organs of speech, which resulted in the dispersion of mankind into all countries on the surface of the earth, as they are now found, and which must have included all that constitutes the diversity of the races, without which men could not live dispersed abroad ‘*over the face of all the earth,*’ was miraculously effected by the Creator himself at Babel. (See Gen. xi. 5—9.)

‘Reasoning from the principles laid down by naturalists themselves, therefore, it is plain—the challenge of the scientific Agassiz to the contrary notwithstanding—that there is a passage in the Scriptures pointing, by necessary and inevitable inference, at ‘those physical differences which we notice between the white race and the Chinese, the New Hollanders, the Malays, the American Indians, and the Negroes, as having been introduced, in the course of time, among the children of Adam and Eve,’ even though the distinction between the dark races and the white is not there either formally made or alluded to in express terms.’—Pp. 297—300.

The suggestion, although not put in the clearest manner and fewest words, appears worthy of attention. If the existing diversities are by science pronounced incompatible with descent from one pair, then, if a miracle was needed, and was wrought, to secure dispersion, we perceive no reason why that interposition should not include such deviations from the original type as might be desirable to adapt the race to the different localities to which it was thenceforth to proceed. God formed woman differently from man; and as there was a miracle to effectuate and perpetuate dispersion, and prevent reunion, so there might have been introduced at the same time constitutional changes which have proved the physical causes of all the existing diversities of race. All we can say of Dr. Hamilton’s theory on this subject is, that, at the first reading of his volume, we are disposed to look favourably upon his explanation, and to give it all the publicity in our power, that it may be fully tested. The volume, as a whole, is a good summary of the replies which have been written to the objections made against various statements of the book of Genesis. The best authors have been carefully consulted, and a great mass of information collected. The style is neither so finished nor so condensed as we could have desired in such a work. It is often quite a chase to catch the sense amidst the encumbering foliage of words. The book, however, deserves commendation, and will be useful, we trust, in this country, as well as in America. We cannot say that it accomplishes all that is to be desiderated upon the important questions discussed. We thank Dr. Hamilton, however, for what he has done.

The Cloister Life of the Emperor Charles the Fifth. By WILLIAM STIRLING, Author of 'Annals of the Artists of Spain.' Pp. 264. J. W. Parker & Son. 1852.

In the year 1849, Mr. Stirling, on a tour in Spain, visited the ruins of the royal monastery of Yuste, the well-known retreat of Charles V. The weather-stained granite walls of the old church were still standing. The cloister-roof had fallen in, and the dismantled sides stood deep in mounds of rubbish,—where the wild verdure enfolded and overgrew the fragments of richly-carved capitals,—the remains of the upper story they had once supported. The rooms of the imperial recluse were heaped with stores of maize and olive. Those apartments in which loyalty had still continued to kneel, flattery to fawn, and state-craft to plot about a man half-monk, half-monarch, were now a peasant's garner. The silkworm was winding its cocoon in darkness, where the priest had been stealthily busy with a web of another sort. The garden, whose terraces, parterres, and fountains had been arranged beneath the eye of Charles, whose fish-ponds he had filled with trout and tench, whose beds he had enriched with laurels and with pinks from Tunis, was now a shaggy thicket of fig-trees, mulberries, and almonds. The great walnut-tree alone, the only thing three centuries of change had spared, stood apart from the rest, and held out its wrinkled giant arms, bearing witness to the past. With many travellers it would have been enough to survey this scene awhile, touched with a transitory, fruitless sense of the mutability of human affairs—to gaze around them on the hill and forest of the broad and fertile Vera—to put a few questions to the bailiff who shows the place—to clamber among the ruins and scratch their hands with the bushes—and then home to dinner at their inn in the neighbouring village of Quacos. Not so Mr. Stirling. He possessed the acquirements, the perseverance, and the time enabling him subsequently to prosecute with success some investigations into the original narratives of the events which have made this locality so memorable. He ascertains the existence of a certain precious manuscript in the archives of the French Foreign Office, giving an account of the retirement of Charles V., illustrated with original letters, the work of a learned Spaniard, Don Tomas Gonzalez, canon of Plasencia. It had been purchased by the Foreign Office of France in 1844, when under the direction of M. Mignet. To this valuable document Mr. Stirling procures access. Combining the results of a judicious study of the best information already available with the additional light imparted by the new-found treasure, he produces the work before us.

The book displays judgment and ability. The narrative is related in a vivid, unaffected style. Mr. Stirling has examined to good purpose both the human and the natural witnesses of the scenes he describes. He is equally familiar with the landscape and the figures, with the localities and with the personages which surrounded the closing passage of a famous and eventful life. Hence his account is

both accurate and picturesque. He knows what to leave out, and is apparently well aware that the process of the historian must be often similar to that of the sculptor, who, having taken his huge mass of material from the heart of the quarry, creates by striking away, and progresses by diminution. He begins at the beginning,—not before it, like the Spanish chronicler Ocampo, who commenced the history which was to celebrate the exploits of Charles V. with a description of the deluge. Mr. Stirling embarks the emperor at Flushing, and conducts him to Valladolid, in the first chapter. Without any unnatural efforts to secure vivacity or vigour, the author is never dull, and says what he has to say in clear, forcible, and sometimes eloquent language.

The life of Charles V. has been made hitherto to end where the lives of nations begin—in fable. The heroic age subsided, in his case, into the mythical. The great river, which had traversed and created so many memorable spots, was lost to view at last, like the Rhine where it mingles with the sea, in the monotonous level of private life. Historic gossip and historic fancy found it easier to repeat or to imagine than to inquire. According to some, the monarch's days at Yuste were passed in perpetual regrets for that abdication which had excited the wonder of Europe. According to others, the monarch and the man were lost in the ascetic—sackcloth apparelled the master, and sable hangings the walls, of Yuste—the dreary silence was broken only by muttered prayers, doleful misereres, and the whistling stroke of the scourge, wet with imperial blood. The story of his laying himself in his coffin while his funeral service was performed, obtained universal credit. The familiar page of Robertson has painted that gloomy ceremony in a picture that would have fascinated Webster; and which, could he have read it, might have suggested a new scene even to the sombre imagination which produced the *Duchess of Malfy*. Mr. Stirling has shown that both these views are erroneous. He exhibits Charles in the cloister as he really was. Modern notions will conceive him best as a country gentleman, fond of politics, and deplorably bitten by Puseyism. The retired majesty of the empire displays gastronomic and ecclesiastical tendencies equally strong, and quietly oscillates between his devotions and his dinner. Mr. Stirling thus describes the real state of the case:

‘A great monarch, leaving of his own free will his palace and the purple for sackcloth and a cell, is so fine a study that history, misled, nothing loth, by pulpit declamation, has delighted to discover such a model ascetic in the emperor at Yuste. ‘His apartments, when prepared for his reception,’ says Sandoval, ‘seemed rather to have been newly pillaged by the enemy, than for a great prince; the walls were bare, except in his bed-chamber, which was hung with black cloth; the only valuables in the house were a few pieces of plate of the plainest kind; his dress, always black, was usually very old; and he sat in an old arm chair, with half a seat, and not worth four reals.’ This picture, accurate in only two of the details, is quite false in its general effect. The emperor's conventual abode, judging by the inventory of its contents, was probably not worse furnished than many of the palaces in which his reigning days had been passed. He was not surrounded at Yuste with the splendours of his host of Augsburg; but neither did the fashions

of the sumptuous Fugger prevail at Ghent or Innsbruck, Valsaur or Segovia. He liked black cloth instead of arras for his bed-room hangings; but he had brought from Flanders suits of rich tapestry, wrought with figures, landscapes, or flowers, more than sufficient to hang the rest of the apartments; the supply of cushions, eider-down quilts, and linen, was luxuriously ample; his friends sat on chairs covered with black velvet; and he himself reposed either on a chair with wheels, or in an easy chair, which is described as having six cushions and a footstool belonging to it. Of gold and silver plate he had upwards of thirteen thousand ounces; he washed his hands in silver basins, with water poured from silver ewers; the meanest utensil of his chamber was of the same noble material; and, from the brief descriptions of his cups, vases, candlesticks, and salt-cellars, it seems probable that his table was graced with several masterpieces of Tobbia and Cellini."—P. 81.

In his account of the obsequies celebrated by the yet living emperor, Mr. Stirling adopts neither the more sceptical opinion of Gonzalez, nor the romantic embellishments of Leti. In the preface he gives his reasons for following, on the whole, Siguença's relation of the circumstance. He thus describes the ceremony:

'These rites ended, he asked his confessor whether he might not now perform his own funeral, and so do for himself what would soon have to be done for him by others. Regla replied that his majesty, please God, might live many years, and that when his time came, these services would be gratefully rendered, without his taking any thought about the matter. 'But,' persisted Charles, 'would it not be good for my soul?' The monk said that certainly it would; pious works done during life being far more efficacious than when postponed till after death. Preparations were therefore at once set on foot; a catafalque which had served before on similar occasions was erected; and on the following day, the thirtieth of August, as the monkish historian relates, this celebrated service was actually performed. The high altar, the catafalque, and the whole church, shone with a blaze of wax lights; the friars were all in their places, at the altars, and in the choir, and the household of the emperor attended in deep mourning. 'The pious monarch himself was there attired in sable weeds, and bearing a taper, to see himself interred, and to celebrate his own obsequies.' While the solemn mass for the dead was sung, he came forward, and gave his taper into the hands of the officiating priest, in token of his desires to yield his soul into the hands of his Maker. High above, over the kneeling throng, and the gorgeous vestments, the flowers, the curling incense, and the glittering altar, the same idea shone forth in that splendid canvas whereon Titian had pictured Charles kneeling on the threshold of the heavenly mansions prepared for the blessed.'—P. 145.

A chapter is devoted to the servants of the emperor's little household, and to the most notable visitors who cross the quiet scene, and make their exit, to mingle once more in the stormy world without. There is the major-domo Quixada, a trusty old soldier, with his warm heart and grave punctilious manner, a true Castilian cavalier of the antique school. There is Van Male, the scholar, self-denying and affectionate, sleeping in the room next his master, reading to him from the *Vulgate* at night, turning his French into graceful Latin, and assisting him in his literary recreations—a good-natured Voltaire to a kind-hearted Frederick. There is Borja, the brilliant man of the world, become a Jesuit, in the prime of life, blending the flattery of the courtier with the phrases of the devotee, and pleading for the interests of his order as he kisses the hand of his prince. There is Mathisio, the physician, minutely noting every variation in the imperial health, and making the intestines of his sovereign a field of constant

battle between him and the cook—he fighting with pills and senna, and his antagonist pouring in large forces of iced beer, and mustering strong with high-seasoned pasties, eel-pie, and flounders. There is Torriano, the mechanist, busy with his curious clocks, and amusing the emperor with automata, whose movements make the startled monks talk gravely of the black art. We see Charles feeding his pet birds, or strolling into the woods with his gun. We behold him returning from the convent church,—where music and voices most carefully selected gratified his exquisitely critical ear,—to sit down at noon to a table spread with viands which filled all loyal hearts with apprehension. There he carves slowly with his gouty hands, eats slowly with his few remaining teeth, and at length appeases his voracious appetite. In the afternoon there is reading from the fathers—a sermon in the convent by a preacher chosen for his eloquence, and, after that, reception of applicants, interviews with visitors, business with his secretary.

Not a few of the cares of the outer world followed the emperor to his retreat. Even within the conventual domains everything did not go as he wished. Now and then his Flemish followers, grumbling, good-natured, onion-devouring fellows, of the stalwart Wilkin Flammock breed, would squabble with the monks. The neighbouring villagers were poachers by nature : they stole his fruit and his fish; they vexed him with all those petty depredations by which the gipsies of Dorncleugh aggravated the Laird of Ellangowan. Tidings from the world without would often call Charles from his poultry and his flowers, and perhaps distract his thoughts at mass. Couriers with secret despatches hidden in their stirrup-leathers, envoys, and letters from all parts, about all sorts of matters, would still demand his attention; for he never felt, or pretended, indifference concerning the interests of the mighty empire he had swayed. The Spanish exchequer, despite the Indian gold, was in want of money for its wars. Private adventurers, from whom the government had sought to wring their gains, resisted violence by violence. The fairy tale tells us how Candide and Cacambo, when they came to the country of the red sheep, found the common children playing with golden quoits. This fiction was then half fact in Spain. Merchants made their gold into quoits, and covered it with baser metal, that under that disguise it might escape the emissaries of arbitrary power. Charles was harassed by these difficulties, was engaged himself in endeavouring by letter to raise from reluctant prelates the sum needed at Valladolid. Pirates swept the seas, descended upon every coast, spread alarm and shame to the very heart of the empire, as it was known that even from the fields and vineyards of Arragon and Provence the peasant had been carried off to be chained to the oar of the infidel. These freebooters were treated by Europe on Peace-Society principles. Instead of a united effort to exterminate the marauders, the Fathers of Mercy set forth on their annual expedition to ransom the captives, and to perpetuate with charitable gold the disgrace of Christendom. Now it

was a victory like that of St. Quentin or of Gravelines, which lit with pleasure, as he read, the strongly-marked and somewhat heavy features of the imperial countenance. Again it was a disaster that overshadowed them, like the loss of Calais by the English;—an insult like the ravage of Minorca, or an advantage lost, as in the shameful treaty made by Alva with the hot-brained, grey-haired Caraffa, who filled St. Peter's chair as Paul IV. In the cloister, as in the camp, the manners of Charles possessed that charm which wins, even for despots, the favour of the people. Selfish and suspicious as he was, he took no pleasure in wantonly inflicting mortification or suffering. The conventual life did not fail to exert its naturally deteriorating influence on his character. When out in the world, and dealing with practical affairs, his bigotry would sometimes listen to reason for a moment; his sense of honour came in as a corrective; he was not a stranger to generous impulse. But among the monks he degenerated visibly towards that type of monarch, repeated so frequently in the annals of Spain, of which his son Philip is the odious representative. Like all fanatics, he made his hatred the measure of his religion. He urged the Inquisition to the last to extinguish in blood the feeble rising of Protestantism in Spain. He regretted that he had kept his faith, and spared the life of Luther. On the faintest suspicion of heresy, he would have sent to the stake the most faithful of his servants without a touch of pity.

Our best thanks are due to Mr. Stirling for this contribution to the history of an important period. In his pages we see the movements of the time as the eye of Charles regarded them, when their undulations reached at last the little colony which lay hid behind the hills of Estremadura. In many of the incidents narrated, the thoughtful reader will discern examples of those causes which were already at work to undermine the fabric of that unwieldy empire, and finally to sink so low a power whose progress our forefathers were wont to watch with such anxiety.

The Life and Epistles of St. Paul. By the Rev. W. J. CONYBEARE, M.A., &c. &c., and the Rev. J. S. HOWSON, M.A., &c. 2 vols. 4to. Longman & Co.

The subject of these portly quartos is a truly grand one—a grander could scarcely be selected from the New Testament, saving only Him whose life and deeds constitute the sublime subject of the book. St. Paul's history and writings, as preserved in the sacred record, form no inconsiderable portion of the whole; and, viewed in connexion with the first introduction of the Gospel among the Gentile nations, and the momentous changes thence ensuing in the state of nearly the whole civilized world, become matters of deep interest, not only to the Christian and theologian, but to the historian and philosopher. In St. Paul we see the first Christian missionary entering upon the heroic work of proselyting the two most influential portions of the human race—the Greeks and the Romans—to the religion which both alike held to be but a new phase of that ancient Judaism which

they equally hated and scorned. Viewing the mighty results to which his labours tended, and the revolutions they ultimately produced in the social condition of all the nations that constituted the Empire, with its colonies and allies, an interest attaches to his life and labours transcending that which pertains to any of his renowned successors in the same enterprise. We might even add, that, considering the comparative successes of apostolic zeal and service, he stands second to none of his commissioned predecessors in the same cause. His personal exertions in propagating the Gospel produced a wider and deeper impression upon heathenism than those of any other apostle, or than all of them combined. And this effect was the more wonderful, because it was wrought by a Jew, and by a supposed form of Judaism—and at a period when both were alike objects of the most intense hatred and contempt to the most civilized people on the one hand, and the most martial on the other. Let St. Paul's labours be contemplated in their connexion with the changes which thence and thereby commenced, and which ultimately pervaded the whole framework of society throughout the civilized world, and which even extended the frontiers of that civilization far beyond its ancient limits, and they will assume an importance which attaches to no other agent or agency which has since his days arisen to exert an influence upon the destinies of the human race.

But the real magnitude and deep interest of the entire subject cannot be estimated, without taking into account the continued moral efficiency of his example, and the unspent vital power of his writings. Their influence upon Christian minds and hearts is wider this day than it ever was. The Epistles of Paul form an invaluable—we had almost said, indispensable, comment upon the Gospel itself. In an important sense, they form its complement or supplement, adapting it practically to the social condition and the intellectual idiosyncrasies of the Gentile nations, as contrasted with the Jews. The importance, then, of St. Paul's life and labours can hardly be overstated. It is impossible to name another man, Jesus Christ only excepted, be he philosopher or conqueror, monarch or statesman, poet or reformer, whose life and doings have had so wide, so lasting, and so transforming an influence upon universal humanity. The first impression, or rather, we might say, the *momentum* of his doctrine and character, falling among the Greeks, the teachers, and the Romans, the conquerors and rulers of the world, has never been lost; though impeded, it has never ceased; it has scarcely diminished for any long period, and has never entirely subsided; and still it seems to possess that divine vitality which causes it to reproduce itself, or to reappear in similar forms of devotedness and zeal for the conversion of the world to the faith of Jesus. If our own age may be allowed to put in any claim to the possession of a missionary spirit, or to the honour of missionary achievements, it would not be easy to say how much of both is due to the inspiring example and heroic spirit of the great apostle.

But we must forbear, for the sake of introducing to our readers the most elaborate and complete work upon the entire history and life of St. Paul that has ever appeared in our language, or probably in any other. The professed design of the authors is to give a living picture of the apostle, and of the circumstances by which he was surrounded. The plan embraces much more than a biography made up from the materials supplied by the sacred narrative. To enable the reader to realize the future apostle of the Gentile world, in his native place, and at the time of his childhood, and so onward through all the steps and stages, transitions and vicissitudes of that eventful and most influential life, every source of information has been examined, and every item extracted which could throw any light upon the character, the doings and writings, the labours and sufferings of the extraordinary man. To trace out the steps of such a course deliberately, and in all their relations to surrounding circumstances and persons, so as to present them in harmony with all the phases of ancient life, now lost, but which had an influence upon the apostle's mind, or gave a peculiarity to his language, is an undertaking of vast labour, but, when accomplished, of immense value. To supply our readers with a just conception of the plan, we shall allow the authors to explain the method which they proposed to adopt.

'To comprehend the influences under which he grew to manhood, we must realize the position of a Jewish family in Tarsus, the 'chief city of Cilicia;' we must understand the kind of education which the son of such a family would receive as a boy in his Hebrew home, or in the schools of his native city, and in his riper youth 'at the feet of Gamaliel' in Jerusalem; we must be acquainted with the profession for which he was to be prepared by this training, and appreciate the station and duties of an expounder of the law. And that we may be fully qualified to do all this, we should have a clear view of the state of the Roman Empire at the time, and especially of its system in the provinces; we should also understand the political position of the Jews of the 'dispersion;' we should be (so to speak) hearers in their synagogues; we should be students of their Rabbinical theology. And, in like manner, as we follow the apostle in the different stages of his varied and adventurous career, we must strive continually to bring out in their true brightness the half-effaced forms and colouring of the scene in which he acts; and while he 'becomes all things to all men, that he might by all means save some,' we must form to ourselves a living likeness of the *things* and of the *men* among which he moved, if we would rightly estimate his work. Thus we must study Christianity rising in the midst of Judaism, we must realize the position of its early churches with their mixed society, to which Jews, proselytes, and heathens, had each contributed a characteristic element; we must qualify ourselves to be umpires (if we may so speak) in their violent internal divisions; we must listen to the strife of their schismatic parties, when one said 'I am of Paul, and another, I am of Apollos;' we must study the true character of those early heresies, which even denied the resurrection, and advocated impurity and lawlessness, claiming the right 'to sin that grace might abound,' 'defiling the mind and conscience' of their followers, and making them 'abominable and disobedient, and to every good work reprobate;' we must trace the extent to which Greek philosophy, Judaizing formalism, and eastern superstition blended their tainting influence with the pure fermentation of that new leaven which was at last to leaven the whole mass of civilized society.

'Again, to understand St. Paul's personal history as a missionary to the heathen, we must know the state of the different populations which he visited; the character of the Greek and Roman civilization at the epoch; the points of intersection between the political history of the world and the scriptural narrative; the social

organization and gradation of ranks for which he enjoins respect; the position of women, to which he specially refers in many of his letters; the relations between parents and children, slaves and masters, which he not vainly sought to imbue with the loving spirit of the Gospel; the quality and influence under the early empire of the Greek and Roman religions, whose effete corruptness he denounces with such indignant scorn; the public amusements of the people, whence he draws topics of warning or illustration; the operation of the Roman law, under which he was so frequently arraigned; the courts in which he was tried, and the magistrates by whose sentence he suffered; the legionary soldiers who acted as his guards; the roads by which he travelled, whether through the mountains of Lycaonia or the marshes of Latium; the course of commerce by which his journeys were so often regulated; and the character of that imperfect navigation by which his life was so many times endangered.'—*Introduction.*

The method here proposed is carried out with a minuteness and accuracy of detail, an amount of learning, an elegance, and often eloquence of language, which will delight and instruct every reader competent to appreciate such qualities. Thus the great subject is introduced in the first chapter:—

'The life of a great man, in a great period of the world's history, is a subject to command the attention of every thoughtful mind. Alexander on his eastern expedition, spreading the civilization of Greece over the Asiatic and African shores of the Mediterranean Sea,—Julius Cæsar contending against the Gauls, and subduing the barbarism of Western Europe to the order and discipline of Roman government,—Charlemagne compressing the separating atoms of the feudal world, and reviving, for a time, the image of imperial unity,—Columbus sailing westward over the Atlantic, to discover a new world which might receive the arts and religion of the old,—Napoleon on his rapid campaigns, shattering the ancient system of European states, and leaving a chasm between our present and the past;—these are the colossal figures of history, which stamp with the impress of their personal greatness the centuries in which they lived.

'The interest with which we look upon such men is natural and inevitable, even when we are deeply conscious, that, in their character and their work, evil was mixed up in large proportions with the good, and when we find it difficult to discover the providential design which drew the features of their respective epochs. But this natural feeling rises into something higher, if we can be assured that the period we contemplate was designedly prepared for great results, that the work we admire was a work of unmixed good, and the man whose actions we follow was an instrument specially prepared by the hands of God. Such a period was that in which the civilized world was united under the first Roman emperors: such a work was the first preaching of the Gospel: and such a man was Paul of Tarsus.

'Before we enter upon the particulars of his life and the history of his work, it is desirable to say something, in this introductory chapter, concerning the general features of the age which was prepared for him. We shall not attempt any minute delineation of the institutions and social habits of the period. Many of these will be brought before us in detail in the course of the present work. We shall only notice here those circumstances in the state of the world which seem to bear the traces of a providential pre-arrangement.'

It is not merely in matters of scholarship, of history and antiquities, of philosophy and philology, that the authors of the present work deserve the highest commendation. They have shown themselves capable of sympathizing with the sublime principles and pure emotions of the apostle; as hearty admirers of the cause as of the man; and as much alive to the saving nature of the truth he taught, as to the exalted heroism he displayed in its propagation. In fact, they fully appreciate the services of the apostle in their spiritual and evan-

gelical sense, as well as in their connexion with the external and mighty changes to which they led throughout the civilized, and many portions of the uncivilized world.

The history is traced with the utmost care, and with all the precision, as to order and dates, which could be attained by the various helps employed. The writings of the apostle are introduced at that period of his life when they were composed. This is the only part of the plan which we are disposed to question. The fact of such an epistle being written at such a stage of the narrative might have been mentioned; but the epistle itself might more conveniently have been placed in its chronological order, along with the other epistles, at the end of the history. The translation of the whole of the epistles being *new*, and having many valuable notes and corrections, it would be desirable to have them all together—as readers might often wish to consult them, without having to search for them in their proper niche in the narrative. It is admitted that, in one view, they appear best in their proper setting of scenes and circumstances amidst which they were written; but as they constitute the most valuable remains or fruits of the apostle's labours, a greater facility would have been given to consult them if they had been placed together. However, this after all is but a trifle. The translation has been made with very considerable care, and is in many instances an improvement upon the authorized version. To the learned reader its excellence will be more obvious than to the unlearned; to the latter it will, we think, appear less intelligible than the common version. But, apart from the translation, concerning which there will be great diversity of opinion, the work as a whole is one of consummate excellence, and of great importance to the Christian cause at the present time. Innumerable coincidences, confirmations, and illustrations come out in the course of the work tributary to the Christian evidences, somewhat in the way of the *Horæ Paulinæ*, but much more completely and extensively.

There are twenty-eight beautiful and original plates, maps, and plans of the chief cities and towns mentioned in the history, with about sixty engravings on wood of coins, cameos, statues, tombs, harbours, and various other objects of interest, in the first volume; and in the second, there are about half the number. All of them are executed in the best manner, and are introduced for the purpose of illustration, at their proper place in the narrative. It is quite impossible to convey to our readers an adequate conception of the great variety both of objects and of subjects brought to bear upon the elucidation of the life and labours of the apostle in these volumes; neither can we, in our brief space, do justice to the exquisite skill, ability, and learning with which the whole is executed. One more short specimen we must be allowed to offer, from the opening chapter. It will afford an insight into the use made of Grecian and Roman learning, in connexion with a subject essentially Hebraic in its origin, but designed to incorporate itself with the Gentile mind in those two most influential sections of the human family.

'We are told by the historian Josephus, that on a parapet of stone in the Temple area, where a flight of fourteen steps led up from the outer to the inner court, pillars were placed at equal distances, with notices, some in Greek and some in Latin, that no alien should enter the sacred enclosure of the Hebrews. And we are told by two of the Evangelists, that when our blessed Saviour was crucified, 'the superscription of his accusation' was written above his cross 'in letters of Hebrew, and Greek, and Latin.'

'The condition of the world in general at that period wears a similar appearance to a Christian's eye. He sees the Greek and Roman elements brought into remarkable union with the older and more sacred element of Judaism. He sees in the Hebrew nation a divinely-laid foundation for the superstructure of the Church, and in the dispersion of the Jews a soil made ready in fitting places for the seed of the Gospel. He sees in the spread of the language and commerce of the Greeks, and in the high perfection of their poetry and philosophy, appropriate means for the rapid communication of Christian ideas, and for bringing them into close connexion with the best thoughts of unassisted humanity. And he sees in the union of so many incoherent provinces under the law and government of Rome, a strong framework which might keep together for a sufficient period those masses of social life which the Gospel was intended to pervade. The City of God is built at the confluence of three civilizations. We recognise with gratitude the hand of God in the history of His world; and we turn with devout feelings to trace the course of these three streams of civilized life, from their early source to the time of their meeting in the Apostolic age.'—pp. 3, 4.

The accomplished authors have our best thanks for their invaluable contribution to New-Testament and apostolic history and theology. Every student preparing for the ministry, and expositor of the divine doctrine of Jesus will find important aid and information in these volumes. The only matter of regret that we can discover is, that so few will be able to possess themselves of so expensive a work. We trust some means may be found to bring it within the reach of those who would gladly use it, but cannot afford to purchase it. No more useful or suitable present could be made by rich Christians to their poor ministers;—unquestionably more appropriate, and in far better taste, than the presents of plate or jewels sometimes ostentatiously paraded before the public.

Memoirs, Journal, and Correspondence of Thomas Moore. Edited by Lord JOHN RUSSELL. Vols. I. & II. London: Longmans.

The announcement that the private papers of Thomas Moore had been committed to the care of Lord John Russell, created no little interest in literary circles, albeit not unmingled with the fear that the stern calls of public duty might interfere with the behests of private friendship, and thus postpone the gratification anticipated from the memoirs of a man who had so long occupied a prominent position in the world of letters. The promptitude with which his lordship has attended to the wishes of his friend is at least a testimony to the kindness of his heart, and it must afford no little gratification to him to feel that he has by his disinterested labours contributed materially to the comforts of one who had for so many years brightened that friend's home, and cheered his heart. We cannot but think, however, that he would have done more justice, both to the poet's memory and his own reputation, if he had been content to spend a little more time on the work, even at the risk of some delay

in the publication. The book will undoubtedly be popular, both from its subject and its editor; but it would have been rendered more complete and valuable if more care had been expended upon it, if the editor's comments had been more extensive, and the selections of correspondence more restricted and judicious,—if, in short, the work itself had been a record of the poet's life, rather than a collection of materials for some future biographer.

The common fault of editors is egotism; that of Lord John bears the appearance of excessive modesty. He appears to have been so anxious to let Moore speak for himself, and tell his own story, as to have forgotten that some connecting narrative was essentially necessary to render his correspondence at all intelligible and interesting. So long as the autobiography lasts we require no such aid, but when for about twenty years we are left to spell our way through a somewhat miscellaneous collection of letters, addressed often to correspondents with whom the reader cannot be supposed to have had any previous acquaintance, and alluding to circumstances of personal history on which he cannot possibly possess any intuitive knowledge, we are tempted to sigh for an editor with less diffidence, or more leisure, who would not have shrunk from supplying the links of information so requisite to a right understanding of the whole. As an example of this, we may refer to the letters relating to the refusal of the laureateship. The first allusion to it is in a letter from Moore to his mother, to whom he writes, 'Never could I have had the faintest idea of accepting so paltry and degrading a stipend,' &c. The reader not particularly acquainted before with the facts of the case, is naturally puzzled to understand the reference, but must be content to go on unsatisfied till some future part of the letter affords him a faint clue to the solution of his difficulties. Now all this might have been obviated by a few lines of explanation from the editor; and the absence of this is the more provoking when we find that a space immediately preceding, and amply sufficient for the purpose, is occupied by a trivial letter that has not the slightest significance, and that ought never to have found a place in such a collection. This is only a specimen of what is continually occurring; and while we commend the diligence that has enabled Lord John, in a period of unusual political excitement, to bring out these volumes within twelve months after the poet's death, we cannot but wish that he had allowed the public to wait a little longer, or had delegated the task to one whose engagements were less imperative and pressing.

His lordship's own contributions to these volumes are restricted to a very narrow compass, consisting of an introduction that does not extend to thirty pages. This part is marked by all the dignified elegance and good taste which might have been expected; the style is simple, easy, and natural, and the whole is coloured by that warmth of feeling which testifies to the sincerity of his friendship and the heartiness of his admiration. There is, however, the absence of anything like impartial criticism—there is no attempt to analyze the

poet's character; and what ought to have been a candid estimate of his excellencies and defects wears too much the aspect of an indiscriminate panegyric, elaborately commending his virtues, glossing over his many frailties, and exalting him to a position far beyond that to which we consider him entitled.

It is in this spirit that a passing allusion is made to Moore's gross outrage upon public decency and virtue in the poetical publications of his earlier years. After appealing to the example of Horace and Prior, as affording some extenuation of his fault, his lordship adds—'Some of Little's poems should never have been written, far less published, but they must now be classed with those of other amatory poets, who have allowed their fancy to roam beyond the limits which morality and decorum would prescribe.' This is indeed but a slight sentence to pass upon so grave an offence, and is to be regretted mainly because of the many who are ever disposed to follow in the wake of men of genius, and who, unable to imitate their power, will at least ape their infirmities. There are many who can never attain anything of Moore's beauty as a poet, who may at least copy the licentiousness of the poems in question, and it is well that they should understand, that no literary merit can screen from condemnation such transgression against public morality. We are well satisfied that none would reprobate such offences more than Lord John Russell, and we are only sorry that any feeling of friendly regard should have deterred him from the utterance of a censure so richly deserved, and which much in the circumstances of our times appears loudly to demand.

The same feeling appears to us to have influenced his lordship's judgment of Moore's literary standing. Assigning to Byron and Scott the first place among the men of their time, he claims for Moore a position inferior only to theirs. 'When,' he says, 'these two great men have been enumerated, I know not any other writer of his time who can be put in competition with Moore. If his poetry is not so powerful and passionate as that of Byron, it is far sweeter, and more melodious. If his prose works cannot be weighed, either in number or value, against those of Scott, his command of poetical resources is far greater, his imagery more brilliant and copious, his diction more easy and finished.' From such a judgment we feel constrained to dissent. His reputation must rest entirely upon his poetry, and here (to say nothing of humbler or later names) he must be content to yield the palm to Wordsworth, whose intense love of nature, beautiful simplicity, and touching pathos, impart to his verses a charm which, despite the smoothness of its rhythm, the exquisite beauty of some of its passages, and the gorgeous imagery with which the whole is embellished, Moore's does not possess. The truth is, there is an utter want of earnest purpose and vigorous thought about his works, which all the glare and glitter of his imagery are unable to conceal. Analyze the passages which please you best in his writings, and their excellence will be found to consist rather in the forms of expression, than in the conceptions which are embodied. In a certain richness of thought,

in felicity of illustration, and in his refined mastery over language, there are few that may be placed in competition with him; but in all the higher qualities which make the loftiest style of poetry, he is as notoriously deficient. It is on this account that he excels chiefly as a lyrical writer. His songs defy all rivalry save that of Burns, and of these two each holds a first rank in his own sphere. We readily concede to him his great excellence in this department, but we cannot recognise his claim to be considered the third literary magnate of his age.

But we must now pass from the editor's introduction to the poet's own papers, which will be read with general interest, as affording a correct and faithful portraiture of a man of real genius and feeling. The first part consists, as already stated, of an autobiography, written with much simplicity and good taste, though not altogether unmixed with a little pardonable egotism. Thomas Moore's youth was cast in a period, and amid circumstances, of unusual excitement and danger, and his reminiscences of early life consequently possess many attractions. He was a student at Trinity College, Dublin, at a time when that now ultra-loyal and Orange University was the very focus of rebellion and disaffection; he was a member of the Historical Debating Society, at the period when it was warmed by the fervour of Robert Emmet, and dazzled by the sparkling wit of Charles Bushe, whose spirit-stirring harangues were nurturing a love of republican freedom, and a hatred of English oppression, in the hearts of the students; and as an intimate acquaintance with the leading conspirators who were arraigned before the tremendous tribunal of Lord Chancellor Clare, he narrowly escaped expulsion from the College. Indeed, he was summoned before that formidable judge, and was only saved by the manliness of his conduct, and the straightforwardness of his answers. His account of this passage in his life, is one of the best parts of his autobiography.

'At last my awful turn came, and I stood in presence of the terrific tribunal. There sat the formidable Fitzgibbon, whose name I had never heard connected but with domineering insolence and cruelty; and by his side the memorable 'Paddy' Duegenan, memorable, at least, to all who lived in those dark times for his eternal pamphlets, sounding the tocsin of persecution against the Catholics. The oath was proffered to me. 'I have an objection, my lord,' said I, in a clear, firm voice; 'I have an objection to taking this oath.' 'What's your objection, sir?' he asked, sternly. 'I have no fear, my lord, that anything I might say would criminate myself, but it might tend to affect others; and I must say that I despise that person's character who could be led under any circumstances to criminate his associates.' 'We cannot,' he answered, again looking at me, 'We cannot allow any person to remain in our University who would refuse to take this oath.' 'I shall then, my lord,' I replied, 'take the oath, still reserving to myself the power of refusing to answer any such questions as I have described.' 'We do not sit here to argue with you, sir,' he sharply rejoined; upon which I took the oath, and seated myself in the witness's chair. After having adverted to the proved existence of United Irish Societies in the University, he asked, 'Have you ever belonged to any of these societies?' 'No, my lord.'—'Have you ever known of any of the proceedings which took place in them?' 'No, my lord.'—'Did you ever hear of a proposition made in one of these societies with respect to the expediency of assassination?' 'Oh no, my lord!'—'When such are the answers you are able to give,

pray what was the cause of your great repugnance to taking the oath?' 'I have already told you, my lord, my chief reasons; in addition to which it was the first oath I ever took, and it was, I think, a very natural hesitation.' I was told afterwards that a fellow of the college, named Stokes, (a man of liberal politics, who had alleged, as one of the grounds of his dislike to this inquisition, the impropriety of putting oaths to such young men.) turned round, on hearing this last reply, to some one who sat next him, and said, 'That's the best answer that has been given yet.' I was now dismissed without further questioning, and though tolerably conscious in my own mind that I had acted with becoming firmness and honesty, I yet could not feel quite assured on the subject till I had returned among my young friends and companions in the body of the hall, and received their hearty congratulations.—Vol. i. pp. 64, 65.

Moore found, that not only had he approved himself to his associates, but that the impression made upon his superiors was scarcely less favourable; and when, in after years, he met this very Orange Chancellor at a dinner party, it did not appear that he cherished any unpleasant recollection of their early rencontre. The autobiography abruptly concludes with an account of his first evening at Lord Moira's, always kind to the poet as a friend, if not very useful as a patron. We have then a long series of letters, of varied interest and unequal merit. The fault of many biographers seems to be, the idea that the public are interested in all the minutiae of detail relative to their hero, and so they crowd their volumes with correspondence that ought never to have seen the light. Some of the best biographies of recent times have been spoiled by this very fault, and the volumes before us are not exempt from it. Many of the letters refer only to points of domestic management and the like, and, however important to those to whom they were originally addressed, have no value for the public, and ought long since to have been consigned to oblivion. General readers wish to know something of the man, his mental and moral characteristics, his general habits and his opinions—they can have no desire to be initiated into the mysteries of his nursery, or to read the records of every visit he received, every party he attended, or every compliment that flattered his vanity.

But while many of the letters are of this trifling class, others are as tender in their feeling as they are beautiful in their diction. Those to his mother particularly serve to give a much higher idea of the purity and gentleness of his character than would be gathered from any of his writings. They are written in such a strain as does not often find expression in the letters of a child to a parent. To alleviate the anxieties both of her and his father, to contribute to their comfort, and to relieve them from the pressure of straitened circumstances, even from his own limited resources, appear to have been the objects of his constant study. His own popularity and success were doubly grateful to him from the pleasure which he was well assured they would afford to those so dear to him; and the influence which he attained was employed more frequently to contribute to their benefit than his own. Thus he writes to his mother, at a time when his connexion with Lord Moira appeared to promise him some post of honour and emolument:—'Darling mother! Think how delightful, if

‘ I shall be enabled to elevate you all above the struggling exigencies of your present situation, and see you sharing prosperity with me, while you are yet young enough to enjoy it.’ Again, at the same period, speaking of a letter to his patron, on the subject of a situation that had been offered him, he says :—‘ I suggested how much less difficulty there would be in finding some appointment for my dear father, which, while it relieved my mind from one of its greatest causes of anxiety, would make me even much more devoted and grateful to him than any favour conferred on myself.’ With equal disinterestedness and beauty, he addressed her, on the occasion of a heavy pecuniary loss the family had sustained :—‘ Surely, my dear mother, the stroke was just as heavy to us as to you; for I trust we have no separate interests, but share clouds and sunshine equally together.’

The man who could feel, write, and act thus must have had much in him deserving commendation. Lord John also pays a deserved tribute of praise to his ardent patriotism, his cheerfulness and buoyancy under trials that would have crushed many men, and the independence which taught him to spurn the bribes that would gladly have been given to purchase the allegiance of a man of his power. Still, his character had many faults, that are sufficiently apparent in the course of this correspondence. We find the same want in his character as in his writings, the same lamentable absence of earnestness, thoughtfulness, and power. Well fitted to grace boudoirs and drawing-rooms, charming every circle by the suavity of his manner, his natural grace, and the salient but unaffected wit of his conversation, and winning golden opinions by the gentleness of his deportment, and the benevolence of his spirit, he yet lacked those qualities which impart strength and energy, and enable a man to write his name in the records of his age and country. In fine, there have been many wiser and many better men than Thomas Moore; but his history teaches many lessons, as our readers will find if they give these volumes a thoughtful perusal.

The Natural History of Infidelity and Superstition, in contrast with Christian Faith. Eight Divinity Lecture Sermons, preached before the University of Oxford, in the year 1852, on the Foundation of the late Rev. John Bampton, &c. &c. By Joseph Esmond Riddle, M.A., &c. &c. &c. 8vo, pp. 520. London: J. W. Parker & Son.

The high reputation of the Bampton Lecturer for 1852 led us to expect a rich intellectual treat, when his volume should come to our hands; and we have not been disappointed. All the subjects brought forward in the course of the lectures are of high importance at the present time, and are skilfully treated.

The first lecture opens the great subject of the Soul—its natural and moral endowments; the integrity of its faculties, but the corruption manifested in their development and exercise. The second discusses the Renewal of the Soul by Faith in the Redeemer. The statements

of the first lecture are admirably clear and concise. After answering generally the question, *What is the human Soul?* and after guarding the reader against the confusion and mistake which often arise from that mapping out of the mental powers which pre-supposes their independence; and after showing that their complexity must always be viewed as still a *unity*, he comes to consider the moral and religious intuitions. From this portion of the work, we beg to present to our readers the following citation:

‘But we claim for the human soul, a power of intuitively discerning truth which does not fall under the cognizance of the senses—a faculty distinct from sensible perception, and above it. The mind has an inherent power of grasping, for example, the truth of a mathematical axiom, as soon as that truth may be presented to its view; and this, too, in such a manner, and with such effect, that its convictions do not even admit of being strengthened by experience or by argument. In such cases the truth is, as we say, self-evident; that is, strictly speaking, the mind of itself knows that the proposition is a true one. This noetic faculty, or, as we may be content to denominate it, Reason, lies at the foundation of demonstration, properly so called, when the certainty of truth, otherwise unknown, is proved by reference to that which is self-evident. For we must remember that truth which is proved has for its foundation truth which cannot be proved,—truth which cannot be proved, but yet may be most certainly known by intuition, by the direct and simple act of mental consciousness. And we claim for this faculty of intuitive discernment a high place among our intellectual powers. We have here the ultimate source of a large amount of our most valuable knowledge; the source of our ideas of power and causation, and even of our assurance of the very being and presence of things, the qualities of which fall under the observation of our senses; the source also of arts and sciences, and of all that command over the material world which distinguishes man from the inferior orders of animate creation.

‘More than this. Let it be borne in mind that we are now speaking, and shall for some time continue to speak, of human nature in its integrity,—of our intellectual and moral constitution such as it has been ‘wonderfully’ made by God,—and not as it has been woefully marred by sin. Accordingly, we proceed to say that, as the mind of itself is capable of perceiving fundamental principles of truth, so also, according to the original and perfect constitution of our nature, it possesses the power of discerning fundamental principles of the right and good—a sound *faculty of moral perception and judgment*. Not that this judgment of the mind creates the distinction between right and wrong; that distinction already exists in the immutable relations of things, according to the will of God; and it is this real distinction, not any mere phantom of our own devising, which the mind has the power of discerning. This moral faculty, like the power of apprehending axiomatic truth, or the power of sensible perception, we can neither analyse, nor account for, nor explain. It is a primitive fact of human consciousness, antecedent to moral feeling or emotion, and not to be resolved into any other process of the mind which may report an action, or course of action, as right only when it may have discovered its expediency. There is, indeed, a process of the understanding connected with moral truth; there are also moral emotions which hold an important place in the economy of the human soul; and of these we will hereafter speak: but what we now affirm is, that, at the foundation of the whole, there exists in the human mind, as it came from the hands of the Creator, an instinctive, original, moral faculty,—a power of directly or intuitively discerning the moral quality of actions,—a distinct primitive judgment, or fundamental notion of right and wrong. Some persons regard this power as a peculiar gift of God; and it matters little if they suppose it to have been superadded to all other faculties, or even to have been originally the effect of a special inspiration, as was probably the case with the faculty of speech: but, as we have no consciousness, so neither do we possess any adequate means of information, on this head; we do not know at what stage or period of man’s creation God bestowed upon his creature this marvellous endow-

ment, and therefore we can have no warrant for affirming that moral distinctions are in such wise matter of divine revelation as that they can be known only by the medium of tradition; nor can we find cause to assent to the proposition, that our moral perceptions, or power of discerning between good and evil, are coeval only with the fall. We cannot give the history, nor can we strictly analyse the operations of this power of the mind; but we know that we possess it,—we know that, according to the primitive constitution of our nature, there is inherent in us a moral faculty, by which we directly distinguish right from wrong, as the eye distinguishes colours, or as the mind apprehends the truth of axioms.'—pp. 9—13.

Mr. Riddle proceeds to show how contracted would be the circle of human knowledge, and how limited our perceptions of truth, if we were confined to the sphere of our own individual senses, and the intuitions of our unaided intelligence. Distance of time and space would keep us as ignorant of the past as we necessarily are of the future. The imagination might help us to conjecture and guess, from the state of things at present, what persons must have existed, and what events must have transpired, before ourselves and our own times; but if we were incapable of trust in testimony, or of faith in authority, we should indeed be shut up to our present perceptions and intuitions, with the recollection only of those we had each before experienced. Knowledge or certainty of other men's perceptions and intuitions would thus be impossible. We could never rise above guesses; and narrow indeed must be the circle within which our knowledge and our reasoning would be confined. All the higher faculties of the soul would be cramped in their exercise, crippled from their very first development, and wholly incapable of those noble achievements which have so many and such intimate connexions with faith in history, faith in authority, faith in man, in ourselves, and, above all, in God. Mr. Riddle has forcibly stated and illustrated this faculty of the human mind in the following passage:

'But through the bountiful goodness of Him by whom we have been so 'fearfully and wonderfully made,' we are not left in this position respecting that vast multitude of things which lie beyond the reach of our own personal observation. There is another fundamental principle of our intellectual nature, distinct from any of those which have been hitherto enumerated, but in harmony with them all,—the principle of *Faith*,—the faculty of grasping evidence, with a propensity to admit it when duly presented to the mind. Just as by sensation and perception we discern certain objects through the medium of the senses, and as by reason we discover some truths, or discern them upon their simple presentation, without any other warranty than the voice within, so also by faith we discern other truths through the means of testimony, or by the voice of authority. Attempts to analyse this quality of the human mind have been often made, and have as often failed. But still the fact remains, that, according to the original constitution of our nature, we are able and disposed to yield to evidence in proportion to its nature and its strength, to assent to testimony concerning facts not present and manifest, and to submit to authority in the announcement or proposition of truths, independently of any internal and direct perception of them by ourselves. In matters of common life, from childhood to old age, we continually act, and are compelled to act, upon this principle. The child believes its parent or its nurse, and reposes in this belief; and, under certain conditions, the man believes the records of past history,—the testimony of eye-witnesses,—and the very affirmations of trustworthy persons, capable of understanding that which they affirm. And it is not too much to say, that [apart from this principle and practice of belief, man, even in the full

exercise of all his other intellectual powers, would be enveloped in such a cloud of ignorance on even the most ordinary subjects, that an arrest would be laid upon all the affairs of civilized life, and there must be an end of all social harmony and order. It is by this means that we attain a certainty,—not of sight, not of demonstration, not of direct and immediate intuition,—but yet a real and efficient certainty, in many matters of high practical importance, concerning which we must otherwise be hopelessly ignorant and in the dark. Here is that which lies at the foundation of human affections and family ties, of agricultural and commercial activity, and of a large portion of our most valuable knowledge in science, and our highest attainments in art. Above all, it is thus that we obtain our knowledge of many things divine, and especially of relations subsisting between God and ourselves; an acquaintance with which, as we shall hereafter see, is of the utmost importance to us, while yet, independently of the exercise of faith, it is utterly beyond the reach of every man living.'—pp. 14—17.

The *third* lecture treats of infidelity in its various forms; and the *fourth* examines the causes, occasions, and effects of infidelity. It was not within the author's purpose to meet infidel objections with replies. The reader must not, therefore, expect anything more here than an able exposure of the sources and effects of infidelity in the endless forms it assumes. We have then two lectures upon superstition—the one on its nature and source, the other on its effects. From the former of these, we present a short extract, as indicative of the sound views the author entertains upon an important portion of ecclesiastical history, and upon the doctrines and ordinances of the Gospel.

'It is a fact not to be denied, although deeply to be deplored, that from an early period in the history of the Christian church, superstition mingled itself with the purer elements of Gospel truth and religious worship; adhering to Christianity partly in the way of an adroit imitation of the Gospel itself, and partly in the way of professed embellishment: an *imitation* to be detected only by a real and practical acquaintance with the divine original; an *embellishment* which possessed manifold attractions in the eyes of those who were not sufficiently acquainted with the beauty of the simple truth. The imposture was adapted to the age which gave it birth; it gathered strength in still more gloomy times which followed; and during many generations there were few men, if any, even among those to whom the Gospel was 'a savour of life unto life,' who could wholly disengage their minds from the thralldom which had been prepared for them, or could even discern the nature and extent of their spiritual bondage. The leaven of superstition pervaded the churches both of the east and of the west; or rather, in all parts of the world, the leaven of Gospel truth made slow progress, and sometimes appeared to be almost lost in the mass of human superstition.' * * * *

'In the actual progress of corruption, the first thing which strikes our observation is that *multiplication of outward observances*, that gorgeousness of ceremonial and pomp of circumstance attaching to religious offices, which it may be hard to denounce as unchristian and positively wrong, while yet we may instinctively feel that it involves an error of excess. Soon, however, it became evident that, under this weight of decoration, there was lurking a real and distinctive element of superstition, in that practical persuasion of men's minds whereby the form of worship was supposed to constitute the essence of religion, and hence *outward ceremonies were in reality made to usurp the place of godliness and virtue*. And soon did the practical Christianity of the age degenerate almost entirely into the performance of a cumbrous ceremonial, including a large number of ritual observances which not only did not flow from the precepts or the spirit of the Christian religion, but were *directly at variance with its first principles*. This was already superstition. It now became evident that a false faith was growing side by side with the true, if it had not already suppressed the growth of the heavenly plant, and occupied its place.

'In course of time, little less than the whole mass of superstitious error which

had developed itself in the heathen world was engulfed in the religion of the Gospel. Grave errors were admitted concerning *the object of divine worship*; for while prayer and praise were still addressed to Him to whom alone they can be due, adoration was concurrently directed to the Virgin Mary, to angels, and to saints. And, worst of all, *the doctrine of human mediation*,—that ‘false system,’ ‘which assumes the great business of pardon and reconciliation with God to be a transaction that belongs to priestly negotiation,’—this heathenish theory of the power of the priest, was virtually exalted to the rank of a Christian doctrine; and it assumed continually greater prominence and importance, until at length it reached its culminating point when the papal supremacy was made an article of faith.’—pp. 160—165.

In the seventh lecture, Mr. Riddle compares Infidelity and Superstition. Infidelity he defines to be *unreasonable disbelief*; and superstition, *unreasonable misbelief*. He considers the deepest moral spring of infidelity to be an unawakened conscience, combined with simple self-will, and the indulgence of sinful habits; while superstition is usually caused by a restless and aroused conscience desiring repose, the heart being at the same time devoid of active and enlightened love to God. Besides the moral, there are also intellectual causes, both of infidelity and superstition. Speculative infidelity he traces to the abuse or perversion of intuitive reason, or of the logical understanding, to the suppression of faith. Superstition arises from the excessive, hearty, and irregular exercise of the principle of belief, with a culpable neglect or contempt of the powers of reasoning and understanding. Thus in both cases there is shown to be a want of due control over our intellectual powers, or a disorderly exercise of some of them in reference to the reasonable and paramount claims of that religion which involves our salvation from the consequences and effects of sin. The working of these perversions of the human faculties is then ably traced out, both socially and individually. The eighth and concluding lecture shows how infidelity and superstition are to be prevented and withstood. He considers the tendency of both these evils to be hostile to the Bible, and the Bible mainly so to them. The written word of God is represented as our chief fortress against their continued and combined assaults. He attaches great importance to the office of the Christian apologist, or assertor of the genuineness, authenticity, and authority of Holy Scripture, and supplies many excellent advices as to the modes of defence, and weapons to be used in this warfare. ‘Our best confutation of error lies in the disclosure and establishment of the opposite truth.’ His views upon this part of the subject are sound and liberal, but our limits forbid any further description of them.

To speak of the work as a whole, we can confidently recommend it as a judicious, able, and lucid exposition of the subjects undertaken. It cannot be described as a work of high genius, or impassioned eloquence, or of fascinating originality. Neither is it distinguished by profound argumentation, or metaphysical subtlety, or much novelty of illustration; nevertheless, it answers fully to its title, as a natural history of infidelity and superstition, in contrast with Christian faith. And we may add, it is written by an accomplished scholar, an Evangelical theologian, and liberal churchman. Half the volume, or nearly so, is occupied with notes, illustrative or confirmatory of the text,

derived from many valuable works, well known to the reading public. We question the necessity for thus increasing the bulk of the volume, and, of course, its price. If usefulness was desired for such a work, by its circulation among the masses most exposed to infidelity and superstition, then cheapness should have been considered as one important, or even essential means of such usefulness. But possibly the requirements of the Bampton lecture precluded the vulgarizing of an Oxford University publication.

Die Apostelgeschichte, oder der Entwicklungsgang der Kirche von Jerusalem bis Rom. VON M. BAUMGARTEN, Doctor der Philosophie und Theologie, der letzteren ordentlichen Professor an der Universität Rostock. Halle. 1852.

The Acts of the Apostles, or the Progress of the Church from Jerusalem to Rome. By M. BAUMGARTEN, Doctor of Philosophy and Theology, Professor in ordinary of the latter at the University of Rostock. Three vols.

‘What are the bells ringing for?’ asked a man one day of an Irishman he met. Quoth the Hibernian, ‘Faith, and it’s only a singing in me ears that I’m troubled with.’ Now let the reader gravely mark wherein Pat’s mistake consisted. Was it not in this, that he inferred the objective from the subjective? Impressions which had their reality only in his own consciousness, he transferred to the consciousness of others. His individual auditory experience was assumed as the normal and universal one. A similar misconception has prevailed but too extensively, both in the philosophy and the theology of Germany. The sage pronounces concerning the harmonies of the universe as though they were but the echoes of the sounds which chime in the belfry of his solitary brain. The discord of the upper and lower worlds—the perplexing interaction of the great antagonisms of existence—is to be reconciled in reality on the principle by which his own imagination sets the rivals at one again. He states their quarrel for them; he commands peace. Like mine host of the ‘Garter’ appeasing parson Evans and doctor Caius, he cries magniloquently, ‘Give me thy hand, terrestrial; so:—Give me thy hand, celestial; so:—’ and every Justice Shallow says, ‘Follow, gentlemen, follow.’

Germany has ‘followed’ her philosophers long, to little purpose. We have been happy to observe of late some signs of a disposition to draw back and take another course. Sancho begins to doubt whether his Don Quixote will ever be able really to present him with the island so often promised. A more practical tendency has assumed the ascendant. Even philosophical theologians have learnt to recognise in this excessive subjectivity a fundamental error—to look more duly at facts, less complacently at ideas. On the subjective principle the scientific divine starts with the axiom—I, as a Christian, am myself the material of systematic theology. He evolves his theology, like his metaphysics, out of himself. Christianity becomes, accordingly, either so much mere feeling, or so much mere metaphysical and ethical process. This method has been fairly tried. Its validity has at last been called in question. It has been virtually, if not formally,

abandoned by some names of no mean mark in the theological world of Germany. The fact is significant, that the same year which produced the able work before us, witnessed also the publication of a systematic theology by Hofmann, which arrives at results the very opposite of those of Schleiermacher, and is almost everywhere right where he is wrong.* In Schleiermacher's *Glaubenslehre* the Christian consciousness occupies the whole of the two octavo volumes. In Hofmann's *Schriftbeweis* it is done within one-and-twenty pages. All the rest is history. He holds that we can apprehend the nature of Christianity, not by scrutinizing what the individual feels, but by the study of all that God has done and does for our salvation. Accordingly, he refuses to divorce the New Testament from the Old. The Hebrew history is by him as much honoured as it has been undervalued by most of his predecessors. He is not too proud of his intellect to suffer the Almighty to go first. He is willing that the Infinite should have room to speak and to work, while man stands reverently by to hearken and to watch. He does not, like Schleiermacher, play fast and loose with the sacred record; and, while laying stress on the fact of Christ's appearance, tell us that his resurrection and ascension are open questions, and that it is a mere matter of taste whether we believe in a personal or an impersonal God. He acknowledges all the books of Scripture as the Lutheran Church receives them. He justly maintains that the work of Christ can rightly be understood only when taken in connexion with that course of divine instruction which preceded and which followed his personal ministry and sacrifice. But all these consequents and antecedents are left by Schleiermacher in obscurity as non-essentials in our Christian consciousness. Again, ever since the ascendancy of Hegel's system, with its ever-recurring Triads, the scientific theology of Germany has been labouring to establish on philosophical principles the doctrine of an immanent Trinity. The Trinity their philosophy has given them resembles the Trinity of Scripture as little as did the Trinity of Plotinus. But, notwithstanding, their systems of divinity have been ruled and arranged by this dogma. This is the case with Martensen, the case with Liebner. Hofmann has broken away from such influences, and perceives that these structures are built only upon air. He acknowledges that we know nothing whatever of a Trinity except as revealed with reference to the plan of salvation. The prominence given by Hofmann to the historic element appears to be in some respects excessive, and is certainly inconsistent with a starting-point so nearly identical with that of Schleiermacher. It will rest with some other theologian to advance in the right direction beyond him, as he (to his high praise be it spoken) has distanced his predecessors.

Thus experience is leading German theology away from its greatest danger. The conflicting responses of the oracular Ego have awakened just suspicion. Setting out from the same subjective point of origin,

* The reader of German is referred to a discriminating review of this important work in the last number of the *Theol. Studien und Kritiken*.

one man resolves Scripture into consciousness, and another consciousness into Scripture; one man finds religion all feeling, another all fact, a third all process. The results condemn the method. Thoughtful minds begin to ask, can this elastic, this Protean *Me*, which assumes shapes so various, be possibly the sole and self-sufficient principle it is represented? Can it furnish at all, in itself, an adequate foundation for Christianity? May we not have been wrong in saying all this while that a man must first construct in his own mind an idea of how God ought to act in his self-manifestation, and then go to Scripture, and receive it in as far as it seems to show that the All-wise has acted according to the scheme drawn out for him? May not our glory prove in the end to have been our blunder, our gain our loss? It is amusing to see Germany beginning to abandon an error into which many among ourselves, at this very time, fancy it so vastly philosophical to rush headlong.

The reader will now understand the position of the author of the work under notice, when we say that he is one of a school or class of interpreters among whom Hofmann may be said to occupy the post of leader. These three volumes are, in fact, an elaborate commentary on the Acts of the Apostles. Dr. Baumgarten divides his material into three books—I. the Church among the Jews; II. the Church in transition from the Jews to the Heathen; III. the Church among the Heathen. The books again are subdivided into sections, as, for example, in the second—the Diffusion of the Gospel apart from the Ministry of the Apostles (embracing cap. viii. 1—4); Philip the Deacon in Samaria (viii. 5—24); Philip baptizes the Ethiopian chamberlain (viii. 25—40); Conversion and Commission of Saul of Tarsus (ix. 1—30); &c. This plan is a good one, and such an arrangement greatly facilitates the study of the narrative as a whole. It would have been an improvement if the headings of the pages, at least on one side, had indicated the chapter and verse treated of below. As it is, the reader who may consult the work for a particular passage has to search about among the closely-printed pages of an entire section. There should have been also an index to the Scripture passages explained. These matters of convenience are of secondary importance, no doubt; but authors, and especially German authors, should consider how much the acceptance and serviceableness of their productions may depend on their saving readers all unnecessary trouble.

It is only of late years that German criticism, which has left so little unexplored, has begun to devote due attention to the Book of the Acts. The chronology of the apostolic records generally has been scrutinized, but without especial reference to the continuity and import of this particular narrative. Neander did, indeed, bring his great powers to a large department in this field, but, with that exception, the book has met with treatment, from two opposite quarters, singularly inadequate. Those who have believed in the authenticity of its account have confessed that they found in it no plan or consecutive purpose. Those, on the other hand, who have endeavoured to evolve the unity of its design as a whole, have impugned its authenticity.

The first class resemble a man who, having to show to wanderers some lordly house and grounds, calls their attention, now to a picture and now to a statue, here to a flower-bed and there to a fountain, but fails to explain the design of the arrangement within or without, and never leads them to the spot from whence, through an opening in the trees, the wood, the water, and the lawn, are seen at a view, forming that landscape of which the stately mansion is the centre. The second class undertake the office of cicerone only to depreciate what they propose to exhibit. They show the visitor the whole, but it is only to point out imagined incongruities. They tell him that the most valued pictures are mere copies,—the most striking adornments seldom genuine,—the whole in wretched taste,—nay, more, do hint, with not a few omniscient shrugs, that every timber in the structure is crumbling with dry-rot, and the building likely enough at any moment to tumble on the heads of its inmates. Such is, in fact, the upshot of the elaborate criticism bestowed by Baur and by Zeller on this portion of the New Testament. Dr. Baumgarten proposes to occupy the wide intermediate space which lies between conclusions so defective in comprehensiveness, on one side, and candour on the other. Acknowledging the inspiration of the book, he endeavours to enter into its design as a whole,—to elucidate the sequence of its incidents,—and to trace the progress of the infant Church under the promised conduct of its ascended Head. Some purpose it must have, unless (as he somewhat drily remarks) we are to admit that lack of unity and design is among the credentials of an inspired history, and that the Divine Author, to whom it must ultimately be referred, is not a spirit, but a something. In this worthy enterprise he has been in great measure successful. His solution, for example, of the seeming discrepancies in the three accounts of Paul's conversion, (which our Tübingen adversaries have pointed out with such malicious glee,) is at once simple and conclusive. On the other hand, a somewhat novel interpretation which he gives of Acts ix. 5, appears to us highly improbable, and inconsistent with the context. His observations on the apparent contradiction between the doctrine of Paul and of James, are admirable. So also is his thoughtful estimate of the position sustained by the Apostle of the Gentiles in relation to the law. Much of his argument is directed against the notion, revived in our time, that we have, in the precedent of Paul, authority for setting aside all the Old-Testament Scriptures. The book is no mere sterile tract of frigid and technical criticism. The author writes as one who can feel as well as think. He sometimes kindles with his subject into a warmth which is to his praise as a man, however inconsistent with the fancied dignity of that critical erudition whose coldness seems never to have felt, or whose pride is ashamed to express, the emotions of a devout heart. The discussion of thorny and perplexing vocables is relieved by elucidations, scenery, and facts drawn from the contributions of history and travel. On the whole, there is an equableness and fair proportion in the constituent elements of his commentary, which we could wish were oftener exhibited in works of the kind.

The following passage may be taken as a fair sample of our author's workmanship. After an accurate and vivid description of the scene which surrounded Paul as he stood on 'Mars' Hill,' he continues thus:

'The very first sentence the apostle utters is admirably suited to the universality of his office as a messenger to all mankind. 'Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are very religious.' By a happy turn of expression he enters, without in the least infringing on the truth, most profoundly and most affectionately, into the very heart of Athenian heathendom. *Δεισιδαιμονία* denotes fear of the gods in the better sense. It is true, indeed, that the Hellenic religion was everywhere characterized by a certain joyous light-heartedness. (*Vide* Plato de Legib. ii. 654; Strabo, x. 332.) But it is also true that the avoidance of *ὑβρις* (comp. Gregor. Nitzsch, in the *Monthly Journal of Science and Literature*, 1852, I. pp. 18—20), and reverence for the Divine, were recognised as its fundamental principles. (*Vide* Jacob's *Miscellaneous Writings*, iii. p. 52.) It had become manifest, in course of time, that the cheerfulness which ruled and rejoiced in the myths and the ritual of Greece, could never satisfy the deeper and more earnest cravings of the human heart. Through all the gladness of the Greek nature, there break out, ever and anon, signs, such as Lassaulx has ably pointed out,—symptoms of a secret despondency and dread which cannot be mistaken. There was no truth which could calm this anxiety within. It was but partially repressed from without by a superficial philosophy. It assumed accordingly in individuals a morbid form, designated by the word *δεισιδαιμονία*. It is so that Theophrastus uses the word, and Plutarch also, in his well-known treatise *De Superstitione*. When Paul calls the Athenians extraordinarily religious (God-fearing), so far from implying censure, he expresses—as the connexion shows—a certain amount of praise. (*Vide* Meyer in loc.; Neander loc. cit. pp. 249, 250; Imm. Nitzsch on the *Religion of the Ancients*, p. 17.) At the same time, he couches this praise in language which indicates the limitation manifestly imposed by the diseased *δεισιδαιμονία* just alluded to. The same might be said, in a certain sense, of every Hellenic race or city, and, in fact, ultimately of all the lands and nations of heathendom. But to the Athenians, above all the rest, the statement was peculiarly applicable. Ancient Athens was everywhere recognised as pre-eminent in its reputation for religiousness. Pausanias says there existed in that city an altar to Compassion, a thing unknown elsewhere throughout all Greece. He adds, 'τούτοις (Ἀθηναίοις) ἐπὶ οὐ τὰ ἐς φιλάνθρωπίαν μόνον καθίστηται ἀλλὰ καὶ ἐς θεοὺς εὐσεβεῖν ἄλλων πλεόν.' Similarly Polemon, in a Scholium ad Sophoclis *Œd. Colon.* 99: 'Ἀθηναῖοι ἐν τοῖς τοιοῦτοις ἐπιμελεῖς ὄντες καὶ τὸ πρὸς τοὺς θεοὺς ὅσοι. (Comp. Grotius, ad. v. 22, who furnishes many other illustrations proving the same fact; also Schlosser, *de gestis Pauli in urbe Atheniensium Syllog. Dissert.* ii. 671.) The legends of Orestes and Œdipus, in the form the Athenians gave them, are also here in point. (*Vide* Gregor. Nitzsch, loc. cit. p. 15.) Paul founds his assertion concerning the highly religious character of Athens on immediate observation. That the city was *κατείδωλος* he saw from the numerous works of art which abounded in the streets and public places, connected all of them with the popular worship. As he stood on the Areopagus, his eye would rest again on a similar prospect; he was surrounded by the edifices and the foras which were raised to honour innumerable gods.'—p. 243.

We had marked other passages for extraction, but our space forbids us to allow to Dr. Baumgarten the opportunity we would otherwise gladly concede, of speaking a little longer for himself. His book is worthy of translation, or rather of something better. It should be re-written in English, if anything be done with it in our tongue at all. German works, translated literally, are generally repulsive to English readers. The number of those who read German is daily increasing. Unless a German writer be re-cast, and made to deliver himself, as far as possible, as he would have done had he been an Englishman, he had

better be left to utter his native gutturals in private audience with the Teutonic student. A translation which fails to cast off the cumbrous complexity of the German sentence, is unjust alike to either language:—those who know German do not want it, and those who do not will not like it. If we are adequately to convey the thoughts of one nation to the other, it must be, with few exceptions, through the medium of reproduction, or, as the Germans call it, *Bearbeitung*, rather than translation. We take our leave of Dr. Baumgarten, with cordial thanks for a most conscientious and valuable contribution to our theological literature.

On Miracles. By RALPH WARDLAW, D.D. 12mo, pp. 317.
Fullarton. 1852.

This volume includes the substance of a course of Sabbath evening lectures, somewhat recast, and expanded as a treatise. In the preliminary portions of the work, the aim of the author is to determine principles, and to clear the ground for the discussion—and here exception is taken to the bases chosen, or supposed to have been chosen, by some preceding writers. The general argument is then prosecuted, first, in relation to the miracle of our Lord's resurrection, and then to the New-Testament miracles generally. In the next place, the supposition that miracles have been wrought in support of falsehood, is examined; and, in conclusion, the question of miracles is considered in its relation to Rationalism, Mysticism, Spiritualism, and Romanism, and the relativity is shown between the nature of the miracles of the New Testament and the design of Christ's mission.

Our readers will hardly need to be apprised that a book from Dr. Wardlaw on such a topic is characterized by a good knowledge of the subject, by clearness and accuracy of style, and by much acute reasoning. In dialectics the author has long been a great master, and his fondness for exercising his power in this way does not seem to diminish with his years. In the present argument friends and foes come in for their share of his corrective influences. We are gratified to find so much freshness of intellect in one who has been so long in this kind of service; though, in some cases, we have been obliged to regard his distinctions as scarcely worth so much trouble, while in others they have appeared to us to be more imaginary than real. More than once, while reading, have we thought of the story about Dr. South and his bishop. The grave diocesan ventured to admonish the brilliant divine about the lightness of manner into which his wit often betrayed him, as being out of keeping with his vocation; and, the episcopal discourse being ended, the only reply of the censured clerk was, 'Ah! my lord, you don't know what you will do when you have wit.' It is even so with dialectics: a man who has no passion for them must pass no judgment on the man who has.

If Dr. Beard's definition or explanation of a miracle be what his words seem to convey, his theory is certainly a defective one. As to Mr. Trench's doctrine on this subject, it seems to us to partake of the beautiful dreaming so characteristic of his genius, rather than of that severe logic which a question of this nature demands. Dr.

Vaughan, too, is not perhaps infallible, either in his statements or in his conceptions, as to the real nature of the miraculous. But we cannot help thinking there is more in Mr. Trench's view than Dr. Wardlaw has seen; while in Dr. Vaughan's language, from not looking at it as a whole, he has seen both more and less than the author designed to express by it.

Dr. Vaughan has said that the sceptic has no right to affirm a miracle to be impossible, except as he is prepared to show that he knows all the causes, the first cause among the rest, which might interpose to work a miracle, and has warrant to assert that they never will so interpose. Now this, it is admitted, does not establish anything; but this it does, it puts an end to dogmatism, and leaves the question of miracles fairly open, as occupying the ground of the possible, if not of the probable. Dr. Vaughan has further said, that a miracle is not necessarily any violation of the laws of nature, inasmuch as it may consist in such an action given to second causes as the First Cause only could give to them. Here are his words, and Dr. Wardlaw's comment upon them:

'Dr. Vaughan gives the following illustration:—'Suppose sight to be given to the blind, hearing to the deaf, and even life to the dead: it is here to be remembered that, as there are natural causes which produce blindness, and deafness, and death, so there are natural causes which give sight, and hearing, and life. Hence a miracle may be no more than the putting of one set of these causes into action in place of another.' Now, let us just take the last of the cases supposed as being one of which we have already made use, and one that sets the position I am disposed to take in a distinct light. There are, says Dr. Vaughan, 'natural causes which give life.' What!—it may fairly be asked—natural causes for restoring real life to the really dead? What provision in nature has ever been discovered for the production of such a result?—has it ever been exemplified?—has there ever been the most distant approximation to it? We know that there have been remarkable cases of the recovery of persons in a state of suspended animation. We know that by the action of galvanism on the nervous system, the physical movements of life can be produced even on the really dead frame. But if there be any one thing regarding the constitution of man, which universal experience has settled as a law—settled as the established course of nature—it is that, once really dead, there are no natural causes by whose operation life can be restored.'

Through a whole paragraph our author proceeds, showing his reasons for repudiating the doctrine that natural causes may give life! But who would have imagined that Dr. Wardlaw could have failed to see that nothing *could* be meant here beyond the statement, that as the First Cause does work, even in imparting life, by means of second causes, in the ordinary phenomena of nature, so it may be in the case of miraculous phenomena. The coming up of the gourd of Jonah in a night, and its withering in a night, was not assuredly the less a miracle because natural causes were made to work to those ends. What these causes might have accomplished under merely natural influences in a course of years, they are made to accomplish under a supernatural influence in a few hours. What seed of danger there is in such a conception of the miraculous we are utterly at a loss to discover. It is true, it may not be among the received dogmata of fifty years since on this subject, but we venture to think that it may not be the less deserving attention on that ground. We wish we had space for

going further into this subject. We shall perhaps find occasion ere long for doing so; in the meanwhile we commend Dr. Wardlaw's volume to our readers—substantially it is a good book.

Pictures from Sicily. By the Author of 'Forty Days in the Desert.'

Arthur Hall, Virtue, & Co. 1853.

It is right pleasant to read, sitting under a tree in summer, of arctic expeditions—of icebergs with emerald battlements, bastions of crystal, and sapphire needle-points glittering in the freezing air—of slippery hunts after seals—of siege laid to the giant fortress of leviathan's sides by those intrepid knights-errant, the mariners of the northern seas—of ice-huts, snow-shoes, and reindeer—of the cold, the silence, and the desolation, when actually surrounded by sunshine, singing of birds, and glades of forest green. Not less is the enjoyment in reading, on some wild winter's night, of travels in the warm south—of rides among the cactuses and vines—of sunny bays and dream-like islands, far out at sea—or of tarryings by the well amidst the sands, where the palm-tree lifts its head, the immemorial sign of the hostelry of the Desert. These contrasts are among the most delicate luxuries of the imagination. The author of 'Forty Days in the Desert' appears before us once more as a successful caterer for such pleasures. His very handsome volume is adorned by numerous vignettes, engraved with high finish. The soft sultriness of their distances, and the clear strong shadowing of the foreground, convey most happily the effect of heat in a serene air, and will assist the fancy not a little in surrounding our firesides with the enchantment of a Sicilian summer. The work is prefaced by an historical summary, furnishing a rapid survey of the eventful history of the island. Then follow the travels, the route to Sicily, and the journey round it, from Messina by Taormina, Catania, Sentini, and Girgenti, to Palermo. Mr. Bartlett tells his story with life and freshness, and, if he has added little of importance to our knowledge of the country, has written the kind of book which everybody will like to read. The promise of the title-page is fulfilled; he gives us pictures of scenery, pictures of the old remains of greatness, pictures of life and manners, which faithfully portray the charm and the curse of those lovely and ill-fated regions. The following anecdote, which Mr. Bartlett heard at Naples, is but too characteristic of the grossness of the superstition systematically fostered by Romanism:—

'The strangest thing is to hear the Neapolitans, the votaries of St. Januarius, who can swallow the annual miracle of the liquefaction of his blood, without hesitation or misgiving, exclaim against the Sicilians for their superstition; yet this I have actually heard them do. One gentleman at the *table d'hôte* was particularly indignant that, instead of those wooden images of the Saviour on the cross, painted to imitate life, which are everywhere put up in Italy, he knew an instance of the Sicilians hiring an unfortunate individual to personate the dying Saviour, and submit to be fastened up with cords and bedaubed with blood, so as to impress the feelings of the vulgar with the liveliest sense of reality. Whilst this wretched hireling—as he declared—was writhing about in his uneasy predicament, a poor old woman (with that confusion of ideas between the real object and its representation, which leads the Italians to address an image of the Virgin as though the original were before them) knelt down before him, and, deeply affected by so

moving a representation, continued to detail a long catalogue of domestic calamities, and put forth such passionate entreaties, that the patience of the poor devil to whom her prayers were addressed, could hold out no longer, and he electrified the old woman with an explosion of oaths and curses. 'Idiot that you are,' he exclaimed, 'can you not see that I am strung up here against my will, and strained and tortured until every nerve in my body is ready to crack with pain? and here you worry me with a host of petitions which you know I can no more grant than I can help myself down from this accursed cross! Off with you, old fool, and take your paltry grievances to the nearest Madonna!' Whether this story be true or false, it will serve at least to show the dislike and contempt the Neapolitans bear towards the Sicilians; a feeling which is more than reciprocated by the latter people, in consequence of their enforced incorporation with their neighbours. Under the grinding tyranny of the King of Naples, the monopoly of the chief offices in the islands by Neapolitans, and the presence of a body of Neapolitan troops, intended to overawe and enslave them, this feeling of rooted dislike must be reckoned as one of the greatest difficulties in comprising Naples and Sicily under a single government.—p. 72.

To the scholar and the poet, Sicily is endeared by the memory of Moschus and Theocritus, Simonides and Pindar. It is the native land of pastoral poetry. Its genial climate ripened (as it would seem, together with its vines and figs) a poetic growth, which was to the grander master-pieces of antique art what the 'Pastor Fido' of Guarini, the 'Sad Shepherd' of Ben Jonson, and the 'Faithful Shepherdess' of Fletcher, are to the great plays and epics of modern Europe. It has been ever doomed to become the battle-field whereon more powerful nations have settled their disputes. Athens and Sparta, Rome and Carthage, the Norman and the Saracen, the Ghibelline and the Guelf, the Spaniard and the Frank, and now, lastly, Despotism and Constitutionalism, have in succession struggled there, and devastated the land for which they fought. Its history and its scenery resemble each other. Both are full of violent contrasts. Everywhere sterile tracts of land, strewn with ashes, seamed and scarred with terrible eruptions, alternate with hill-sides and glens green with the richest luxuriance of a spontaneous vegetation. Lying open as it does to the invader, Italy itself has not been oftener laid waste by the volcanic forces of the most merciless kind of war. Its prosperity has grown up and blossomed beneath the threatening smoke of the crater. Its recovery and its ruin have been equally rapid, times without number. It has been alike memorable for portentous tyranny and unbounded licentiousness. The temple of Venus Erycina on one side of the island, and the citadel of Phalaris on the other, typified of old these two extremes. Now, it groans under a tyrant worse than he of Agrigentum, worse than Dionysius, worse than Agathocles—that King Bomba, whose cannon and whose dungeons have decimated so ruthlessly the 'beloved subjects' beneath his paternal and Most Christian sway. The Sicilian Vespers showed how long and deeply these southern islanders could nourish their purpose of revenge, and how terribly wreak it when the time had come. Their passions, like the lava of their mountain, which retains its heat for years, have their fiery depths, which glow and smoulder long beneath the surface, when all above seems harmless common soil on which any heel may safely trample. For the most part, they are gay and thoughtless—the masses miserably debased by superstition. They can presently resume

their childish merriment after the most overwhelming disaster. They can build a ball-room out of the lava which has buried half a city. But the daily oppression of a yoke such as that they now endure cannot be borne for ever. Their late war called out some noble traits of character. With all its horrors, war is to such nations as a refiner's fire. It stimulates them to self-denial, awakens the emulation of heroism, and teaches contempt of death. It is the long continuance of submission to an emasculating despotism—the effeminate and coward sloth which is gendered by the idle pleasures in which absolutism would have them forget their wrongs. These are the mischiefs from which there is most to fear, the corrupting influences which eat away the seed of the future, which make rotten the materials from which alone prosperity is constructed. Our well-meant interference in Sicily has been worse than useless. We strove to force into unnatural growth a mimic constitutionalism, the reflection of our own. It broke asunder into faction. We brought the Sicilians into trouble, and there left them. They would be best assisted by protection, when they shall have asserted their independence, and by being left, in close alliance with us, to shape out a government for themselves. They are half oriental in their character. They may require for some time what is called a strong government; but it must be established by their own choice under a sovereign of their own. They must not be passed from hand to hand, the victims of the theory of the balance of power. Under Neapolitan sway their case is hopeless. Beneath the iron rule of Dionysius and Agathocles they could repulse Carthage in her day of glory; but those tyrannies at least were national. What can they do under foreign oppression, cruel as that of Anjou, and more rapacious than that of Verres?

Mr. Bartlett's interesting volume has led us away from itself into this digression. The insight it gives into the condition of Sicily appears to us to bear out these remarks. He says,

'Besides this disproportion of religious establishments, and of the regular clergy in Sicily, there is another important peculiarity of its society—the monstrous number of noblemen—only the elder branches being adequately provided for, while the younger, forbidden to marry, and too proud to devote themselves to trade, encumber all the walks of society, and are often found to be lamentably degraded both in position and character. Another is the extraordinary proportion of lawyers, there being, according to Smythe, no less than 4000 advocates, solicitors, notaries, clerks, &c., in a city containing 200,000 souls. These, however, form the basis of a middle class, which is gradually growing up with the increase of trade, and with the more equal distribution of the land effected since the downfall of feudalism; and in the growth of such a class we must look for a main element of the future regeneration of the country.'—p. 173.

Palermo is well described, and what with letter-press and what with landscape, stands before us in these pages in all its beauty, with its girdle of mountains, its lovely plain, its cypresses and pines, its palm-trees—relics of the Saracen—and its graceful bay enfolding the sleeping sea. As we look on the engraving of the view from Sta. Maria di Gesu, we recall the fables of the old chivalrous romance, and can almost believe in the wealth and the enchantment they imagined there

when they tell us how the Sicilian king welcomed with oriental magnificence the brave paladin, Tirante the White, and as his galley lay off in the roads of Palermo, built a wooden bridge across the sea from the harbour to its deck, and covered the whole length of the wondrous causeway with gorgeous tapestry, that hung down upon the waves.

Phaeton; or, Loose Thoughts for Loose Thinkers. By the Rev.

CHARLES KINGSLEY. Fcp. pp. 100. Macmillan. 1852.

The title of this publication tells us little. Its substance is this. On a morning admirable for such sport, the author goes with his friend Templeton a-fishing. But both acquit themselves badly, for their thoughts are elsewhere. The evening before, their family party had received into its midst a Professor Windrush from America, full of the *isms* of Theodore Parker, Emerson, and the rest. The substance of this gentleman's talk is said to be, 'You may believe nothing, if you like, and welcome; but if you do take to that unnecessary act, you are a fool if you believe anything but what I believe; though I do not choose to state what that is.' They talk about the negativisms of this school until morning. Templeton, the master of the house, then retires to rest; but Mr. Kingsley strolls on the terrace, and afterwards occupies himself in placing upon paper his conception of the manner in which old Socrates would have dealt with such a gainsayer as he had just encountered. As the fishing has failed, the author returns to his Socratic dialogue, with Templeton as a listener.

Then follows a rigorous exposure of the jargon about the distinction between objective truth and subjective truth, and about the latter, though often the reverse of the true, as being truth for the man who holds it, because he thinks it true. Truth, it is, on the contrary, maintained, consists of *fact as it is*; and this whim for putting *fancy as it is* in the place of *fact as it is* is then turned very nicely inside out, and shown to be an ingenious method of setting each man at liberty to live according to his own personal conceits, compelling all else, God among the rest, to be only such as these conceits would have them be.

In other words, the great dogma of this subjective school is shown to be a piece of pure wilfulness, which ignores reason, and, by setting up each man's conceits as truth, gives us a very chaos of follies and lies in the place of truth. This work done, there follow some shrewd suggestions as to how it comes to pass that speculations so fallacious do nevertheless attract attention from clever, practical, and not ill-disposed men, to the neglect of the evangelical truth which in itself is so much better adapted to meet their sense of want.

We cordially welcome Mr. Kingsley into the field of discussion on which he has here entered. It is one in which he is capable, beyond most men, of doing the state some service. He has a clear head, a clear utterance, and, what is better still, a heart strong in its sympathies with the true, the just, and the generous. We make space for the following extract from the conclusion of the dialogue:

'Phaeton. Yet what are we to say of those who, sincerely loving and longing after knowledge, yet arrive at false conclusions, which are proved to be false by contradicting each other?

Socrates. We are to say, Phaeton, that they have not learned knowledge enough to desire utterly to see facts as they are, but only to see them as they would wish them to be; and loving themselves rather than Yens, have wished to re-model in some things or other his universe, according to their own subjective opinions. By this, or by some other act of self-will, or self-conceit, or self-dependence, they have compelled Yens, not, as I think, without pity and kindness to them, to withdraw from them in some degree the sight of his own beauty. We must therefore, I fear, liken them to Acharis, the painter of Lemnos, who, intending to represent Phœbus, painted from a mirror a copy of his own defects and deformities; or, perhaps, to that Nymph who, finding herself beloved by Phœbus, instead of reverently and silently returning the affection, boasted of it to all her neighbours as a token of her own beauty, and despised the God, so that he, being angry, changed her into a chattering magpie; or again to Arachne, who having been taught the art of weaving by Athene, pretended to compete with her own instructress, and being metamorphosed by her into a spider, was condemned, like the sophists, to spin out of her own entrails endless ugly webs, which are destroyed as soon as finished by every slave-girl's broom."—p. 64.

Monachologia; or, Handbook of the Natural History of Monks.
Arranged according to the Linnæan System. By a NATURALIST.
 Johnstone & Hunter. 1852.

This little book is a clever *jeu d'esprit*, happily conceived and well executed. It shows us, in a style which humorously imitates the gravity and the nomenclature of some great scientific work, how the monk is that intermediate link in the creation between the monkey and the man which the theorists of development have been searching for so long in vain. The various species of the genus monk, their conformation, their gait, their costume, their habits, are systematically described, just as some learned naturalist would set down in order the articulation, the integuments, the haunts, and ways, and works of so many sloths, bears, or foxes. There is a thoughtful wisdom, too, underneath the slyness of the humour; and the cap and bells are assumed by no shallow pate.

Dr. Layard says, 'that in a dispute with an Arab, screaming is everything. If you can outscream him, you need not pay what he demands; if he outscreams you, there is no help for it.' There are some hearty but intemperate monk-haters, who are disposed to adopt the Arabian style of controversy, and think to drive out these unclean creatures by noise. Two can play at that game; and, when it comes to barking or to screeching, the curs and owls of Rome will beat us hollow. Of all noises, these animals stand most in fear of the scream of a railway whistle. We must keep that going, and it may be too loud for them one day. It will be the blast on the enchanted horn of the paladin which makes the grim old castle rock, splits it to its foundations, and lets sunlight in upon the loathsome dungeons of giant cruelty. Our jester thus sagely counsels all whom it may concern:

'I also warn the amateurs of monk-hunting never to try catching this kind of game by imitating its tricks, because they will be sure to do it as awkwardly as if they were attempting climbing like cats and monkeys, or slipping like eels; and that instead of catching a monk in this manner, they will soon find out that they have caught a Tartar.

'The only effective means of arresting the progress of monkery, and even of destroying it, and the only one which it is now possible to employ in this country,

is to expose this mischievous brood as much as possible to the influence of air and light—I mean the air of liberty and the light of knowledge, which are destructive to monkery, as well as of every other noxious being produced by the mephitic air of ignorance. Care must therefore be taken, that the lairs, or, as they are usually called, convents, which are inhabited by monks of both sexes, should be always kept open to the vivifying current of the pure air of freedom. Consequently, liberty, complete liberty, should be granted to every he or she monk to play their antics, to assume various odd shapes, and, in short, to do with themselves what they like, provided it is done without injury to others; but at the same time to do all this only as long and as much as they themselves choose to do it, and neither longer nor more. And should ever their superior attempt to compel them to do something which they do not like, or to restrain their liberty in any way, let them be punished in the same manner as if they were guilty of such an act of violence against human beings.—p. 35.

The illustrations to the work admirably second, both in their general design and their accessory details, the satire of the author. Those who have seen the monastic animal in its native state, and have observed the dirty brown Franciscans prowling about kitchen doors—the cadgers of Neapolitan low life—or the sable sinister Jesuit figures which darken the piazzas and the streets of Rome, will recognise at once the fidelity of these portraitures. The wit of this book is genuine and wholesome. Directed against the wallowing vices, the fantastic follies, the cruel arts of this spiritual slave-trade, ridicule has been accounted righteous by the wise from the days of Erasmus downwards. We commend the book alike to those who love laughter and who love humanity—to all who feel that everything which renders the character of the tyrant more despicable makes the hope of the bondsman more bright.

Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington. By ALFRED TENNYSON, Poet Laureate. Moxon.

Most of our readers will be already familiar, at least, with passages from this Ode, given by journals and reviews. But no fragments can do it justice. It was thus that portions of it first met our eye, and it appeared inferior. After the soft, even-flowing sadness of the measure adopted throughout 'In Memoriam,' it seemed irregular and harsh; but perused as a whole, what, at a partial view, wore the appearance of defect, assumes its due proportion as a beauty. It is not a poem to have been read amidst the stir and pomp of the procession. Enjoyed in solitude, it fills the mind with all the grandeur and pathos of such a solemnity, without any of its material parade and meretricious splendour. There is a stately tread in the rhythm of the opening lines, that falls upon the ear in perfect harmony with the theme. Every now and then a mournful monotony of repeated syllables suggests the slow fall of many feet and the tolling of a mighty bell. The verse grows rapid as it represents in trumpet tones the rolling back of battle past the Pyrenees, and then deepens into the long roll of the final refrain, like the sound of a breaking tide upon a distant shore. In his exquisite ear for all the melodies of verse, Tennyson rivals the greatest of our poets. Other faculties peculiar to a lofty order of poetic power, he possesses in no stinted measure; but it is this above all the rest which renders his poetry so remarkable.

For the most airy and fantastic themes, and for the most grave and tender, he has words which wed their sound to their sense in a consummate harmony. How much is suggested in the grand simplicity of the last of these five lines :

‘Let the bell be toll’d;
And the sound of the sorrowing anthem roll’d
Through the dome of the golden cross,
And the volleying cannon thunder his loss;
He knew their voices of old.’

Mr. Tennyson’s predecessor in the Laureateship is an example, in his own path, of one of those lessons so impressively taught us by the life of Wellington. The best part of Southey’s literary day was sacred to the demands of duty. It is this reverent conscientiousness, this unselfish self-denial, which secures for him that affectionate esteem we must deny to Coleridge. Nor is this all. Southey employed the leisure he could secure in writing ‘Kehamas and Thalabas.’ He imagined that by these efforts he was to be known hereafter. But he will survive far longer in the fascinating prose he wrote at the call of duty, than in the erudite poems he composed at the call of pleasure. His history will find readers when his lyre is almost forgotten. Biography is full of such examples, enforcing in various ways, for every province of our life, the great principle of self-control. Mr. Tennyson ably draws the momentous moral,

‘Not once or twice in our rough island-story
The path of duty was the way to glory.
He that walks it, only thirsting
For the right, and learns to deaden
Love of self before his journey closes,
He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting
Into glossy purples, which outredden
All voluptuous garden-roses.
Not once or twice in our fair island-story,
The path of duty was the way to glory.
He, that ever following her commands,
On with toil of heart, and knees, and hands,
Through the long gorge to the far light has won
His path upward, and prevailed,
Shall find the toppling crags of Duty scaled
Are close upon the shining table-lands
To which our God himself is moon and sun.’

On the Temptations to Error in connexion with the Study of Theology at the Present Time; an Address delivered at the Opening of the Session of the Congregational Theological Institution at Glasgow, in September, 1852. By ALEXANDER THOMSON, A.M., Professor of Biblical Literature. Fcp. Snow.

This is not an ordinary ‘address.’ In his endeavour to guard the students of ‘the Congregational Theological Institute at Glasgow’ against the dangers to which they are exposed in their course of study, the professor enters both historically and philosophically into the sources of this danger. This brings into view the past and the present in Germany, as well as the past and present in this country; and much sound observation is made on the facts which belong to this retrospect.

From the following extract our readers may fairly judge as to the spirit and staple of this admirable discourse:

"How far Neological views may spread in our own country at the present time is a question not easy to answer. The exciting causes have never existed here in the same degree as in Germany, nor are they so powerful now as they were a century ago, when they gave birth to moderatism in Scotland, and Socinianism in England. There still prevails, however, enough of dead formalism, and of mere intellectual activity in religion, to render us apprehensive of the reaction that may follow in the minds of the rising generation. If this reaction should set in, its leaders and main promoters will be found in the younger portion of the ministry, among those who aspire to liberalize and reform our theology, accommodating it to the advancement of the age. Not that such will have any intention of breaking down the boundaries of the faith, but they know not the nature of the impulse that carries them on; they ride upon the crest of a wave which will soon leave them behind, whelmed in oblivion, to break in thunderous defiance against the rock of divine authority. There are, unquestionably, several circumstances that tend to favour such a reaction at the present time; circumstances at least that indicate the possibility of it, and which should put us upon our guard. I will briefly advert to them.

'I specify, first, among the characteristics of our time, bearing upon the present subject, the admiration and indulgence of a *spurious liberality*, with regard to grave religious differences. It is now regarded as the mark of an enlarged and cultivated mind, which has outgrown the bonds of prejudice and education, to be able to recognise what is true and good under forms of professed belief, or even no belief widely distinct from our own. I need not say how just and Christian a thing it is, that minds which are essentially in harmony—holding the same relation to God and to each other, and therefore in unison as to the grounds of that relation—should be able and willing, amidst all the diversities with which education and idiosyncrasy have invested them, to recognise that harmony with cordial frankness, and to own and rejoice in their mutual relation. It was indeed a calamitous and shameful sight—a sight over which many gentle spirits, like Horne, have mourned—to see, in former days, those who were ready to die for the same great truths, instead of fighting side by side against the common foe, tilting against each other in the lists of controversy, with closed helmets and ground spears, in honour of the charms of some fancied dulcinea of ceremony or system. Happy are we who live in other days, when most of those who are conscious of their oneness in Christ would rather lower or remove the barriers that have separated them, and think it wise and well to assemble together, were it for no other purpose than to exhibit and confirm the fact of their unity. True, we have been slow in learning the lesson, though it be one that nature's book might have long since taught us, not to labour after *unity through uniformity* but to rejoice in unity of spirit and law amidst multiform appearances. But now, as in reforms, some would shoot beyond liberty into licence, denouncing all control as hostile to freedom; so here, this honest striving after real unity is discredited and scoffed at by some, who would sink the stern ridges of vital distinctions in the dead level of indifference, or the gentle undulations of arbitrary belief. But if we are to "love as brethren," it must be because we *are* brethren; we are not to love for love's sake simply, but "for the truth's sake which dwelleth in us." Far be it from me to counsel towards any one, however great his aberrations may be, the indulgence of an alienated and hostile spirit; but there is surely a medium between the gracious smile, which does courtesy to error, and the frown of the inquisition, who would torture the man that holds it.'

This is well and wisely said, and *timely* said also. The New Testament doctrine in relation to all to whom the Gospel comes is—'He that believeth shall be saved, he that believeth not shall be condemned.' That such issues should be just, it is indispensable that misbelief should be a sin, a crime, an offence against Heaven of deep enormity. The Divine Being, in placing this alternative before men, knew their susceptibilities of conviction and impression; and he has, as we must suppose, adjusted his Gospel, both as to its nature and

proofs, to these susceptibilities, so as to ensure, that if men do choose darkness rather than light, it shall be for some dark reason. Now that men do reject the Gospel who discard everything special and distinctive in it, no one can deny. Can it then be *consistent* in men who profess to bow to the authority of scripture, to *seem* to treat the difference between belief and unbelief as a small matter? Can it be *honest* towards the unbelieving so to do? If we accept the authority of Christ or of Paul, we must hold that unbelief is the effect of moral causes, and of course so criminal as to bring future ruin on those who persist in it. We are quite aware, that so far have our refinements carried us in these enlightened times, that we shall be told here, that men, as responsible beings, are to look at evidence simply in itself, without giving place to servile thoughts as to consequences. In reply, we have only to say, that the Bible, which we Christians have agreed to receive as God's utterance to man, knows nothing of such refinements. Its appeal is made to the whole nature of man, to his reason and to his susceptibility of fear, and this manifestly that it may acquit itself honestly towards him. It would be going far to say in so many words, that man is not responsible for his belief—but the persons who are expressing themselves just now through some portions of our periodical press and elsewhere, as though such, or something very near to it, were their opinion, give only too clear a sign of their having become ensnared to that 'spurious liberality' of which Professor Thomson speaks, paying homage at that shrine, at the cost of fidelity to Christ, and to the misguided men who reject him. Bigots may repel by harshness and intolerance—but let us beware of the opposite extreme. It does not follow that we are to ignore the criminality of unbelief, because the penalty due to it is not to be inflicted by our hand. The authority which prohibits the latter, determines the former, and bids us ever be mindful of it. By all means, let there be no persecution of the unbeliever, though his unbelief should extend to atheism—but, at the same time, let there be no mistake as to what we Christians think in respect to the relations of such opinions to the moral nature and the future destiny of those who hold them. Let us be honest—let us continue to speak of New Testament matters as the New Testament does, or let us have done with it.

The Martyrs, Heroes, and Bards of the Scottish Covenant. By
GEORGE GILFILLAN, M.A. Cockshaw.

The book before us, as the author himself asserts in his opening paragraph, is not a history. Indeed, it seems to us to be rather a series of spirited sketches, extending from the Reformation in Scotland to the Revolution of 1688; and followed by three chapters—one containing a general view of the character, literature, &c., of the Covenanters; the next, on the treatment the Covenanters have received in after-times; and, lastly, 'Deductions from the history and character of the Covenanters.' The work displays Mr. Gilfillan's usual faults; but it also exhibits his vigorous style, his vivid power of 'word-painting,' and that fervent enthusiasm which always kindles

into true eloquence when mean and cowardly natures are to be dealt with, or when high and ennobling principles are to be advocated. His view of the conduct of the early Covenanters is marked with great fairness. Although a Scotsman, and a presbyterian, he is by no means blind to their errors, especially that great one, of proclaiming Charles II., 'since become a hot, and very troublesome cinder in their grasp; indeed, the evil genius of the Covenant; and hence, at Dunbar, at the pointing of Cromwell's sword, the Lord arose, and his enemies were scattered.'

'Never was there a truer word than Cromwell's 'The Lord has delivered them into our hands.' It was the story of Achan over again: there was a man of Belial in their camp—the accursed thing in his hands—and the weak divided interest, with all its props of prayer, sincere as that prayer was, sank before the energy of a hero 'who moved altogether if he moved at all,' and was great, because he could inspire thousands, and receive theirs into his bosom in return. Napoleon attributed much of his success to the fact, that he moved with the millions; and so, with a higher, holier purpose, did Cromwell. He moved with, nay, by throwing himself into, he became the concentrated spirit of the real movements of his times; and hence his 'strength was doubled, like Gabriel's,' to trample his foes in the mire 'at Dunbar, and often besides.'

Cromwell's conduct towards the presbyterian ministers of Scotland, as our readers know, has been sufficiently vituperated by their descendants. Mr. Gilfillan 'judges a gentler judgment.' This is very good:

'It is amusing to read the accounts of Cromwell's conduct in Scotland by presbyterian writers; they lavish every epithet of reproach on his head. They call him 'usurper,' 'despot,' 'a dissembler,' 'a profane person!' and give curious pictures of his soldiers carrying their swords with them into the pulpits, which they had scarce the decency to relinquish till their sermons were finished; and of his summary dissolution of the General Assembly. We think that Cromwell could scarcely have acted otherwise. The ministers were his avowed enemies. They were ever and anon launching their thunderbolts against him. When he could not gain, he was compelled to crush them. This he did with his usual mastery, and on the whole with sovereign good humour. His officers wished him to 'pistol' Zachary Boyd when he railed on him from the pulpit. He chose 'a more excellent way;' he invited him to his supper! What a subject for a novelist—that supper of old Noll's, with the author of the metrical version of the Bible! It seemed a type of the conduct of kings in most ages towards the clergy. They have, when not inclined to shoot, invited them to supper, and comparatively few have had the virtue to refuse.'

But 'the great sun of Cromwell set; and at one stride came the 'dark of Scotland.' It, 'a rough young colt, had found a rider who 'could guide it at his will—one who had bridled the war-horse of 'England, and tamed the wild wolf of Ireland herself. But all was 'now to be changed.' And now begins the history of 'the persecution;' and the story of Rullion Green, and Drumclog, and the murder of persecutor Sharpe on the lonely muir, down to the fatal battle of Bothwell; together with the episodes of Hugh Macail and his triumphant martyrdom, of John Brown the Ayrshire carrier and his heroic wife; of Cameron, who fell fighting gallantly as one of Cromwell's Ironsides; and Renwick, the wandering youth, who for years went about preaching to 'the puir hill folk,' and was the last of 'the martyrs,' pass in review before us, in a series of spirited sketches.

In the chapter on the general view of the character of the Cove-

nanters, we have an admirable 'bit' of landscape painting—the subject, that one so dear to the Scottish presbyterian, the summer communion sabbath—and the scene, the daisy-strewn field, 'hard by the silver Earn,' with 'the tent,' surrounded by its crowded congregation, listening to the last sermon preached by the writer's father. His remarks on the *earnestness* of the Covenanting character, which follow, are worthy attention.

The chapter 'On the treatment the Covenanters have received 'in after-times,' contains a very fair criticism on Sir Walter Scott, and a well-merited castigation of Professor Aytoun's silly ballads—we beg his pardon,—'*Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers.*' Indeed, Mr. Gilfillan, alluding to 'bloody Claverhouse,' well remarks, that although it is recorded he never blushed while living, 'he would have blushed 'had he foreseen what fooleries of admiration were to be perpetrated 'by his partizans—that Pitcairn was to compose his epitaph, and 'Aytoun to chaunt his funeral ode.'

The concluding chapter, which advocates the great principle of severance of church and state, is most eloquently written. We have not space for some other passages, so we must conclude, recommending the work to our readers, as presenting many spirited sketches of the heroes of the Covenant, and advocating with eloquent earnestness the grand principles of religious liberty.

An Historical and Statistical Account of New South Wales, including a Visit to the Gold Regions, and a Description of the Mines, with an Estimate of the Probable Results of the Great Discovery. By JOHN DUNMORE LANG, D.D. Third Edition, bringing down the history of the Colony to the 1st of July, 1852. In 2 vols. 8vo. London: Longman and Co.

Freedom and Independence for the Golden Lands of Australia, the Right of the Colonies, and the Interest of Britain and the World. By JOHN DUNMORE LANG, D.D. London: Longman and Co. 1852.

We have put together the titles of these two works, since they proceed from the same pen, and treat of the same subject; the latter supplementing the former, and forming its practical commentary. The subject is at present one of engrossing interest. The author is in every way competent to the task he has undertaken. Such a subject in such hands at such a moment as the present cannot, and does not, fail to be very instructive and interesting. The subject is New South Wales, more commonly known under the designation of Australia—that new home which so many thousands of our countrymen are hurrying away to seek, under an impulse the most extraordinary and the most powerful, just at the time when philosophers and politicians began to feel uneasy at the masses of our thickening population, and to fear in strict agreement with Malthus a deficiency of the means of subsistence, unless prudence or pestilence should thin our over-crowded ranks; and just at the time when steam navigation had shortened distances and facilitated intercourse between the extremities of the world, Divine Providence held out an attraction

at our antipodes, and drew off (and is drawing off) our superabundant people to a land which promises to return the good it receives into our own bosoms, augmented tenfold. This is a simple fact. To our minds, the fact is as striking as it is simple. We find no explanation of it, except in the express will and direct agency of Providence. He now who peruses these volumes with this religious predisposition will, in addition to the historical, statistical, and philosophical interest they awaken and sustain, find a sacred pleasure in tracing in the thread of the well-written narrative, the successive events along which the lamp of God's hand shines even more brightly and more fully unto the present hour, and by which preparation has gradually been made for the great work of relief and re-invigoration which Australia is now accomplishing for Great Britain.

The first volume of the 'Historical and Statistical Account' narrates the history, the second details the statistics of the subject. Beginning with the discovery of the vast continental island of Australia, or New Holland, in the year 1606, Dr. Lang pursues the history in considerable minuteness, and with unfailing interest, down to the middle of the last year, making the successive governors of New South Wales, or the British colony in the south-east of New Holland, the chief points of transition in his varied narrative. Here the reader may learn the progress of discovery along the shores and in the interior of the vast continent; and here, too, he may trace the several steps by which parts of the country have been peopled and civilized.

The immediate cause of the permanent occupation of the island by the British, was the difficulty experienced in England with its criminals. Crime was rife and prolific; the gaols were full to overflowing; what was to be done with their inmates? how could room be made for the constant influx? Send them to Australia; found a penal colony. The idea was acted on, and so the foundation of a new empire, nay, a new world, was laid. The first cargo of criminality left Portsmouth in a fleet of eleven sail, in March, 1787. On board these vessels were six hundred male and two hundred and fifty female convicts. Out of this corrupt germ in some sixty years, has grown a society which, like a huge tree, has its roots and its suckers in several civilized lands, especially in this very distant island, where it had its origin.

Not one of the least considerable proofs of the strength already acquired by this child of England, appears in the fact that New South Wales, in which is the Botany Bay, where the first criminal settlement was formed, has of late effectually refused to receive any longer the filth and offscouring of our immorality. What then is Great Britain to do with her criminals? Send them, says Dr. Lang, to the Falkland Islands, which lie on the east of the southern extremity of the American continent. There you will injure no one by vicious contagion, for those islands are uninhabited. But before you send them, accomplish and complete the work of reformatory punishment, in order that when the exiles arrive there they may have full freedom, and so possess both scope and impulse for a new kind of life. The

suggestion deserves consideration, the rather because it appears in Dr. Lang's pages with all the accompanying details necessary to be taken into account for a right and safe determination.

A speedy decision is the more important, since the colonists of Australia seem resolved to sunder the tie by which they have heretofore been held bound to their mother country. Their claim to 'freedom and independence' is the topic with which Dr. Lang's second work is filled. The country for which independence is claimed by our author, is a group of seven colonies, which lie in the eastern section of the Australian continent, including the island of Van Diemen's Land, and of which New South Wales is now the principal. These provinces contain half a million of inhabitants; 'that is, a population 'greater in all probability than that of her Majesty's ancient kingdom 'of Scotland, when king Robert the Bruce gained the battle of 'Bannockburn, and delivered his country from the intolerable yoke 'of England. Surely, then, a community of such extent, especially 'when separated by half the circumference of the globe from the domi- 'nant country that professes to have both a right and ability to govern 'it, must form a society sufficient in all things conducive to well- 'being and commodious life.'

But notwithstanding the ability with which Dr. Lang has dealt with the fears and objections of those who would retain those provinces in a state of dependence, we believe that the people of England will not soon consent to lose their hold of their Australian possessions. In part, this disinclination will have to be ascribed to Dr. Lang himself, for in these volumes, especially in the second volume of the first work, he has given so glowing (we doubt not, equally true as glowing) an account of the natural capabilities and actual products of New South Wales in particular, that the mother country is not likely to relinquish her hold on such a prize in any very hasty fashion.

But for the information of our countrymen who are debating whether they shall emigrate to Australia, we think it proper to record, that according to Dr. Lang's testimony—in general, we believe, worthy of reliance—a very fine prospect awaits those who carry with them knowledge, virtue, industry, capital. Had we space, we should be glad to transfer to our pages the whole of Chapter X., in which the author sets forth 'the prospects which New South Wales holds out for emigrants of various classes;' as it is, we can do no more than give some of its leading statements. The gold mines present solid attractions; those attractions will become more numerous without being less solid. Independently of them, numerous advantages offer themselves. Men of capital may beneficially embark in pastoral pursuits, in mining pursuits, and in agriculture. On the last point, we subjoin a quotation:

'The branches of agriculture for which the soil and climate of New South Wales are pre-eminently fitted, would amply repay the investment of capital and the judicious expenditure of labour to any conceivable extent. When cotton worth from 1s. 6d. to 2s. per lb. can be grown on the banks of the Australian rivers—when a ton of tobacco leaf can be raised from a single acre of land—and when such a vintage can be reaped as has been realized for years successively by my

brother (produce of grapes per acre $21\frac{1}{2}$ tons), it would be absurd to allege that farming on any scale will not pay in that colony.'—vol. ii. p. 430.

The cultivation of the sugar-cane would also prove highly remunerative to men of capital and enterprise.

'For my own part, I am quite confident that there is more wealth to be obtained from the cultivation of these valuable productions so peculiarly adapted to the soil and climate of Australia—cotton, tobacco, the sugar-cane, and the vine—than will ever be dug from her mines, rich and productive though they are.'—p. 434.

To families in the northern country, with incomes varying from 150*l.* to 400*l.* or 500*l.* per annum, derived either from business, from agriculture, or from fixed capital, the colony of New South Wales presents peculiar advantages; on the banks of the rivers, the Hunter, the Clarence, the Brisbane, on which, already, there are steamers plying regularly to and from Sydney. For respectable families of moderate capital purposing to emigrate, the country is in many respects greatly preferable to Upper Canada. The Australian climate is incomparably superior, the productions are far more various and far more valuable; what are a few thousand logs of inferior timber and a few thousand barrels of potash, to the fleeces of the sheep on a thousand hills?

'To emigrants of a humbler class, who would not be able to purchase more than forty or fifty acres of land in the first instance, and who would cultivate that land by their own labour, emigration to New South Wales presents an highly eligible prospect of bettering their fortune. A farm of this extent, in the hands of an intelligent and industrious practical farmer, on any of the navigable rivers of the colony, would be invaluable, and would speedily ensure to its proprietor a comfortable independence. Besides, wherever a sufficient number of such families are settled in the same neighbourhood, a national school can be obtained with great facility for the education of the children; and if any of the grown-up sons of such families, or even of those of a higher standing, should be disposed to try their fortune for a time at the mines, there would be no difficulty in making the necessary arrangements for an absence of a few months, by way of experiment. The son of a respectable proprietor at William's River, in New South Wales, was a candidate for a clerkship of the lowest grade in one of the Sydney banks last year; but being unsuccessful, he joined a party consisting of respectable young men, who were going to the mines. The party consisted altogether of seven; and after paying all expenses, within three months from the commencement of their labours, they had 1400*l.* to divide among them, which gave 200*l.* clear to each.'—pp. 441, 442.

'For people in business in a small way, as shopkeepers and traders, drapers, ironmongers, bakers, &c.; for labourers of all descriptions; for shepherds; for mechanics of all the handicrafts required in the construction of houses and ships, or in the sustentation of agriculture and commerce—in short, for all sorts of industrious and virtuous people, who are struggling for an honest livelihood, New South Wales holds out a fair field and a reasonable prospect of success. The sudden creation of the vast amount of wealth which the gold fields of the colony have already enabled the colonists to realize, will give a prodigious impulse to the onward progress of the country in every direction, and cause a demand for labour, both for public and private works, altogether unprecedented in its previous history.'—pp. 443.

While great facilities are offered to the skilful and industrious, for obtaining employment, the price of articles of food is for the most part low; for though flour is at 7*s.* 6*d.* per bushel and the 2*lb.* loaf costs 5*d.*, butchers' meat is from 2*d.* to $2\frac{1}{2}$ *d.* per *lb.*, butter from 8*d.* to 10*d.*, and sheep from 5*s.* to 7*s.* per head. Several other questions of social interest receive light in these instructive volumes; among which we may mention slave labour and free labour, and the supply of cotton.

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ART. I.—*Life and Religious Opinions and Experience of Madame de la Mothe Guyon; together with some account of the Personal History and Religious Opinions of Fenelon, Archbishop of Cambray.* By THOMAS C. UPHAM, Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy in Bowdoin College. 2 vols. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1851.

JEREMY TAYLOR relates, in one of his sermons, the following legend:—‘Saint Lewis the king having sent Ivo, bishop of Chartres, on an embassy, the bishop met a woman on the way, grave, sad, fantastic, and melancholy, with fire in one hand, and water in the other. He asked what these symbols meant. She answered, My purpose is with fire to burn Paradise, and with my water to quench the flames of hell, that men may serve God without the incentives of hope and fear, and purely for the love of God.’ This fanciful personage may be regarded as the embodiment of that religious idea to which we give the name of Quietism. It is the ambition of the Quietist to attain a state in which self shall be practically annihilated,—in which nothing shall be desired, nothing feared,—in which the finite nature ignores itself and all creatures, and recognises only the Infinite—is swallowed up and hidden in the effulgence of the Divine Majesty. Quietism attempts self-transcendence by self-annihilation. It calls on man to become Nothing, that he may be dissolved in Him who is All. It has many various names to denote its beloved contrasts of self-emptiness and Divine fulness. That reduction of self to an inappreciable quantity which it inculcates, is called poverty, simplification, denudation, indifference, silence, quiet, death. That self-finding in God which is the immediate consequence of this self-loss, is termed union, transformation, perfection, pure love, immersion, absorption, deification.

Mysticism is the romance of religion. Its history is bright with stories of dazzling spiritual adventure, sombre with tragedies of the soul, stored with records of the achievements and the woes of martyrdom and saintship. It has reconciled the most opposite extremes of theory and practice. In theory it has verged repeatedly on pantheism, ego-theism, nihilism. In practice it has produced some of the most glorious examples of humility, benevolence, and untiring self-devotion. It has commanded with its indescribable fascination the most powerful natures and the most feeble—minds lofty with a noble disdain of life or low with a weak disgust of it. If the self-torture it exacts be terrible, the reward it holds out has been found to possess an irresistible attraction. It lays waste the soul with purgatorial pains, but it is to leave nothing there on which any fire may kindle after death. It promises a perfect sanctification, a divine calm, the fruition of an absolute repose on this side the grave. It has been both persecuted and canonized by kings and pontiffs. In one age the mystic is enrolled among the saints; in another, the inquisitor burns him, or a *lettre-de-cachet* consigns him to the Bastille. But the principle is indestructible. There always have been, and probably always will be, minds whose religion assumes spontaneously a mystical character. States of society continually recur which necessarily foster this disposition. There have been periods in which all the real religion existing in a country has been found among its mystics. Then this inward contemplative devotion becomes conspicuous as a power—ventures out into public life, and attracts the eye of the historian. Then its protest is heard against literalism, formality, scholasticism, human ordinances. It reacts strenuously against the corruptions of priestcraft. But its voice is heard also discoursing concerning things unutterable. It speaks as one in a dream of the third heaven, and of celestial experiences and revelations fitter for angels than for men. Its stammering utterance, confused with excess of rapture, labouring with emotions too huge or with abstractions too spiritual for words, is utterly unintelligible. Then it is misrepresented. Mysticism becomes in turn the victim of a reaction—the delirium is dieted by persecution—it is consigned once more to secrecy and silence. There it survives, and spins in obscurity its mingled tissue of evil and of good. We must not blindly praise it in our hatred of formalism. We must not vaguely condemn it in our horror of extravagance.

Mr. Upham has contributed to the literature of America an interesting and instructive book. To write the biography of Madame Guyon has been with him a labour of love, and he makes us love him for his labour. To what external section of

the Christian community he may belong we know not, but his devout spirit and large-hearted Christian charity bring him near to our hearts at once. He has availed himself conscientiously of the best materials within his reach. His style is calm and equable—almost too much so. His modest and gentle nature would seem to have been schooled in the Quietism he records. The wrongs of Madame Guyon are narrated by him with a patient forbearance equal to that with which she endured them. For uncharitableness itself he has abundant charity, and the worst malignity of persecution cannot provoke him to asperity or carry him away with indignation. In his sympathy with Madame Guyon, and in his admiration for her character as a whole, we fully agree with him. In his estimate of her Quietism and of Quietism generally, we differ. We shall find occasion, as we proceed, to show why we think him wrong in regarding Quietism and the highest Christian spirituality as identical. In his anxiety to do justice to Madame Guyon, he has transposed and paraphrased her language, softened many expressions, and omitted others. He underrates, we think, the allowance which thoughtful readers will be disposed to make for her. It would have been more satisfactory had he represented her to us just as she was, without veiling a single extravagance. There is a nobleness in her which would survive the disclosure, and preserve for her memory a place in the affection of every liberal mind. The biographer might have appended to her exact words whatever explanation or comment he thought necessary, leaving his readers to judge for themselves. The best course would have been, to have placed occasionally side by side with her meditations some of the rhapsodies of Angela de Foligni or St. Theresa. It would then have been seen, that in comparison with these be-praised and sainted devotees, the persecuted Madame Guyon was sobriety itself. Thus instructed, the protestant would be placed in a position to do her full justice. But, ignorant of mysticism generally, and of the expressions to which Romanist mystical writers had long been accustomed, he would see in Madame Guyon standing alone only a monster of extravagance. Professor Upham, however, has brought much less information of this kind to his subject than could have been desired. The particular form of mysticism which goes by the name of Quietism can only be thoroughly understood by a comparison with some of the other developments of its common principle.

Jeane Marie Bouvières de la Mothe was born on Easter-eve, April 13th, 1648, at Montargis. Her sickly childhood was distinguished by precocious imitations of that religious life which was held in honour by every one around her. She loved to be

dressed in the habit of a little nun. When little more than four years old she longed for martyrdom. Her school-fellows placed her on her knees on a white cloth, flourished a sabre over her head, and told her to prepare for the stroke. A shout of triumphant laughter followed the failure of the child's courage. She was neglected by her mother, and knocked about by a spoiled brother. When not at school she was the pet or the victim of servants. She began to grow irritable from ill treatment, and insincere from fear. When ten years old she found a Bible in her sick-room, and read it, she says, from morning to night, committing to memory the historical parts. Some of the writings of St. Francis de Sales, and the Life of Madame de Chantal, fell in her way. The latter work proved a powerful stimulant. There she read of humiliations and austerities numberless, of charities lavished with a princely munificence, of visions enjoyed and miracles wrought in honour of those saintly virtues, and of the intrepidity with which the famous enthusiast wrote with a red-hot iron on her bosom the characters of the holy name Jesus. The girl of twelve years old was bent on copying these achievements on her little scale. She relieved, taught, and waited on the poor; and, for lack of the red-hot iron or the courage, sewed on to her breast with a large needle a piece of paper containing the name of Christ. She even forged a letter to secure her admission to a conventual establishment as a nun. The deceit was immediately detected; but the attempt shows now much more favourable was the religious atmosphere in which she grew up to the prosperity of convents than to the inculcation of truth.

With ripening years religion gave place to vanity. Her handsome person and brilliant conversational powers fitted her to shine in society. She began to love dress, and feel jealous of rival beauties. Like St. Theresa, at the same age, she sat up far into the night devouring romances. Her autobiography records her experience of the mischievous effects of those tales of chivalry and passion. When nearly sixteen, it was arranged that she should marry the wealthy M. Guyon. This gentleman, whom she had seen but three days before her marriage, was twenty-two years older than herself.

The faults she had were of no very grave description, but her husband's house was destined to prove for several years a pitiless school for their correction. He lived with his mother, a vulgar and hard-hearted woman. Her low and penurious habits were unaffected by their wealth; and in the midst of riches, she was happiest scolding in the kitchen about some farthing matter. She appears to have hated Madame Guyon with all the strength

of her narrow mind. M. Guyon loved his wife after his selfish sort. If she was ill, he was inconsolable. If any one spoke against her, he flew into a passion; yet, at the instigation of his mother, he was continually treating her with harshness. An artful servant girl, who tended his gouty leg, was permitted daily to mortify and insult his wife. Madame Guyon had been accustomed at home to elegance and refinement,—beneath her husband's roof she found politeness contemned and rebuked as pride. When she spoke she had been listened to with attention—now she could not open her mouth without contradiction. She was charged with presuming to show them how to talk, reproved for disputatious forwardness, and rudely silenced. She could never go to see her parents without having bitter speeches to bear on her return. They, on their part, reproached her with unnatural indifference towards her own family for the sake of her new connexions. The ingenious malignity of her mother-in-law filled every day with fresh vexations. The high spirit of the young girl was completely broken. She had already gained a reputation for cleverness and wit—now she sat night-mared in company, nervous, stiff, and silent, the picture of stupidity. At every assemblage of their friends she was marked out for some affront, and every visitor at the house was instructed in the catalogue of her offences. Sad thoughts would come—how different might all this have been had she been suffered to select some other suitor. But it was too late. The brief romance of her life was gone indeed. There was no friend into whose heart she could pour her sorrows. Meanwhile, she was indefatigable in the discharge of every duty,—she endeavoured by kindness, by cheerful forbearance, by returning good for evil, to secure some kinder treatment—she was ready to cut out her tongue that she might make no passionate reply—she reproached herself bitterly for the tears she could not hide. But these coarse hard natures were not so to be won. Her magnanimity surprised but did not soften minds to which it was utterly incomprehensible.

Her best course would have been self-assertion and war to the very utmost. She would have been justified in demanding her right to be mistress in her own house—in declaring it incompatible with the obligations binding upon either side that a third party should be permitted to sow dissension between a husband and his wife—in putting her husband, finally, to the choice between his wife and his mother. M. Guyon is the type of a large class of men. They stand high in the eye of the world—and not altogether undeservedly—as men of principle. But their domestic circle is the scene of cruel wrongs from want of

reflection, from a selfish, passionate inconsiderateness. They would be shocked at the charge of an act of barbarity towards a stranger, but they will inflict years of mental distress on those most near to them, for want of decision, self-control, and some conscientious estimate of what their home duties truly involve. Had the obligations he neglected, the wretchedness of which he was indirectly the author, been brought fairly before the mind of M. Guyon, he would probably have determined on the side of justice, and a domestic revolution would have been the consequence. But Madame Guyon conceived herself bound to suffer in silence. Looking back on those miserable days she traced a father's care in the discipline she endured. Providence had transplanted Self from a garden where it expanded to love and praise to a highway where every passing foot might trample it in the dust.

A severe illness brought her more than once to the brink of the grave. She heard of her danger with indifference, for life had no attraction. Heavy losses befel the family—she could feel no concern. To end her days in a hospital was even an agreeable anticipation. Poverty and disgrace could bring no change which would not be more tolerable than her present suffering. She laboured, with little success, to find comfort in religious exercises. She examined herself rigidly, confessed with frequency, strove to subdue all care about her personal appearance, and while her maid arranged her hair—how, she cared not—was lost in the study of Thomas à Kempis. At length she consulted a Franciscan, a holy man, who had just emerged from a five years' solitude. 'Madame,' said he, 'you are disappointed and perplexed because you seek without what you have within. Accustom yourself to seek God in your heart, and you will find him.'

These words of the old Franciscan embody the response which has been uttered in every age by the oracle of mysticism. It has its truth and its falsehood, as men understand it. There is a legend of an artist, who was about to carve from a piece of costly sandal-wood an image of the Madonna; but the material was intractable—his hand seemed to have lost its skill—he could not approach his ideal. When about to relinquish his efforts in despair, a voice in a dream bade him shape the figure from the oak-block, which was about to feed his hearth. He obeyed, and produced a masterpiece. This story represents the truth which mysticism upholds when it appears as the antagonist of superstitious externalism. The materials of religious happiness lie, as it were, near at hand—among affections and desires which are homely, common, and of the fireside. Let the right direction,

the heavenly influence, be received from without, and heaven is regarded with the love of home, and home sanctified by the hope of heaven. The far-fetched costliness of outward works—the restless, selfish bargaining with asceticism and with priestcraft for a priceless heaven, can never redeem and renew a soul to peace. But mysticism has not stopped here; it takes a step farther, and that step is false. It would seclude the soul too much from the external; and, to free it from a snare, removes a necessary help. Like some overshadowing tree, it hides the rising plant from the force of storms, but it also intercepts the appointed sunshine—it protects, but it deprives—and beneath its boughs hardy weeds have grown more vigorously than precious grain. Removing, more or less, the counterpoise of the latter, in its zeal for the spirit, it promotes an intense and morbid self-consciousness. Roger North tells us that when he and his brother stood on the top of the Monument, it was difficult for them to persuade themselves that their weight would not throw down the building. The dizzy elevation of the mystic produces a similar overweening sense of personality. Thus isolated in the air—abstracted so elaborately from earth and all its standards of comparison—his tendency has been, from the days of Plotinus downwards, to expand the Ego into the Infinite. It has been the dream of many a mystic, that he could elaborate from the depth of his own nature the whole promised land of religious truth, and perceive, by special revelation, rising from within all its green pastures and still waters—somewhat as Pindar describes the sun beholding the isle of Rhodes emerging from the bottom of the ocean—new born, yet perfect—in all the beauty of glade and fountain, of grassy upland and silver tarn, of marble crag and overhanging wood, sparkling from the brine as after a summer shower. The traditions of every nation have embellished with their utmost wealth of imagination some hidden spot upon the surface of the earth, which they have portrayed as secluded from all the tumult and the pain of time—a serene Eden—an ever-sunny Tempe—a vale of Avalon—a place beyond the sterner laws and rougher visitations of the common world—a fastness of perpetual calm, before which the tempests may blow their challenging horns in vain—they can win no entrance. Such, to the fancy of the Middle Age, was the famous temple of the Sangreal, with its dome of sapphire, its six-and-thirty towers, its crystal crosses, and its hangings of green samite—guarded by its knights, girded by impenetrable forests—glittering on the onyx summit of Mount Salvage, for ever invisible to every eye impure, inaccessible to every failing or faithless heart. Such, to

the Hindoo, was the Cridavana meadow, among the heights of Mount Sitanta, full of flowers, of the song of birds, the hum of bees—

‘Languishing winds and murmuring falls of waters.’

Such was the secret mountain Kinkadulle, celebrated by Olaus Magnus, which stood in a region, now covered only by moss or snow, but luxuriant once, in less degenerate days, with the spontaneous growth of every pleasant bough and goodly fruit. What places like these have been to the popular mind—even such a refuge for the Ideal from the pursuit of the Actual—that the attainment of Ecstasy, the height of Contemplation, the bliss of Union, has been for the mystic. He aims, by painfully un-clothing his nature of all the integuments of sense, of passion, of imagination, of thought, by threading back the path of being to its Source—to reach a simplicity and a rest in which the primal essence of himself will be overshadowed by the immediate presence of the Infinite; and, lost in glory, will love and gaze and know, without the grosser appliances of visible media, beyond the laborious processes of the reason, or the phantasmagoria of the imagination, by a contact ‘above all means or mode,’ ineffable as Deity itself. But the unnatural ambition defeats itself, and the aspirant, instead of soaring to the empyrean, drifts, buffeted about, in the airy limbo of hallucination. Instead of rising above the infirmities of our nature, and the common laws of life, he becomes the sport of the idlest phantasy, the victim of the most humiliating reaction. The excited and overwrought temperament mistakes every vibration of the fevered nerves for a manifestation from without; as in the solitude, the silence, and the glare of a great desert, travellers have seemed to hear distinctly the church bells of their native village. In such cases an extreme susceptibility of the organ, induced by peculiarities of climate, gives to a mere conception or memory the power of an actual sound; and, in a similar way, the mystic has often both tempted and enraptured himself—his own breath has made both the ‘airs from heaven,’ and the ‘blasts from hell;’ and the attempt to annihilate Self has ended at last in leaving nothing but Self behind. When the tide of enthusiasm has ebbed, and the channel has become dry, simply because humanity cannot long endure a strain so excessive, then that magician and master of legerdemain, the Fancy, is summoned to recal, to eke out, or to interpret the mystical experience; then that fantastic acrobat, Affectation, is admitted to play its tricks—just as when the waters of the Nile are withdrawn the canals of Cairo are made the stage on which the jugglers exhibit their feats of skill to the crowds on either bank.

To return to Madame Guyon. From the hour of that interview with the Franciscan she was a mystic. The secret of the interior life flashed upon her in a moment. She had been starving in the midst of fulness; God was near, not afar off; the kingdom of heaven was within her. The love of God took possession of her soul with an inexpressible happiness. Beyond question, her heart apprehended in that joy the great truth that God is love—that He is more ready to forgive, than we to ask forgiveness—that He is not an austere being whose regard is to be purchased by rich gifts, tears, and penance. This emancipating, sanctifying belief became the foundation of her religion. She raised on this basis of true spirituality a mystical superstructure, in which there was some hay and stubble, but the corner stone had first been rightly laid, never to be removed from its place.

Prayer, which had before been so difficult, was now delightful and indispensable; hours passed away like moments—she could scarcely cease from praying. Her trials seemed great no longer; her inward joy consumed, like a fire, the reluctance, the murmur, and the sorrow, which had their birth in self. A spirit of confiding peace, a sense of rejoicing possession, pervaded all her days. God was continually present with her, and she seemed completely yielded up to God. She appeared to feel herself, and to behold all creatures as immersed in the gracious omnipresence of the Most High. In her adoring contemplation of the Divine presence, she found herself frequently unable to employ any words, or to pray for any particular blessings. She was then little more than twenty years of age. The ardour of her devotion would not suffer her to rest even here. It appeared to her that self was not yet sufficiently suppressed. There were some things she chose as pleasant, other things she avoided as painful. She was possessed with the notion that every choice which can be referred to self is selfish, and therefore criminal.

On this principle *Æsop's* traveller, who gathered his cloak about him in the storm, and relinquished it in the sunshine, should be stigmatized as a selfish man, because he thought only of his own comfort, and did not remember at the moment his family, his country, or his Maker. It is not regard for self which makes us selfish, but regard for self to the exclusion of due regard for others. But the zeal of Madame Guyon blinded her to distinctions such as these. She became filled with an insatiable desire of suffering. She resolved to force herself to what she disliked, and deny herself what was gratifying, that the mortified senses might at last have no choice whatever. She displayed the most

astonishing power of will in her efforts to annihilate her will. Every day she took the discipline with scourges pointed with iron. She tore her flesh with brambles, thorns, and nettles. Her rest was almost destroyed by the pain she endured. She was in very delicate health, continually falling ill, and could eat scarcely anything. Yet she forced herself to eat what was most nauseous to her; she often kept wormwood in her mouth, and put coloquintida in her food, and when she walked she placed stones in her shoes. If a tooth ached she would bear it without seeking a remedy; when it ached no longer, she would go and have it extracted. She imitated Madame Chantal in dressing the sores of the poor, and ministering to the wants of the sick. On one occasion she found that she could not seek the indulgence offered by her church for remitting some of the pains of purgatory. At that time she felt no doubt concerning the power of the priest to grant such absolution, but she thought it wrong to desire to escape any suffering. She was afraid of resembling those mercenary souls, who are afraid not so much of displeasing God, as of the penalties attached to sin. She was too much in earnest for visionary sentimentalism. Her efforts manifest a serious practical endeavour after that absolute disinterestedness which she erroneously thought both attainable and enjoined. She was far from attaching any expiatory value to these acts of voluntary mortification, they were a means to an end. When she believed that end attained in the entire death of self, she relinquished them. In a similar spirit, the Suabian mystic Suso, in the fourteenth century, at length abandoned a course of austerity far more severe, at the suggestion of the famous Tauler. The fact that such inflictions were discontinued, as requisite no longer, shows that their object was discipline, not atonement. Many of those mystics who carried them to the greatest length would have shrunk with horror from the idea of relying on their own sufferings for salvation, instead of, or in addition to, the merits of the Saviour. The rigid self-scrutiny of Madame Guyon was constantly discovering selfishness in what had seemed innocent, pride in what once looked praiseworthy. She was struggling through the mortification of the senses towards the higher mortification of the will. Her aim was totally to lose her own activity; to desire nothing, to do nothing, but from the prompting of the Christ formed within; to substitute God for the annihilated self in the inmost of the soul. Some mystics have carried this so far as to believe that they became themselves a revelation, almost an incarnation of Deity, every thought an inspiration, every act divine. Madame Guyon was saved from such excesses. Like the more

sober Quakers, she was willing that the Outer should direct the Inner Light. But she did not escape the lesser error of frequently mistaking her own impulses for divine monitions, and endeavouring to read in the mysteries of Providence the immediate will of God. With all the mystics she interpreted too literally the language of St. Paul, 'I live, yet no more I, but Christ liveth in me.'

Situated as Madame Guyon now was, her mind had no resource but to collapse upon itself, and the feelings so painfully pent up became proportionately vehement. She found a friend in one Mère Granger, but her she could see seldom, mostly by stealth. An ignorant confessor joined her mother-in-law and husband in the attempt to hinder her from prayer and religious exercises. She endeavoured in everything to please her husband, but he complained that she loved God so much she had no love left for him. She was watched day and night; she dared not stir from her mother-in-law's chamber or her husband's bedside. If she took her work apart to the window they followed her there to see that she was not in prayer. When her husband went abroad, he forbade her to pray in his absence. The affections even of her child were taken from her, and the boy was taught to disobey and insult his mother. Thus utterly alone, Madame Guyon, while apparently engaged in ordinary matters, was constantly in a state of abstraction; her mind was elsewhere, rapt in devout contemplation. She was in company without hearing a word that was said. She went out into the garden to look at the flowers, and could bring back no account of them, the eye of her reverie could mark nothing actually visible. When playing at piquet, to oblige her husband, this 'interior attraction' was often more powerfully felt than even when at church. In her Autobiography she describes her experience as follows:

'The spirit of prayer was nourished and increased from their contrivances and endeavours to disallow me any time for practising it. I loved without motive or reason for loving; for nothing passed in my head, but much in the innermost of my soul. I thought not about any recompence, gift, or favour, or anything which regards the lover. The Well-beloved was the only object which attracted my heart wholly to himself. I could not contemplate his attributes. I knew nothing else but to *love* and to *suffer*. Oh, ignorance more truly learned than any science of the Doctors, since it so well taught me Jesus Christ crucified, and brought me to be in love with his holy cross. In its beginning I was attracted with so much force, that it seemed as if my head was going to join my heart. I found that insensibly my body bent in spite of me. I did not then comprehend

from whence it came ; but have learned since, that as all passed in the will, which is the sovereign of the powers, *that* attracted the others after it, and reunited them in God, their divine centre and sovereign happiness. And as these powers were then unaccustomed to be united, it required the more violence to effect that union. Wherefore it was the more perceived. Afterwards it became so strongly riveted as to seem to be quite natural. This was so strong that I could have wished to die, in order to be inseparably united without any interstice to him who so powerfully attracted my heart. As all passed in the will, the imagination and the understanding being absorbed in it, in a union of enjoyment, I knew not what to say, having never read or heard of such a state as I experienced ; for before this I had known nothing of the operations of God in souls. I had only read ‘*Philothea*’ (written by St. Francis de Sales), with the ‘*Imitation of Christ*’ (by Thomas à Kempis) and the Holy Scriptures ; also the ‘*Spiritual Combat*,’ which mentions none of these things.’—*The Life of Lady Guion, by Herself* ; Anon. Trans. 1772, p. 87.

In this extract she describes strange physical sensations as accompanying her inward emotion. The intense excitement of the soul assumes, in her over-strained and secluded imagination, the character of a corporeal seizure. The sickly frame, so morbidly sensitive, appears to participate in the supernatural influences communicated to the spirit. On a subsequent occasion she speaks of herself as so oppressed by the fulness of the divine manifestations imparted to her, as to be compelled to loosen her dress. More than once some of those who sat next her imagined that they perceived a certain marvellous efflux of grace proceeding from her to themselves. She believed that many persons for whom she was interceding with great fervour, were sensible at the time of an extraordinary gracious influence instantaneously vouchsafed, and that her spirit communicated mysteriously, ‘in the Lord,’ with the spirits of those dear to her when far away. She traced a special intervention of Providence in the fact that she repeatedly ‘felt a strong draught to the door’ just when it was necessary to go out to receive a secret letter from her friend, Mère Granger ; that the rain should have held up precisely when she was on her road to or from mass ; and that at the very intervals when she was able to steal out to hear it, some priest was always found performing, or ready to perform, the service, though at a most unusual hour.

Imaginary as all this may have been, the Church of Rome at least had no right to brand with the stigma of extravagance any such transference of the spiritual to the sensuous, of the metaphysical to the physical. The fancies of Madame Guyon in this respect are innocent enough in comparison with the monstrosities devised by Romish marvel-mongers to exalt her saints

withal. St. Philip Neri was so inflamed with love to God as to be insensible to all cold, and burned with such a fire of devotion that his body, divinely feverish, could not be cooled by exposure to the wildest winter night. For two and fifty years he was the subject of a supernatural palpitation, which kept his bed and chair, and everything moveable about him, in a perpetual tremble. For that space of time his breast was miraculously swollen to the thickness of a fist above his heart. On a post-mortem examination of the holy corpse, it was found that two of the ribs had been broken to allow the sacred ardour of his heart more room to play! The doctors swore solemnly that the phenomenon could be nothing less than a miracle. A divine hand had thus literally 'enlarged the heart' of the devotee. St. Philip enjoyed, with many other saints, the privilege of being miraculously elevated into the air by the fervour of his heavenward aspirations. And this is the worthy whose worship is revived by our Oratorians, with the famous Dr. Newman at their head, in the nineteenth century. 'The *Acta Sanctorum* relates how Ida of Louvain—seized with an overwhelming desire to present her gifts with the wise men to the child Jesus—received, on the eve of the Three Kings, the distinguished favour of being permitted to swell to a terrific size, and then gradually to return to her original dimensions. On another occasion, she was gratified by being thrown down in the street in an ecstasy, and enlarging so that her horror-stricken attendant had to embrace her with all her might to keep her from bursting. The noses of eminent saints have been endowed with so subtle a sense that they have detected the stench of concealed sins, and enjoyed, as a literal fragrance, the well-known odour of sanctity. St. Philip Neri was frequently obliged to hold his nose and turn away his head when confessing very wicked people. In walking the streets of some depraved Italian town, the poor man must have endured all the pains of Coleridge in Cologne, where, he says,

'I counted two-and-seventy stenchies,
All well defined, and several stinks!'

Maria of Oignys received what theurgic mysticism calls the gift of jubilation. For three days and nights upon the point of death, she sang without remission her ecstatic swan-song, at the top of a voice whose hoarseness was miraculously healed. She felt as though the wing of an angel were spread upon her breast, thrilling her heart with the rapture, and pouring from her lips the praises, of the heavenly world. With the melodious modulation of an inspired recitative, she descanted on the mysteries of the Trinity and the incarnation—improvised profound expositions of the Scripture—invoked the saints, and interceded for her

friends. A nun who visited Catharina Ricci in her ecstasy, saw with amazement her face transformed into the likeness of the Redeemer's countenance. St. Hildegard, in the enjoyment and description of her visions, and in the utterance of her prophecies, was inspired with a complete theological terminology hitherto unknown to mortals. A glossary of the divine tongue was long preserved among her manuscripts at Wiesbaden. It is recorded in the life of St. Veronica of Binasco, that she received the miraculous gift of tears in a measure so copious that the spot where she knelt appeared as though a jug of water had been upset there. She was obliged to have an earthen vessel ready in her cell to receive the supernatural efflux, which filled it frequently to the weight of several Milan pounds! Ida of Nivelles, when in an ecstasy one day, had it revealed to her that a dear friend was at the same moment in the same condition. The friend also was simultaneously made aware that Ida was immersed in the same abyss of divine light with herself. Thenceforward they were as one soul in the Lord, and the Virgin Mary appeared to make a third in the saintly fellowship. Ida was frequently enabled to communicate with spiritual personages, without words, after the manner of angelic natures. On one occasion, when at a distance from a priest to whom she was much attached, both she and the holy man were entranced at the same time; and, when rapt to heaven, he beheld her in the presence of Christ, at whose command she communicated to him by a spiritual kiss a portion of the grace with which she herself had been so richly endowed. Clara of Montefalco, a saint who died at the beginning of the fourteenth century, had in a vision given her heart to Christ, that it might be crucified. She lived thenceforward in perpetual contemplation of the passion. After death, her heart, which had enlarged to the size of a child's head, was extracted and preserved in a vessel near the altar. With trembling and with tears her sisters of the cloister ventured to open it with a knife. On the right side they found, completely formed, a little figure of Christ upon the cross, about the size of a thumb. On the left, under what resembled the bloody cloth, lay the instruments of the passion, the crown of thorns, the nails, &c. So sharp was the miniature lance, that the Vicar-General Berengarius, commissioned to assist at the examination by the Bishop of Spoleto, pricked therewith his reverend finger. This marvel was surpassed in the eighteenth century by a miracle more piquant still. Veronica Giuliani caused a drawing to be made of the many forms and letters which she declared had been supernaturally modelled within her heart. To the exultation of the faithful—and the everlasting confusion of all Jews, Protes-

tants, and Turks—a post-mortem examination disclosed the accuracy of her description, to the minutest point. There were the sacred initials in a large and distinct Roman character, the crown of thorns, two flames, seven swords, the spear, the reed, &c.—all arranged just as in the diagram she had furnished. The diocese of Liege was edified, in the twelfth century, by seeing, in the person of the celebrated Christina Mirabilis, how completely the upward tendency of protracted devotion might vanquish the law of gravitation. So strongly was she drawn away from this gross earth, that the difficulty was to keep her on the ground. She was continually flying up to the tops of lonely towers and trees, there to enjoy a rapture with the angels, and a roost with the birds. In the frequency, the elevation, and the duration of her ascents into the air, she surpassed even the high-flown devotion of St. Peter of Alcantara, who was often seen suspended high above the fig-trees which overshadowed his hermitage at Badajos—his eyes upturned, his arms outspread—while the servant, sent to summon him to dinner, gazed with open mouth, and sublunary cabbage cooled below. The limbs of Christina lost the rigidity, as her body lost the grossness, common to vulgar humanity. In her ecstasies she was contracted into the spherical form—her head was drawn inward and downward towards her breast, and she rolled up like a hedgehog. When her relatives wished to take and secure her, they had to employ a man to hunt her like a bird. Having started his game, he had a long run across country before he brought her down, in a very unsportsmanlike manner, by a stroke with his bludgeon which broke her shin. When a few miracles had been wrought to vindicate her aërostatic mission, she was allowed to fly about in peace. She has occupied, ever since, the first place in the ornithology of Roman-catholic saintship. Such are a few of the specimens which might be collected in multitudes from Romanist records, showing how that communion has bestowed its highest favour on the most coarse and materialized apprehensions of spiritual truth. Extravagant inventions such as these—monstrous as the adventures of Baron Munchausen, without their wit—have been invested with the sanction and defended by the thunder of the Papal chair. Yet this very Church of Rome incarcerated Molinos and Madame Guyon as dangerous enthusiasts.

We have seen Madame Guyon at twenty an unconscious and self-taught adept in some of the highest doctrines of the mystical theology. When she speaks of herself as unable to contemplate any of the attributes of God—as finding the understanding and the imagination active no longer, because wholly swallowed up in

the union of the will, she describes her practical experience of that exaltation which mystical divines have laboured to define. Of Dionysius Areopagita, the great authority of mysticism throughout the middle age, she knew nothing. She was ignorant of Bernard's four degrees of love, of that eye of contemplation, analyzed and extolled by Hugo of St. Victor—of the six stages of contemplation, so minutely graduated by the scholasticism of his successor, Richard. With the German mystics she could have no acquaintance. Yet the ponderous tomes of the famous hierophant, Dionysius, propose nothing more than to conduct the soul of the aspirant by an elaborate process to the very point which the ardent Frenchwoman had virtually attained at once by what appeared an indescribable necessity of her devotion.

This is a fact more singular in appearance than in reality. The principle of the Mystical Theology, bequeathed to Christendom by Dionysius, was this: all creation, all revelation, is symbolical. It is only figuratively that anything can be affirmed of God. He is above all names. He is not wise, but more than wise; not good, but more than good. Hence the paradox that all manifestation of the Infinite is at the same time a veil—that the more we deny concerning God, the more truly, in reality, do we announce him. This is the Way of Negation (*Via apophatica*). The candidate for that closest approximation to God, which is the privilege of a few select souls, is counselled to remove, one by one, these curtains of symbol, to press beyond the manifestations to the Ineffable, Nameless, One. He is to ignore all intellectual apprehensions (*τὰς γνωστικὰς ἀντιλήψεις*) and to lose himself in the Divine Dark.* In that holy night, gloomy from excess of glory, all the faculties of the mind are suspended; all reflex acts cease; all attributes, propositions, doctrines, are forgotten. The soul has entered within the inmost veil, is in immediate communion with the unrevealed Godhead, and is conscious only of an overwhelming sense of the Divine presence, which excludes all specific thought, all forms, all images.

This negation is easy. To attain it learned divines had to ignore at such times the enormous structure of scholastic erudition. Madame Guyon knew little of theology, had little to put off, and could speedily reduce herself to this 'divine ignorance.' This is the practicable part of mysticism. It confounds the indefinite with the infinite. Its great error in this respect consists in supposing that by denuding ourselves of definite apprehension, shutting out all positive notions and distinctions, we therefore rise above them. We are not higher, but lower, as

* Dion. Areop., *De Mystica Theologia*, cap. i. §§ 1, 3.

the consequence. A vague consciousness of awe is not a better substitute, but a worse, for clear practical convictions resting on a given revelation. This ambitious devotion disdains the assistance which God has provided. It puts a vast wilderness of abstract being in the place of 'the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ.' The system of Dionysius is founded in great part on the pantheism of Proclus, baptized and gorgeously appavelled in sacerdotal vestments. His writings advocate, in the language of a corrupt eloquence, the principles of a corrupt philosophy and a corrupt religion. The scriptural knowledge Madame Guyon possessed, her good sense, and right feeling, prevented her from even verging in fact towards the more dangerous consequences of such a theosophy. The principle to which we have alluded is, however, common, in various degrees, to a large class of mystics. In the fourteenth century, Master Eckart announced it in startling language, when he preached to the merchants and the monks of Cologne. He distinguished between God and the Godhead. His hearers shuddered as he cried out, 'I must be quit of God!' He meant that the soul must strive to pierce beyond the revealed God—beyond his character and word—beyond the Father, the Son, the Spirit, to the Ground, the Abyss of Deity, he called the Godhead. Tauler, while tending the sick and the dying, while lifting up his voice against the Pope, while animating the patriot spirit of Germany against the intrigues of France and the anathemas of Avignon, repeated this doctrine continually, in wiser words and a more reverent spirit. He preached the great message of mercy in their own tongue to the multitude. But he called upon the few to yield themselves up—knowing nothing, and desiring nothing—to the unknown God. He spoke of a state of nature, a state of grace, and a state above grace, wherein those means and attributes, which aided and allured the soul in its earlier stage, are succeeded by a state of perfect union, and absolute, self-annihilating love. From the heart of an ancient forest in the neighbourhood immortalized by Waterloo, Ruysbroek, the mystic, wrote against the excesses of mysticism. Yet he, too, inculcates, in confused and tumid phrase, a rapturous commerce with God which transcends all language, all conception, all modes, all media. The impassioned Suso, the Minnesinger of mysticism, scarred and emaciated by years of cruel austerity, wrote down, in his cell washed by the waters of the lake of Constance, the conversation of the Servant with the Everlasting Wisdom. There he describes the absorption of the soul in 'the wild waste' (*die wilden wuesti*) of Deity, and how it swims and is dissolved in the fathomless abyss of the inscrutable God-

head, (*in daz tief ab gründe der wiselosen gotheit*). We shall find occasion as we proceed to point out the characteristic differences between these mystics of the fourteenth century and French mysticism in the seventeenth.

Madame Guyon had still some lessons to learn. On a visit to Paris, the glittering equipages of the park, and the gaieties of St. Cloud, revived the old love of seeing and being seen. During a tour in the provinces with her husband, flattering visits and graceful compliments everywhere followed such beauty, such accomplishments, and such virtue, with a delicate and intoxicating applause. Vanity—dormant, but not dead—awoke within her for the last time. She acknowledged, with bitter self-reproach, the power of the world, the weakness of her own resolves. In the spiritual desertion which ensued, she recognised the displeasure of her Lord, and was wretched. She applied to confessors—they were miserable comforters, all of them. They praised her while she herself was filled with self-loathing. She estimated the magnitude of her sins by the greatness of the favour which had been shown her. The bland worldliness of her religious advisers could not blind so true a heart, or pacify so wakeful a conscience. She found relief only in a repentant renewal of her self-dedication to the Saviour, in renouncing for ever the last remnant of confidence in any strength of her own.

It was about this period that she had a remarkable conversation with a beggar, whom she found upon a bridge, as, followed by her footman, she was walking one day to church. This singular mendicant refused her offered alms—spoke to her of God and divine things—and then of her own state, her devotion, her trials, and her faults. He declared that God required of her not merely to labour as others did to secure their salvation, that they might escape the pains of hell, but to aim at such perfection and purity in this life, as to escape those of purgatory. She asked him who he was. He replied, that he had formerly been a beggar, but now was such no more;—mingled with the stream of people, and she never saw him afterwards.

This incident is not unimportant. It betrays the existence of perfectionist doctrine among the religious minds of the time, and indicates one great cause of the hostility with which that principle was assailed when subsequently proclaimed by Madame Guyon. She believed that God frequently visited the souls he most loved with inflictions of spiritual anguish—an inward consuming fire of distress, which was identical, both in character and object, with the purifying flame of purgatory. This interior purgation was designed to chastize transgression—to cleanse away the dross of self-dependence and of worldliness—to anni-

hilate all selfish longings after even spiritual gifts and pleasures for their own sake—and to render the soul pure and passive, a perfect sacrifice to God. Madame Guyon must have been aware that such a present and complete sanctification, if realized, would render purgatory needless. But, so far from giving any prominence to such a conclusion, she would probably have hesitated expressly to deduce it. Quietism, which aspires to a love disinterested even as regards perdition, could not dwell with satisfaction on the prospect of avoiding purgatory. Yet the mere announcement of such a perfection as possible—and possible by such a course, especially when welcomed as it was by numbers—revealed to the suspicious vigilance of priestcraft all it had to fear. If such a tenet prevailed, the lucrative traffic of indulgences was on the verge of bankruptcy. No devotee would impoverish himself to buy exemption hereafter from a purifying process which he believed himself now experiencing in the hourly sorrows he patiently endured. The soul which struggled to escape itself—to rise, beyond the gifts of God, to God—to ascend, beyond words and means, to a repose in God, which desired only the Divine Will, feared only the Divine displeasure, and sought to ignore its own capacities and power, would attach paramount importance no longer to the powers of the priesthood and the ritual of the Church. The Quietest might believe himself sincere in orthodoxy, might bow submissively to every ecclesiastical dictate, might choose him a director, and might reverence the sacrament. But such abasement and such ambition—distress so deep, and aims so lofty—were alike beyond the reach of the ordinary confessional. The oily syllables of absolution would drop in vain on the troubled waves of a nature stirred to its inmost depths. It could receive peace only from the very hand of God. Thus priestly mediation would occupy a secondary place. The value of relics and of masses, of penances and paternosters, would everywhere fall. An absolute indifference to self-interest would induce indifference also to those priestly baits by which that self-interest was allured. Such were the anticipations which urged the Jesuits of Rome to pursue Molinos unto death with all the implacability of fear. Their craft was in danger. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ.*

The beauty of Madame Guyon had cost her tender conscience many a pang. She had wept and prayed over that secret love of display which had repeatedly induced her to mingle with the thoughtless amusements of the world. At four-and-twenty the virulence of the small-pox released her from that snare. M. Guyon was laid up with the gout. She was left when the disorder seized her to the tender mercies of her mother-in-law.

That inhuman woman refused to allow any but her own physician to attend her, yet for him she would not send. The disease, unchecked, had reached its height when a medical man, passing that way, happened to call at the house. Shocked at the spectacle Madame Guyon presented, he was proceeding at once to bleed her, expressing, in no measured terms, his indignation at the barbarity of such neglect. The mother-in-law would not hear of such a thing. He performed the operation in spite of her threats and invectives, leaving her almost beside herself with rage. That lancet saved the life of Madame Guyon, and disappointed the relative who had hoped to see her die. When at length she recovered, she refused to avail herself of the cosmetics generally used to conceal the ravages of the disorder. Throughout her suffering she had never uttered a murmur, or felt a fear. She had even concealed the cruelty of her mother-in-law. She said, that if God had designed her to retain her beauty, He would not have sent the scourge to remove it. Her friends expected to find her inconsolable—they heard her speak only of thankfulness and joy. Her confessor reproached her with spiritual pride. The affection of her husband was visibly diminished. Yet the heart of Madame Guyon overflowed with joy. It appeared to her, that the God to whom she longed to be wholly given up had accepted her surrender, and was removing everything that might interpose between Himself and her.

The experience of Madame Guyon, hitherto, had been such as to teach her the surrender of every earthly source of gratification or ground of confidence. Yet one more painful stage on the road to self-annihilation remained to be traversed. She must learn to give up cheerfully even spiritual pleasures. In the year 1674, according to the probable calculation of Mr. Upham, she was made to enter what she terms a state of desolation, which lasted, with little intermission, for nearly seven years. All was emptiness, darkness, sorrow. She describes herself as cast down, like Nebuchadnezzar, from a throne of enjoyment, to live among the beasts. 'Alas!' she exclaimed, 'is it possible that this heart, formerly all on fire, should now become like ice?' The heavens were as brass, and shut out her prayers; horror and trembling took the place of tranquillity; hopelessly oppressed with guilt, she saw herself a victim destined for hell. In vain for her did the church doors open, the holy bells ring, the deep-voiced intonations of the priest arise and fall, the chanted psalm ascend, through clouds of azure wandering incense. The power and the charm of the service had departed. Of what avail was music to a burning wilderness athirst for rain? Gladly would she have had recourse to the vow, to the pilgrimage, to the penance, to

any extremity of self-torture. She felt the impotence of such remedies for such anguish. She had no ear for comfort, no eye for hope, not even a voice for complaint.

During this period the emotional element of religion in her mind appears to have suffered an almost entire suspension. Regarding the loss of certain feelings of delight as the loss of the divine favour, she naturally sank deeper and deeper in despondency. A condition by no means uncommon in ordinary Christian experience assumed, in her case, a morbid character. Our emotions may be chilled, or kindled, in ever-varying degrees, from innumerable causes. We must accustom ourselves to the habitual performance of duty, whether attended or not with feelings of a pleasurable nature. It is generally found that those powerful emotions of joy which attend, at first, the new and exalting consciousness of peace with God, subside after a while. As we grow in religious strength and knowledge, a steady principle supplies their place. We are refreshed, from time to time, by seasons of heightened joy and confidence, but we cease to be dependent upon feeling. At the same time, there is nothing in Scripture to check our desire for retaining as constantly as possible a sober gladness, for finding duty delightful, and the 'joy of the Lord' our strength. These are the truths which the one-sided and unqualified expressions of Madame Guyon at once exaggerate and obscure.

During this dark interval M. Guyon died. His widow undertook the formidable task of settling his disordered affairs. Her brother gave her no assistance; her mother-in-law harassed and hindered to her utmost; yet Madame Guyon succeeded in arranging a chaos of papers, and bringing a hopeless imbroglio of business matters into order, with an integrity and a skill which excited universal admiration. She felt it was her duty; she believed that divine assistance was vouchsafed for its discharge. Of business, she says, she knew as little as of Arabic; but she knew not what she could accomplish till she tried. Minds far more visionary than hers have evinced a still greater aptitude for practical affairs. She never imagined, like Ignatius Loyola, that the mystery of the Trinity was unfolded to the immediate gaze of her mortal eyesight, or that time, before her exalted vision, rolled away its accumulated ages, and disclosed the secrets of creation, and the marvels of the six days. She dared not to dream, with Swedenborg, that the franchise of the celestial city was already hers—its topography and its legislature—its manners and its customs, revealed for her inspection—its saints and seraphim, her familiar visitants. Yet both Loyola and Swedenborg were eminent in different ways for expertness and

promptitude in action, for accurate mastery of detail, for sagacious management of mankind. Like the Knight of La Mancha, they could display an excellent judgment in every province of life, unoccupied by the illusions of their spiritual knight-errantry.

The twenty-second of July, 1680, is celebrated by Madame Guyon, as the happy era of her deliverance. A letter from La Combe was the instrument of a restoration as wonderful, in her eyes, as the bondage. This ecclesiastic had been first introduced by Madame Guyon into the path of mystical perfection. His name is associated with her own in the early history of the Quietest movement. He subsequently became her Director, but was always more her disciple than her guide. His admiration for her amounted to a passion. Incessant persecution and long solitary imprisonment, combined, with devotional extravagance, to cloud with insanity at last an intellect never powerful. This feeble and affectionate soul perished, the victim of Quietism, and perhaps of love. It should not be forgotten, that before the inward condition of Madame Guyon changed thus remarkably for the better, her outward circumstances had undergone a similar improvement. She lived now in her own house, with her children about her. That Sycorax, her mother-in-law, dropped gall no longer into her daily cup of life. Domestic tormentors, worse than the goblins which buffeted St. Antony, assailed her peace no more. An outer sky grown thus serene, an air thus purified, may well have contributed to chase away the night of the soul, and to give to a few words of kindly counsel from Lacombe the brightness of the day-star. Our simple-hearted enthusiast was not so absolutely indifferent as she thought herself to the changes of this transitory world.

Madame Guyon had now triumphantly sustained the last of those trials, which, like the probation of the ancient mysteries, made the porch of mystical initiation a passage terrible with pain and peril. Henceforward, she is the finished Quietist; henceforward, when she relates her own experience, she describes Quietism. At times, when the children did not require her care, she would walk out into a neighbouring wood, and there, under the shade of the trees, amidst the singing of the birds, she now passed as many happy hours as she had known months of sorrow. Her own language will best indicate the thoughts which occupied this peaceful retirement, and exhibit the principle there deepened and matured. She says here in her *Autobiography*—

‘ When I had lost all created supports, and even divine ones, I then found myself happily necessitated to fall into the pure divine, and to

fall into it through all which seemed to remove me farther from it. In losing all the gifts, with all their supports, I found the Giver. Oh, poor creatures, who pass along all your time in feeding on the gifts of God, and think therein to be most favoured and happy, how I pity you if ye stop here, short of the true rest, and cease to go forward to God, through resignation of the same gifts! How many pass all their lives this way, and think highly of themselves therein! There are others who, being designed of God to die to themselves, yet pass all their time in a dying life, and in inward agonies, without ever entering into God, through death and total loss; because they are always willing to retain something under plausible pretexts, and so never lose *self* to the whole extent of the designs of God. Wherefore, they never enjoy God in his fulness—a loss that will not perfectly be known until another life.’—*Autobiography*, vol. i. p. 168.

She describes herself as having ceased from all self-originated action and choice. To her amazement and unspeakable happiness, it appeared as though all such natural movement existed no longer—a higher power had displaced and occupied its room. ‘I even perceived no more (she continues) the soul which He ‘had formerly conducted by his rod and his staff, because now ‘He alone appeared to me, my soul having given up its place to ‘Him. It seemed to me as if it was wholly and altogether passed ‘into its God, to make but one and the same thing with Him; ‘even as a little drop of water cast into the sea receives the ‘qualities of the sea.’ She speaks of herself as now practising the virtues no longer *as virtues*—that is, not by separate and constrained efforts. It would have required effort *not* to practise them. The soul thus united with God ‘has immanent in itself ‘the essence of all Christian virtues and duties, which naturally ‘and without effort, as if a man should have them without knowing that he had them, develop themselves on appropriate occasions by their own law of action.’—*Upham*, vol. i. p. 198.

Somewhat later she expresses herself in language rendered by Mr. Upham as follows:—

‘The soul passing out of itself by dying to itself necessarily passes into its divine object. This is the law of its transition. When it passes out of self, which is limited, and therefore is not God, and consequently is *evil*, it necessarily passes into the unlimited and universal, which is God, and therefore is the true good. My own experience seemed to me to be a verification of this. My spirit disenthralled from selfishness, became united with and lost in God, its Sovereign, who attracted it more and more to Himself. And this was so much the case, that I could seem to see and know God only, and not myself. . . . It was thus that my soul was lost in God, who communicated to it his qualities, having drawn it out of all that it had of its own. . . . O

happy poverty, happy loss, happy nothing, which gives no less than God himself in his own immensity—no more circumscribed to the limited manner of the creation, but always drawing it out of that to plunge it wholly into his divine Essence. Then the soul knows that all the states of self-pleasing, visions, of intellectual illuminations, of ecstasies and raptures, of whatever value they might once have been, are now rather obstacles than advancements; and that they are not of service in the state of experience which is far above them; because the state which has props or supports, which is the case with the merely illuminated and ecstatic state, rests in them in some degree, and has pain to lose them. But the soul cannot arrive at the state of which I am now speaking, without the loss of all such supports and helps. . . . The soul is then so submissive, and perhaps we may say so passive,—that is to say, is so disposed equally to receive from the hand of God either good or evil,—as is truly astonishing. It receives both the one and the other without any selfish emotions, letting them flow and be lost as they came.'—Vol. i. pp. 262, 263.

These passages convey the substance of the doctrine which, illustrated and expressed in various ways, pervades all the writings of Madame Guyon. This is the principle, adorned by the fancy of her *Torrents* and inculcated in the practical directions of her *Short Method of Prayer*. Such is the state to which Quietism proposes to conduct its votaries. In some places, she qualifies the strength of her expressions—she admits that we are not at all times equally conscious of this absolute union of the soul with its centre—the lower nature may not be always insensible to distress. But the higher, the inmost element of the soul is all the while profoundly calm, and recollection presently imparts a similar repose to the inferior nature. There is a separation here similar to that described by Richard of St. Victor, and other mystics, as the parting asunder of the soul and spirit. When the soul has thus passed, as she phrases it, out of the Nothing into the All, when its feet are set in 'a large room' (nothing less, according to her interpretation, than the compass of Infinity) 'a substantial or essential word' is spoken there. It is a continuous word, potent, ineffable, ever uttered without language. It is the immediate unchecked operation of resident Deity. What it speaks, it effects. It is blissful and mysterious as the language of heaven. We border here on the almost pantheistic maxim of Eckart, that God is what he does. With Madame Guyon, the events of Providence are God, and the decisions of the sanctified judgment respecting them are nothing less than the immediate voice of God in the soul. She compares the nature thus at rest in God to a tablet on which the divine hand writes—it must be held perfectly still, else the characters traced there will be distorted or incomplete. In her very humility she verges on the

audacity which arrogates inspiration. If she, passive and helpless, really acts no more, the impulses she feels, her words, her actions, must all bear the impress of an infallible divine sanction. It is easy to see that her speech and action—always well-meant, but frequently ill-judged—were her own after all, though nothing of her own seemed left. She acknowledges that she was sometimes at a loss as to the course of duty. She was guided more than once by random passages of the Bible and the casual expressions of others, somewhat after the fashion of the *sortes Virgilianæ* and the omens of ancient Rome. Her knowledge of scripture, the native power of her intellect, and the tenderness of her conscience, preserved her from pushing the doctrine of the inward light to its worst extreme. A few steps farther in that course and we meet with the mediæval fanatics who declared themselves a manifestation of the Holy Ghost—and with the prophetic jargon and fantastic outrage of the maddest followers of George Fox.

The errors of the doctrine which Madame Guyon was henceforward to preach with so much self-denying love, so much intrepid constancy, appear to us to lie upon the surface. Quietism tends to confound together the evil and the finite. The limited existence of man is represented as inevitably evil, and as obliterated rather than restored by salvation. German pantheism has systematically elaborated this mistake. The early German mystics adorned it with all the flowers of their florid and vehement rhetoric. Our very individuality was made a crime.

Again, the passages we have given convey, unquestionably, the idea of a practical substitution of God for the soul in the case of the perfectly sanctified. This exaggeration continually recurs in the eloquent sermons of Tauler. The soul within the soul is Deity. When all is desolate, silent, the divine Majesty arises, thinks, feels, and acts, within the transformed humanity. It is quite true that, as sanctification progresses, Christian virtue becomes more easy as the new habit gains strength. In many respects it is true, as Madame Guyon says, that effort would be requisite to neglect or violate certain duties or commands rather than to perform them. But this facility results from the constitution of our nature. We carry on the new economy within with less outcry, less labour, less confusion and resistance than we did when the revolution was recent, but we carry it on still—working, with divine assistance. God works *in* man, but not *instead* of man. It is one thing to harmonize, in some measure, the human will with the divine, another to substitute divine volitions for the human. Every man has within him Conscience—the judge (often bribed or clamoured down); Will—the mar-

shal; Imagination—the poet; Understanding—the student; Desire—the merchant, venturing its store of affection, and gazing out on the future in search of some home-bound argosy of happiness. But all these powers are found untrue to their allegiance. The ermine—the baton—the song—the books—the merchandise, are at the service of a usurper—sin. When the Spirit renews the mind there is no massacre—no slaughterous sword filling with death the streets of the soul's city, and making man the ruin of his former self. These faculties are restored to loyalty, and reinstated under God. Then Conscience gives verdict, for the most part, according to the divine statute-book, and is habitually obeyed. Then the lordly Will assumes again a lowly yet noble vassalage. Then the dream of Imagination is a dream no longer, for the reality of heaven transcends it. Then the Understanding burns the magic books in the market-place, and breaks the wand of its curious arts—but studies still, for eternity as well as time. The activity of Desire amasses still, according to its nature,—for *some* treasure man must have. But the treasure is on earth no longer. It is the advantage of such a religion that the very same laws of our being guide our spiritual and our natural life. The same self-control and watchful diligence which built up the worldly habits towards the summit of success, may be applied at once to those habits which ripen us for heaven. The old experience will serve. But the mystic can find no common point between himself and other men. He is cut off from them, for he believes he has another constitution of being, inconceivable by them—not merely other tastes and a higher aim. The *object* of Christian love may be inconceivable, but the affection itself is not so. It is dangerous to represent it as a mysterious and almost incomprehensible sentiment, which finds no parallel in our experience elsewhere. Our faith in Christ, as well as our love to Christ, are similar to our faith and love as exercised towards our fellow-creatures. Regeneration imparts no new faculty, it gives only a new direction to the old.

Quietism opposed to the mercenary religion of the common and consistent Romanism around it, the doctrine of disinterested love. Revolting from the coarse machinery of a corrupt system, it took refuge in an unnatural refinement. The love inculcated in Scripture is equally remote from the impracticable indifference of Quietism and the commercial principle of Superstition. Long ago, at Alexandria, Philo endeavoured to escape from an effete and carnal Judaism, to a similar elevation. The Persian Sufis were animated with the same ambition in reaction against the frigid legalism of the creed of Islam. Extreme was opposed

to extreme, in like manner, when Quietism, disgusted with the unblushing inconsistencies of nominal Christianity, proclaimed its doctrine of *perfection*—of complete sanctification by faith. This is not a principle peculiar to mysticism. It is of little practical importance. It is difficult to see how it can be applied to individual experience. The man who has reached such a state of purity must be the last to know it. If we do not, by some strange confusion of thought, identify ourselves with God, the nearer we approach Him the more profoundly must we be conscious of our distance. As in a still water, we may see reflected the bird that sings in an overhanging tree, and the bird that soars towards the zenith—the image deepest as the ascent is highest—so is it with our approximation to the Infinite Holiness. Madame Guyon admits that she found it necessary jealously to guard humility, to watch and pray—that her state was one only of ‘*comparative immutability*.’ It appears to us that perfection is prescribed as a goal ever to be approached, but ever practically inaccessible. Whatever degree of sanctification any one may have attained, it must always be possible to conceive of a state yet more advanced, it must always be a duty diligently to labour towards it.

Quietist as she was, few lives have been more busy than that of Madame Guyon with the activities of an indefatigable benevolence. It was only self-originated action which she strove to annihilate. In her case, Quietism contained a reformatory principle. Genuflexions and crossings were of little value in comparison with inward abasement and crucifixion. The prayers repeated by rote in the oratory were immeasurably inferior to that Prayer of Silence she so strongly commends—that prayer which, unlimited to times and seasons, unhindered by words, is a state rather than an act—a continuous sense of submission, which breathes, moment by moment, from the serene depth of the soul, ‘Thy will be done.’ But we must not suppose that all who embraced Quietism were so far enlightened as its ardent and intrepid apostle. Mysticism was not, in reality, a phenomenon new to the priesthood. They were prepared to turn that, like everything else, to their own advantage. The artful director made the doctrine of passivity very serviceable. It was attractive to feeble minds, and out of it he forged their fetters. Their passivity must be submission to *him*, who was to be to them as God.

As contrasted with the mysticism of St. Theresa, that of Madame Guyon appears to great advantage. She guards her readers against attempting to form any image of God. She aspires to an intellectual elevation—a spiritual intuition, above the sensuous region of theurgy, of visions, and of dreams. She saw no Jesuits in heaven bearing white banners among the heavenly throng of

the redeemed. She beheld no devil, 'like a little negro,' sitting on her breviary. She did not hear the voice of Christ 'like a low whistle.' She did not see the Saviour in an ecstasy drawing the nail out of his hand. She felt no large white dove fluttering above her head.* But she did not spend her days in founding convents—a slave to the interests of the clergy. So they made a saint of Theresa, and a confessor of Madame Guyon.

In the summer of 1681, Madame Guyon, now thirty-four years of age, quitted Paris for Gex, a town lying at the foot of the Jura about twelve miles from Geneva. It was arranged that she should take some part in the foundation and management of a new religious and charitable institution there. A period of five years was destined to elapse before her return to the capital. During this interval, she resided successively at Gex, Thonon, Turin, and Grenoble. Wherever she went, she was indefatigable in works of charity, and also in the diffusion of her peculiar doctrines concerning self-abandonment and disinterested love. Strong in the persuasion of her divine mission, she could not rest without endeavouring to influence the minds around her. The singular charm of her conversation won a speedy ascendancy over nearly all with whom she came in contact. It is easy to see how a remarkable natural gift in this direction contributed both to the attempt and the success. But the Quietist had buried nature, and to nature she would owe nothing,—these conversational powers could be, in her eyes, only a special gift of utterance from above. This mistake reminds us of the story of certain monks upon whose cloister garden the snow never lay, though all the country round was buried in the rigour of a northern winter. The marvellous exemption, long attributed by superstition to miracle, was discovered to arise simply from certain thermal springs which had their source within the sacred inclosure. It is thus that the warmth and vivacity of natural temperament has been commonly regarded by the mystic as nothing less than a fiery impartation from the altar of the celestial temple.

At Thonon her apartment was visited by a succession of applicants from every class, who laid bare their hearts before her, and sought from her lips spiritual guidance or consolation. She met them separately and in groups, for conference and for prayer. At Grenoble, she says she was for some time engaged from six o'clock in the morning till eight at evening in speaking of God to all sorts of persons,—'friars, priests, men of the world, maids, 'wives, widows, all came, one after another, to hear what was to 'be said.'—(*Upham*, vol. i. p. 357.) Her efforts among the

* *La Vida de la B. M. Theresa de Jesus*, pp. 300, 302, 310, 227. Ed. 1615.

members of the House of the Novitiates in that city were eminently successful, and she appears to have been of real service to many who had sought peace in vain by the austerities and the routine of monastic seclusion. Meanwhile, she was active, both at Thonon and Grenoble, in the establishment of hospitals. She carried on a large and continually increasing correspondence. In the former place, she wrote her *Torrents*, in the latter, she published her *Short Method of Prayer*, and commenced her *Commentaries on the Bible*.

But, alas! all this earnest, tireless toil is unauthorized. Bigotry takes the alarm, and cries, the Church is in danger. Priests who were asleep—priests who were place-hunting—priests who were pleasure-hunting, awoke from their doze, or drew breath in their chase, to observe this woman whose life rebuked them—to observe and to assail her; for rebuke, in their terminology, was scandal. Persecution hemmed her in on every side; no annoyance was too petty, no calumny too gross, for priestly jealousy. The inmates of the religious community she had enriched were taught to insult her—tricks were devised to frighten her by horrible appearances and unearthly noises—her windows were broken—her letters were intercepted.* Thus, before a year had elapsed, she was driven from Gex. Some called her a sorceress; others, more malignant yet, stigmatized her as half a Protestant. She had indeed recommended the reading of the Scriptures to all, and spoken slightly of mere bowing and bead-counting. Monstrous contumacy—said, with one voice, spiritual slaves and spiritual slave-owners—that a woman desired by her bishop to do one thing, should discover an inward call to do another. At Thonon the priests burnt in the public square all the books they could find treating of the inner life, and went home elated with their performance. One thought may have embittered their triumph—had it only been flesh instead of paper. She inhabited a poor cottage that stood by itself in the fields, at some distance from Thonon. Attached to it was a little garden, in the management of which she took pleasure. One night a rabble from the town were incited to terrify her with their drunken riot—they trampled down and laid waste the garden, hurled stones in at the windows, and shouted their threats, insults, and curses, round the house the whole night. Then came an episcopal order to quit the diocese. When compelled subsequently, by the opposition she encountered, to withdraw secretly from Grenoble, she

* She appears to have attributed these alarms, in several instances, to demoniacal agency.—*Autobiog.* vol. ii. p. 5. A colloquy of Erasmus, entitled *Virgo pœnitens*, satirizes, amusingly enough, these hobgoblin devices, so frequently employed by the monks.

was advised to take refuge at Marseilles. She arrived in that city at ten o'clock in the morning, but that very afternoon all was in uproar against her, so vigilant and implacable were her enemies.

In the year 1686, Madame Guyon returned to Paris, and entered the head-quarters of persecution. Rumours reached her, doubtless, from beyond the Alps, of cruel measures taken against opinions similar to her own which had spread rapidly in Italy. But she knew not that all these severities originated with Louis XIV. and his Jesuit advisers—that her king, while revoking the Edict of Nantes, and dispatching his dragoons to extirpate Protestantism in France, was sending orders to D'Etrees, his ambassador at Rome, to pursue with the utmost rigour Italian Quietism—and that the monarch, who shone and smiled at Marly and Versailles, was crowding with victims the dungeons of the Roman Inquisition.

The leader of Quietism in Italy was one Michael de Molinos, a Spaniard, a man of blameless life, of eminent and comparatively enlightened piety. His book, entitled *The Spiritual Guide*, was published in 1675, sanctioned by five famous doctors, four of them inquisitors and one a Jesuit, and passed, within six years, through twenty editions in different languages. His real doctrine was probably identical in substance with that of Madame Guyon. It was openly favoured by many nobles and ecclesiastics of distinguished rank; by D'Etrees among the rest. Molinos had apartments assigned him in the Vatican, and was held in high esteem by Infallibility itself. But the Inquisition and the Jesuits, supported by all the influence of France, were sure of their game. The audacity of the Inquisitors went so far as to send a deputation to examine the orthodoxy of the man called Innocent XI.; for even the tiara was not to shield the patron of Molinos from suspicions of heresy. The courtier-cardinal D'Etrees found new light in the missives of his master. He stood committed to Quietism. He had not only embraced the opinions of Molinos, but had translated into Italian the book of Malaval, a French Quietist, far more extreme than Molinos himself. Yet he became, at a moment's notice, the accuser of his friend. He produced the letter of Louis rebuking the faithless sloth of the pontiff who could entertain a heretic in his palace, while he, the eldest son of the Church, toiled incessantly to root out heresy from the soil of France; he read before the Inquisitorial Tribunal extracts from the papers of Molinos; he protested that he had seemed to receive, in order at the proper juncture more effectually to expose, these abominable mysteries. If these professions were false, D'Etrees was a heretic; if true, a

villain. The Inquisitors, of course, deemed his testimony too valuable to be refused. In the eyes of such men the enormous crime which he pretended was natural, familiar, praiseworthy. Depths of baseness beyond the reach of ordinary iniquity are heights of virtue with the followers of Dominio and Loyola. Guilt, which even a bad man would account a blot upon his life, becomes, in the annals of their zeal, a star. The Spanish Inquisitor-General, Valdes, who raised to the highest pitch his repute for sanctity, secured the objects of his ambition, averted the dangers which threatened him, and preserved his ill-gotten wealth from the grasp of the crown, simply by his activity as a persecutor, made a practice of sending spies to mix (under pretence of being converts or inquirers) among the suspected Lutherans of Valladolid and Seville. Desmarets de St. Sorlin denounced, and caused to be burnt, a poor harmless madman, named Morin, who fancied himself the Holy Ghost. Counsellor by the Jesuit confessor of Louis, Father Canard, he pretended to become his disciple, and then betrayed him. This Desmarets, be it remembered, had written a book called *Les Délices de l'Esprit*, happily characterized by a French wit, when he proposed for *délices* to read *délires*. Those immoral consequences which the enemies of Madame Guyon professed to discern in her writings, are drawn openly in the sensual and blasphemous phraseology of this religious extravaganza. But because Desmarets was a useful man to the Jesuits—because he had drawn away some of the nuns of the Port Royal—because he had given the flames a victim—because he was protected by Canard,—the same archbishop of Paris who imprisoned Madame Guyon, honoured with his sanction the ravings of the licentious visionary. So little had any sincere dread of spiritual extravagance to do with the hostility concentrated on the disciples of Quietism. The greater portion of the priesthood feared only lest men should learn to become religious on their own account. The leaders of the movement against Madame Guyon were animated by an additional motive. They knew they should delight His Most Christian Majesty by affording him another opportunity of manifesting his zeal for orthodoxy, and they wished to strike at the reputation of Fenelon through Madame Guyon. The fate of Molinos decided her, and hers that of the Archbishop of Cambray.

The only crime brought home to the followers of Molinos was a preference for the religion of the heart to that of the rosary; the substitution of a devout retirement for the observance of certain superstitious forms and seasons. His condemnation was determined. After an imprisonment of two years he was exhi-

bited in the Temple of Minerva, his hands bound, and a lighted taper burning in them. A plenary indulgence was granted to all who should be present; a vast concourse listened to the sentence; hired voices cried, 'To the fire! to the fire!' the mob was stirred to a frenzy of fanaticism. His last gaze upon the world beheld a sea of infuriate faces, the pomp of his triumphant adversaries,—then to the gloom and solitude of the dungeon in which he was to languish till death bestowed release.

At Paris, Madame Guyon became the centre of a small but illustrious circle, who listened with delight to her exposition of that Quietism to which the tender earnestness of her language and her manner lent so indescribable a charm. There were the Duke and Duchess of Beauvilliers, the Duke and Duchess of Chevreuse, the Duchess of Bethune, and the Countess of Guiche. The daughters of Colbert and of Fouquet forgot the long enmity of their fathers in a religious friendship, whose tie was yet more closely drawn by their common admiration for Madame Guyon. But letters filled with complaints against La Combe and Madame Guyon poured in upon Harlay, Archbishop of Paris. He procured the arrest of La Combe, who spent the remainder of his days in various prisons. A little calumny and a forged letter obtained from the king a *lettre de cachet* confining Madame Guyon to an apartment in the Convent of St. Marie. The sisters were strongly prejudiced against her, but her gentle patience won all hearts, and her fair jailors soon vied with each other in praises of their fascinating prisoner. An examination elicited nothing decidedly unfavourable. Not a stain could be detected in her character; she offered to submit all her papers and her writings to investigation. The intercession of Madame Miramion and other friends with Madame de Maintenon, procured her release after a captivity of eight months.

The most dangerous enemy Madame Guyon had as yet was her own half-brother, Père La Mothe. He had calumniated her in secret while in Switzerland; he was still more active now she was in Paris. He wished to become her Director, but La Combe was in the way. The artifices of La Mothe procured his arrest. He advised Madame Guyon, with hypocritical protestations of friendship, to flee to Montargis from the scandalous reports he himself had circulated, and from adversaries he himself had raised up. Then she would have been at his mercy—he would have pointed to her flight as a proof of guilt, and her own property and the guardianship of her children might have been secured for himself. He injured her as a relation only could. People said her cause must be a bad one since her own brother was

constrained, from regard to the credit of religion, to bear witness against her. A woman who had committed sacrifice at Lyons, and had run away from the convent of penitents at St. Jean, was employed by him to forge letters which should damage the character of Madame Guyon; to personate one of her maids and go from confessor to confessor throughout Paris, asserting that after living sixteen or seventeen years with her mistress she had quitted her, at last, in disgust at her abominable life.

Released from the convent of St. Marie, Madame Guyon was conducted by her court friends to express her thanks to Madame de Maintenon at St. Cyr. This institution had been founded, ten years previously, for the education of the daughters of noble but impoverished families. The idea originated with Madame de Maintenon; it was executed with royal speed and magnificence by Louis, and St. Cyr became her favourite resort. In fifteen months two thousand six hundred workmen raised the structure, on a marshy soil, about half a league from Paris—the genius of Mansard presided over the architecture—the style of the ordinances was revised by Boileau and Racine. There three hundred young ladies of rank, dressed in gowns of brown crape, with white quilted caps, tied with ribbons, whose colour indicated the class to which they belonged in the school, studied geography and drawing, heard mass, sang in the choir, and listened to preachments from the lips of Madame Brinon—who discoursed, so swore some of the courtiers, as eloquently as Bourdaloue himself. Tired out with the formal splendours of Versailles, Madame de Maintenon was never so happy as when playing the part of lady-abbess at St. Cyr. Often she would be there by six in the morning, would herself assist at the toilette of the pupils, would take a class throughout the day, would give the novices lessons on spiritual experience; nothing in its routine was dull, nothing in its kitchen was mean. She hated Fontainebleau, for it tore her from her family at St. Cyr. For the private theatricals of St. Cyr, Racine wrote Esther, at the request of Madame de Maintenon. Happy was the courtier who could obtain permission to witness one of these representations, who could tell with triumph to envious groups of the excluded, what an admirable Ahasuerus Madame de Caylus made, what a spirited Mordecai was Mademoiselle de Glapion, how the graceful Mademoiselle de Veillenne charmed the audience in the prayer of Esther—in short, how far the Esther surpassed the Phedra, and the actresses, the Raisins and the Chammelés of the Parisian boards. Louis himself drew up the list of admissions, as though it were for a journey to Marly—he was the first to enter—and stood at the door, with the catalogue of names in

one hand, and his cane held across as a barrier in the other, till all the privileged had entered. But the fashion of asceticism which grew with every year of Maintenon's reign threw its gloom over St. Cyr. The absolute vows were introduced, and much of the monotonous austerity of conventual life. Religious excitement was the only resource left to the inmates if they would not die of ennui. This relief was brought them by Madame Guyon.

Madame Maintenon was touched with pity for the misfortunes of Madame Guyon, with admiration for such patience, such forgetfulness of self,—she found in the freshness and fervour of her religious conversation a charm which recalled the warmer feelings of youth, which was welcome, for its elevation, after the fatigue and anxiety of state; for its sweetness, as contrasted with the barren minutiae of rigid formalism: she invited her constantly to her table—she encouraged her visits to St. Cyr—she met with her, and with Fenelon, at the Hôtels de Chevreuse and Beauvilliers, where a religious coterie assembled three times a week to discuss the mysteries of inward experience. Thus, during three or four years of favour with Madame de Maintenon, Madame Guyon became in effect the spiritual instructress of St. Cyr, and found herself at Paris surrounded by disciples whose numbers daily increased, and whom she withdrew from the licentious gaieties of the capital. At St. Cyr the young ladies studied her books, and listened to her as an oracle—the thoughtless grew serious—the religious strained every faculty to imitate the attainments of one in whom they saw the ideal of devotion. In Paris, mystical terminology became the fashionable language—it was caught up and glibly uttered by wits and roués—it melted from the lips of beauties who shot languishing glances at their admirers, while they affected to be weary of the world, and coquetted while they talked significantly of holy indifference or pure love. Libertines, like Treville, professed reform, and wrote about mysticism,—atheists, turned Christians, like Corbinelli, now became Quietists, and might be seen in the salon of Madame le Maigre, where Corbinelli shone, the brilliant expositor of the new religious romanticism.

During this period, Madame Guyon became acquainted with Fenelon. At their first interview she was all admiration, he all distrust. 'Her mind,' she says, 'had been taken up with him with much force and sweetness;' it seemed to be revealed to her that he should become one of her spiritual children. Fenelon, on his part, thought she had neglected her duty to her family for an imaginary mission. But he had inquired concerning her life at Montargis, and heard only praise. After a few con-

versations his doubts vanished—he had proposed objections—requested explanations—pointed out unguarded expressions in her books—she was modest, submissive, irresistible. There was a power in her language, her manner, her surviving beauty, which mysteriously dissipated prejudice, which even Nicole, Bossuet, Boileau, Gaillard, could not withstand when they conversed with her,—which was only overcome when they had ceased to behold her face, when her persuasive accents sounded no longer in their ears. She recalled to the thoughts of Fenelon his youthful studies at St. Sulpice;—there he had perused the mystical divines in dusty tomes, clasped and brazen-cornered,—now he beheld their buried doctrine raised to life in the busy present, animating the untaught eloquence of a woman, whom a noble enthusiasm alone had endowed with all the prerogatives of genius, and all the charms of beauty. This friendship, which events rendered afterwards so disastrous for himself, was beneficial to Madame Guyon. Fenelon taught her to moderate some of her spiritual excesses. Her extravagance reached its culminating point at Thonon. At Paris, influenced doubtless by Fenelon, as well as by more frequent intercourse with the world, she no longer enjoys so many picturesque dreams, no more heals the sick and casts out devils with a word, and no longer—as in her solitude there—suffers inward anguish consequent on the particular religious condition of Father La Combe when he is three hundred miles off. Her Quietism becomes less fantastic, and less, in a word, mesmeric. Mr. Upham appears to us as much to overrate the influence she exercised on Fenelon, as he underrates that which he exerted over her. It is curious to observe, how the acquaintance of Fenelon with Madame Guyon began with suspicion and ripened into friendship, while that of Bossuet, commencing with approval and even admiration, ended in calumny and persecution. Bossuet declared to the Duc de Chevreuse that while examining her writings, for the first time, he was astonished by a light and unction he had never before seen, and, for three days, was made to realize the divine Presence in a manner altogether new. Bossuet had never, like Fenelon, studied the mystics.

The two most influential Directors at St. Cyr were Godet des Marais, Bishop of Chartres, and Fenelon. These two men form a striking contrast. Godet was disgusting in person and in manners—a sour ascetic—a spiritual martinet—devoted to all the petty austerities of the most formal discipline. Fenelon was dignified and gentle, graceful as a courtier, and spotless as a saint—the most pure, the most persuasive, the most accomplished of religious guides. No wonder that most of the young inmates

of St. Cyr adored Fenelon, and could not endure Godet. Madame de Maintenon wavered between her two confessors: if Fenelon was the more agreeable, Godet seemed the more safe. Godet was miserably jealous of his rival. He was not sorry to find that the new doctrines had produced a little insubordination within the quiet walls of St. Cyr—that Fenelon would be compromised by the indiscretion of some among his youthful admirers. He brought a lamentable tale to Madame Maintenon. Madame du Peron, the mistress of the novices, had complained that her pupils obeyed her no longer; they neglected regular duties for unseasonable prayers; they had illuminations and ecstasies; one, in the midst of sweeping her room, would stand, leaning on her broom, lost in contemplation; another, instead of hearing lessons, became inspired, and resigned herself to the operation of the Spirit; the under-mistress of the classes stole away the enlightened from the rest, and they were found in remote corners of the house, feasting in secret on the sweet poison of Madame Guyon's doctrine. The precise and methodical Madame Maintenon was horrified. She had hoped to realize in her institute the ideal of her church, a perfect uniformity of opinion, an unerring mechanism of obedience. We wished, said she, to promote intelligence, we have made orators; devotion, we have made Quietists; modesty, we have made prudes; elevation of sentiment, and we have pride. She commissioned Godet to reclaim the wanderers, to demand that the books of Madame Guyon should be surrendered, setting herself the example by publicly delivering into his hand her own copy of the *Short Method*; she requested Madame Guyon to refrain from visiting St. Cyr; she began to doubt the prudence or the orthodoxy of Fenelon. What would the king say, if he heard of it—he, who had never liked Fenelon—who hated nothing so much as heresy—who had but the other day extinguished the Quietism of Molinos? She had read to him some of Madame Guyon's exposition of the Canticles; and he called it dreamy stuff. Doctrines really dangerous to purity were insinuated by some designing monks, under the name of Quietism. The odium fell on the innocent Madame Guyon; and her friends would necessarily share it. Malicious voices charged her with corrupting the principles of the Parisian ladies. Madame Guyon replied with justice,—when they were patching, and painting, and ruining their families by gambling and by dress, not a word was said against it; now that they have withdrawn from such vanities, the cry is, that I have ruined them. Rumour grew more loud and scandalous every day; the most incredible reports were most credited; the schools, too, had taken up the question of mysticism,

and argued it with heat: Nicole and Lami had dissolved an ancient friendship to quarrel about it,—as Fenelon and Bossuet were soon to do,—no controversy threatened to involve so many interests, to fan so many passions, to kindle so many hatreds, as this variance about disinterestedness, about indifference, about love.

The politic Madame Maintenon watched the gathering storm, and became all caution. At all costs, she must free herself from the faintest suspicion of fellowship with heresy. She questioned on the opinions of Madame Guyon, Bossuet and Noailles, Bourdaloue, Joly, Tiberge, Brisacier, and Tronson; and the replies of these esteemed divines, uniformly unfavourable, decided her. It would be necessary to disown Madame Guyon; her condemnation would become inevitable. Fenelon must be induced to disown her too, or his career was at a close; and Madame de Maintenon could smile on him no longer.

Madame Guyon, alarmed by the growing numbers and vehemence of her adversaries, had recourse to the man who afterwards became her bitterest enemy. She proposed to Bossuet that he should examine her writings. He complied, held several private interviews with her, and expressed himself, on the whole, more favourably than could have been expected. But these conferences, which did not altogether satisfy Bossuet, could do nothing to allay the excitement of the public.

Madame Guyon now requested the appointment of commissioners, who should investigate, and pronounce finally concerning her life and doctrine. Three were chosen—Bossuet; Noailles, Bishop of Chalons; and Tronson, Superior of St Sulpice. Noailles was a sensible, kind-hearted man; Tronson, a worthy creature, in poor health, with little opinion of his own; Bossuet, the accredited champion of the Gallican church, accustomed to move in an atmosphere of flattery—the august dictator of the ecclesiastical world—was absolute in their conferences. They met, from time to time, during some six months, at the little village of Issy, the country residence of the Superior of St Sulpice. When Madame Guyon appeared before them, Bossuet alone was harsh and rude; he put the worst construction on her words; he interrupted her; now he silenced her replies, now he burlesqued them; now he affected to be unable to comprehend them; now he held up his hands in contemptuous amazement at her ignorance; he would not suffer to be read the justification which had cost her so much pains; he sent away her friend, the Duke of Chevreuse. This ominous severity confused and frightened her. She readily consented to retire to a convent in the town of Meaux, there to be under the sur-

veillance of Bossuet. She undertook this journey in the depth of the most frightful winter which had been known for many years; the coach was buried in the snow, and she narrowly escaped with life. The commissioners remained to draw up, by the fireside, certain propositions, which should determine what was, and what was not, true mysticism. These constitute the celebrated Articles of Issy.

Bossuet repeatedly visited Madame Guyon, at Meaux. The great man did not disdain to approach the sick-bed of his victim, as she lay in the last stage of exhaustion, and there endeavour to overreach and terrify her. He demanded a submission, and promised a favourable certificate; the submission he received, the certificate he withheld. He sought to force her, by threats, to sign that she did not believe in the incarnation. The more timid she appeared, the more boisterous and imperative his tone. One day, he would come with words of kindness, on another, with words of fury; yet, at the very time, this Pilate could say to some of his brethren, that he found no serious fault in her. He declared, on one occasion, that he was actuated by no dislike—he was urged to rigorous measures by others; on another, that the submission of Madame Guyon, and the suppression of Quietism, effected by his skill and energy, would be as good as an archbishopric or a cardinal's hat to him. Justice and ambition contended within him; for a little while the battle wavered, till presently pride and jealousy brought up to the standard of the latter reinforcements so overwhelming, that justice was beaten for ever from the field. After six months' residence at Meaux, Madame Guyon received from Bossuet a certificate attesting her filial submissiveness to the Catholic faith, his satisfaction with her conduct, authorizing her still to participate in the sacrament of the Church, and acquitting her of all implication in the heresy of Molinos.

Meanwhile Fenelon had been added to the number of the commissioners at Issy. He and Bossuet were still on intimate terms; but Bossuet, like all vain men, was a dangerous friend. He knew how to inspire confidence which he did not scruple to betray. Madame Guyon, conscious of the purity of her life, of the orthodoxy of her intention, persuaded that such a man must be superior to the meaner motives of her persecutors, had placed in the hands of Bossuet her most private papers, not excluding the *Autobiography*, which had not been submitted even to the eye of Fenelon. To Bossuet, Fenelon had, in letters, unfolded his most secret thoughts—the conflicts and aspirations of his spiritual history, so unbounded was his reliance on his honour, so exalted his estimate of the judgment of that powerful mind in

matters of religion. The disclosures of both were 'distorted and abused to crush them; both had to rue the day when they trusted one who could sacrifice truth to glory. At Issy, the deference and the candour of Fenelon were met by a haughty reserve on the part of Bossuet. The meekness of Fenelon and the timidity of Madame Guyon, only inflamed his arrogance; to bow to him was to be overborne; to confront him was at once to secure respect, if not fairness. The Articles were already drawn up when the signature of Fenelon was requested. He felt that he should have been allowed his fair share in their construction; as they were, he could not sign them; he proposed modifications; they were acceded to; and the thirty-four Articles of Issy appeared in March, 1695, with the name of Fenelon associated with the other three.

To any one who reads these Articles, and the letter written by Fenelon to Madame de la Maisonfort, after signing them, it will be obvious that the Quietism of Fenelon went within a very small compass. When he comes to explain his meaning, the controversy is manifestly but a dispute about words. He did not, like Madame Guyon, profess to conduct devout minds by a certain method to the attainment of perfect disinterestedness. He only maintained the possibility of realizing a love to God, thus purified from self. He was as fully aware as his opponents, that to evince our love to God by willingness to endure perdition, was the same thing as attesting our devotion to Him by our readiness to hate Him for ever. This is the standing objection against the doctrine of disinterested love: our own divine, John Howe, urges it with force; it is embodied in the thirty-second of the Articles in question. But it does not touch Fenelon's position. His assertion is, that we should will our own salvation only because God wills it; that, supposing it possible for us to endure hell torments, retaining the grace of God and our consciousness that such suffering was according to His will, and conducive to His glory, the soul, animated by pure love, would embrace even such a doom. It is but the supposition of an impossible case. The Quietism of Fenelon does not preclude the reflex actions of the mind, or confine the spirit of the adept to the sphere of the immediate. It forbids only the introspection of self-complacency. It does not merge distinct acts in a continuous operation, nor discourage strenuous effort for self-advancement in holiness, or for the benefit of others—it only teaches us to moderate that impatience which has its origin in self, and declares that our own co-operation becomes, in certain cases, unconscious—is, as it were, lost in a 'divine facility.' The indefatigable benevolence of his life abundantly repudiates the

slandrous conclusion of his adversaries, that the doctrine of indifference concerning the future involves indifference likewise to moral good and evil in the present. Bossuet himself is often as mystical as Fenelon. St. Francis de Sales and Madame de Chantal said the very same things, not to mention the unbridled utterances of the earlier and the mediæval mystics canonized by the Church of Rome. Could the controversy have been confined to the real question, no harm would have been done. It would have resembled the duel, in Ben Jonson's play, between Fastidious Brisk and Signor Pantarvalo, where the rapiers cut through taffeta and lace, gold embroidery and satin doublets, but nowhere enter the skin. Certain terms and certain syllogisms, a well-starched theory, or an argument trimmed with the pearls of eloquence—might have been transfixed or rent by a dextrous pen, on this side or on that, but the prize of the conqueror would not have been court favour, or the penalty of the conquered exile. Theologians might have written, for a few, the learned history of a logical campaign, but the eyes of Europe would never have been turned to a conflict for fame and fortune raging in the Vatican and at Versailles, enlisting every religious party throughout Roman-catholic Christendom, and involving the rise or fall of some of the most illustrious names among the churchmen and nobility of France.

The writings of Madame Guyon had now been condemned, though without mention of her name; Bossuet had intimated that he required nothing further from her; she began to hope that the worst might be over, and returned with her friends from Meaux to Paris, to live there as much retired as possible. This flight, which he chose to call dishonourable, irritated Bossuet; she had suffered him to see that she could trust him no longer; he endeavoured to recover the certificate he had given; an order was procured for her arrest. The police observed that a house in the Faubourg St. Antoine was always entered by a pass-key. They made their way in, and found Madame Guyon. They brought away their prisoner, ill as she was, and the king was induced, with much difficulty, to sign an order for her incarceration at Vincennes. The despot thought a convent might suffice—not so the persecutors.

Bossuet had been for some time occupied in writing a work which should demolish with a blow the doctrine of Madame Guyon, and hold her up to general odium. It consisted of ten books, and was entitled *Instructions on the States of Prayer*. He showed the manuscript to Fenelon, desiring him to append a statement, approving all it contained, which should accompany the volume when published. Fenelon refused. Six months ago

he had declared that he could be no party to a personal attack on Madame Guyon: the *Instructions* contained little else. That tremendous attack was no mere exposure of unguarded expressions—no mere deduction of dangerous consequences, possibly unforeseen by a half-educated writer; it charged Madame Guyon with having for her sole design the inculcation of a false spirituality, which abandoned, as an imperfection, faith in the divine Persons and the humanity of Christ; which disowned the authority of Scripture, of tradition, of morality; which dispensed with vocal prayer and acts of worship; which established an impious and brutal indifference between vice and virtue—between everlasting hate of God and everlasting love; which forbade resistance to temptation as an interruption to repose; which taught an imaginary perfection extinguishing the nobler desires only to inflame the lower, and clothing the waywardness of self-will and passion with the authority of inspiration and of prophecy. Fenelon knew that this accusation was one mass of falsehood. If Bossuet himself believed it, why had he suffered such a monster still to commune; why had he been so faithless to his high office in the church as to give his testimonials declaring the purity of her purpose and the soundness of her faith, when he had not secured the formal retractation of a single error? To sign his approval of that book, would be not merely a cowardly condemnation of a woman whom he knew to be innocent—it would be the condemnation of himself. His acquaintance with Madame Guyon was matter of notoriety. It would be to say that he—a student of theology, a priest, an archbishop, the preceptor of princes—had not only refrained from denouncing, but had honoured with his friendship, the teacher of an abominable spiritualism which abolished the first principle of right and wrong. It would be to declare, in fact, such a prelate far more guilty than such a heretic. And Bossuet pretended to be his friend—Bossuet, who had laid the snare which might have been the triumph of the most malignant enemy. It was not a mere question of persons—Madame Guyon might die in prison—he himself might be defamed and disgraced—he did not mean to become her champion—surely that was enough, knowing what he knew,—let her enemies be satisfied with his silence—he could not suffer another man to take his pen out of his hand to denounce as an emissary of Satan one whom he believed to be a child of God.

Such was Fenelon's position. He wished to be silent concerning Madame Guyon. To assent to the charges brought against her would not have been even a serviceable lie, if such a man could have desired to escape the wrath of Bossuet at so

scandalous a price. Every one would have said that the Archbishop of Cambray had denounced his accomplice out of fear. Neither was he prepared to embrace the opposite extreme and to defend the personal cause of the accused, many of whose expressions he thought questionable, orthodox as might be her explanation, and many of whose extravagancies he disapproved. His enemies wished to force him to speak, and were prepared to damage his reputation whether he appeared for or against the prisoner at Vincennes. At length it became necessary that he should break silence; and when he did, it was not to pronounce judgment concerning the oppressed or her oppressors, it was to investigate the abstract question—the teaching of the Church on the doctrine of pure love. He wrote the *Maxims of the Saints*.

This celebrated book appeared in January, 1697, while Fenelon was at Cambray, amazing the Flemings of his diocese by affording them, in their new archbishop, the spectacle of a church dignitary who really cared for his flock, who consigned the easier duties to his vicars, and reserved the hardest for himself; who entered their cottages like a father, listened with interest to the story of their hardships or their griefs; who consoled, counselled, and relieved them; who partook of their black bread as though he had never shared the banquets of Versailles, and as though Paris were to him, as to themselves, a wonderful place far away, whose streets were paved with gold. Madame Guyon was in confinement at the village of Vaugirard, whither the compassion of Noailles had transferred her from Vincennes, resigned and peaceful, writing poetry and singing hymns with her pious servant-girl, the faithful companion of her misfortunes. Bossuet was visiting St. Cyr—very busy in endeavouring to purify the theology of the young ladies from all taint of Quietism—but quite unsuccessful in reconciling Madame de la Maisonfort to the loss of her beloved Fenelon.

The *Maxims of the Saints* was an exposition and vindication of the doctrines of pure love, of mystical union, and of perfection, as handed down by some of the most illustrious and authoritative names in the Roman-catholic Church, from Dionysius, Clement, and Augustine, to John of the Cross, and Francis de Sales;—it explained their terminology—it placed in juxtaposition with every article of legitimate mysticism its false correlative—the use and the abuse,—and was, in fact, though not expressly, a complete justification (on the principles of his church) of that moderate Quietism held by himself, and in substance by Madame Guyon. The book was approved by Tronson, by Fleury, by Hébert, by Pirot, a doctor of the Sorbonne, by Père le Chaise,

the King's Confessor, by the Jesuits of Clermont,—but it was denounced by Bossuet; it was nicknamed the Bible of the Little Church; Pontchartrain, the comptroller-general, and Maurice Le Tellier, Archbishop of Rheims, told the king that it was fit only for knaves or fools. Louis sent for Bossuet. The Bishop of Meaux cast himself theatrically at the feet of majesty, and, with pretended tears, implored forgiveness for not earlier revealing the heresy of his unhappy brother. A compromise was yet possible, for Fenelon was ready to explain his explanations, and to suppress whatever might be pronounced dangerous in his pages. But the eagle of Meaux had seen the meek and dove-like Fenelon—once almost more his disciple than his friend—erect the standard of independence and assume the post of a rival; his pride was roused, he was resolved to reign alone on the ecclesiastical Olympus of the court, and he would not hear of a peace that might rob him of a triumph. Did Fenelon pretend to shelter himself by great names—he, Bossuet, would intrench himself within the awful sanctuary of the Church; he represented religion in France; he would resent every attack upon his own opinions as an assault on the Catholic faith; he had the ear of the king, with whom heresy and treason were identical; success was all but assured, and, if so, war was glory. Such tactics are not peculiar to the seventeenth century. In our own day, every one implicated in religious abuses identifies himself with religion—brands every exposure of his misconduct as hostility to the cause of God—invests his miserable personality with the benign grandeur of the Gospel, and stigmatizes as troublers in Israel all who dare to inquire into his procedure, while innumerable dupes or cowards sleepily believe, or cautiously pretend to do so, that those who have management in a good object must themselves be good.

Fenelon now requested the royal permission to appeal to Rome; he obtained it, but was forbidden to repair thither to plead in person the cause of his book, and ordered to quit the court and confine himself to his diocese. The king went to St. Cyr, and expelled thence three young ladies, for an offence he could not comprehend,—the sin of Quietism. Intrigue was active, and the Duke de Beauvilliers was nearly losing his place in the royal household because of his attachment to Fenelon. The duke—noble in spirit as in name—and worthy of such a friendship, boldly told *Le Grand Monarque* that he was ready to leave the palace rather than to forsake his friend. Six days before the banishment of Fenelon, Louis had sent to Innocent XII. a letter, drawn up by Bossuet, saying in effect that the *Maxims* had been condemned at Paris, that everything urged in its de-

fence was futile, and that the royal authority would be exerted to the utmost to execute the decision of the pontifical chair. Bossuet naturally calculated that a missive, thus intimating the sentence Infallibility was expected by a great monarch to pronounce,—arriving almost at the same time with the news of a disgrace reserved only for the most grave offences, would secure the speedy condemnation of Fenelon's book.

At Rome commenced a series of deliberations destined to extend over a space of nearly two years. Two successive bodies of adjudicators were impanelled and dissolved, unable to arrive at a decision. A new congregation of cardinals was selected, who held scores of long and wearisome debates, while rumour and intrigue alternately heightened or depressed the hopes of either party. To write the *Maxims of the Saints* was a delicate task. It was not easy to repudiate the mysticism of Molinos without impugning the mysticism of St. Theresa. But the position of these judges was more delicate yet. It was still less easy to censure Fenelon without rendering suspicious, at the least, the orthodoxy of the most shining saints in the Calendar. On the one hand, there might be risk of a schism; on the other, pressed the urgency and the influence of a powerful party, the impatience, almost the menaces, of a great king.

The real question was simply this—is disinterested love possible? Can man love God for His own sake alone, with a love, not excluding, but subordinating all other persons and objects, so that they shall be regarded only in God who is All in All? If so, is it dangerous to assert the possibility, to commend this divine ambition, as Fenelon has done? But the discussion was complicated and inflamed by daily slander and recrimination, by treachery and insinuation, and by the honest anger they provoke; by the schemes of personal ambition, by the rivalry of religious parties, by the political intrigues of the State, and by the political intrigues of the Church; by the interests of a crew of subaltern agents, who loved to fish in muddy waters; and by the long cherished animosity between Gallican and Ultramontanist. Couriers pass and repass continually between Rome and Cambray, between Rome and Paris. The Abbé Bossuet writes constantly from Rome to the Bishop of Meaux; the Abbé de Chanterac from the same city to the Archbishop of Cambray. Chanterac writes like a faithful friend and a good man; he labours day and night in the cause of Fenelon; he bids him be of good cheer and put his trust in God. The letters of the Abbé Bossuet to his uncle are worthy a familiar of the Inquisition. After circulating calumnies against the character of Madame Guyon, after hinting that Fenelon was

a partaker of her immoralities as well as of her heresy, and promising, with each coming post, to produce fresh confessions and new discoveries of the most revolting licentiousness, he sits down to urge Bossuet to second his efforts by procuring the banishment of every friend whom Fenelon yet has at court; and to secure, by a decisive blow in Paris, the ruin of that 'wild beast' Fenelon at Rome. Bossuet lost no time in acting on the suggestion of so base an instrument.

At Paris a hot war of letters, pamphlets, and treatises, was maintained by the leaders, whose quarrel everywhere divided the city and the court into two hostile encampments. Fenelon offered a resistance Bossuet had never anticipated, and the veteran polemic was deeply mortified to see public opinion doubtful whether he or a younger rival had won the laurels in argument and eloquence. In an evil hour for his fame he resolved to crush his antagonist at all costs; he determined that the laws of honourable warfare should be regarded no more, that no confidence should be any longer sacred. In the summer of 1698 the storm burst upon the head of the exile at Cambray. Early in June, Fenelon heard that the Abbé de Beaumont, his nephew, and the Abbé de Langeron, his friend, had been dismissed in disgrace from the office of sub-preceptors to the young Duke of Burgundy; that Dupuy and de Leschelles had been banished the court because of their attachment to him; that his brother had been expelled from the marine, and a son of Madame Guyon from the guards; that the retiring and pacific Fleury had narrowly escaped similar ignominy for a similar cause; that the Dukes of Beauvilliers, Chevreuse, and Guiche, were themselves menaced, and the prospect of their downfall openly discussed; and that to correspond with him was hereafter a crime against the State. Within a month, another Job's messenger brought him tidings that Bossuet had produced a book entitled *An Account of Quietism*—an attack so terrible that the dismay of his remaining friends had almost become despair. Bossuet possessed three formidable weapons—his influence as a courtier, his authority as a priest, his powers as an author. He wielded them all at once, and all of them dishonourably. If he was unfair in the first capacity, when he invoked the thunders of royalty to ruin the cause of a theological opponent—if he was unfair in the second, when he denounced forbearance and silenced intercession as sins against God,—he was yet more so in the third, when he employed all his gifts to weave into a malignant tissue of falsehood and exaggeration the memoirs of Madame Guyon, the correspondence of Fenelon with Madame Maintenon, and his former confidential letters to

himself—letters on spiritual matters to a spiritual guide—letters which should have been sacred as the secrecy of the confessional. The sensation created by the *Account of Quietism* was prodigious. Bossuet presented his book to the king, whose approval was for every parasite the authentication of all its slanders. Madame de Maintenon, with her own hand, distributed copies among the courtiers; in the salon of Marly nothing else was talked of; in the beautiful gardens groups of lords and ladies, such as Watteau would have loved to paint, were gathered on the grass, beside the fountains, beneath the trees, to hear it read; it was begged, borrowed, stolen, greedily snatched and delightedly devoured; its anecdotes were so piquant, its style so sparkling, its bursts of indignant eloquence so grand; gay ladies, young and old, dandies, wits, and libertines, found its scandal so delicious—Madame Guyon was so exquisitely ridiculous—Lacombe, so odious a Tartuffe—Fenelon, so pitifully displumed of all his dazzling virtues; and, what was best of all, the insinuations were worse than the charges—the book gave much and promised more—it hinted at disclosures more disgraceful yet, and gave free scope to every malicious invention and every prurient conjecture.

The generous Fenelon, more thoughtful for others than for himself, at first hesitated to reply even to such a provocation, lest he should injure the friends who yet remained to him at Versailles. But he was soon convinced that their position, as much as his, rendered an answer imperative. He received Bossuet's book on the 8th of July, and by the 13th of August his defence had been written, printed, and arrived at Rome, to gladden the heart of poor Chanterac, to stop the mouth of the enemy, and to turn the tide once more in behalf of his failing party. This refutation, written with such rapidity, and under such disadvantages, was a masterpiece—it redeemed his character from every calumny—it raised his reputation to its height—it would have decided a fair contest completely in his favour. It was composed when his spirit was oppressed by sorrow for the ruin of his friends, and darkened by the apprehension of new injuries which his justification might provoke,—by a proscribed man at Cambray, remote from the assistance and appliances most needful,—without a friend to guide or to relieve the labour of arranging and transcribing documents and of verifying dates, where scrupulous accuracy was of vital importance,—when it was difficult to procure correct intelligence from Paris, and hazardous to write thither lest he should compromise his correspondents,—when even his letters to Chanterac were not safe from inspection,—when it would be difficult to find a printer for

such a book, and yet more so, to secure its circulation in the metropolis. As it was, D'Argenson, the lieutenant of police,—a functionary portrayed by his contemporaries as at once the ugliest and most unprincipled of men,—seized a package of seven hundred copies at the gates of Paris. The *Reply* appeared, however, and was eagerly read. Even the few who were neutral, the many who were envious, the host who were prejudiced, could not withhold their admiration from that lucid and elegant style—that dignified and unaffected eloquence; numbers yielded, in secret, at least, to the force of such facts and such arguments; while all were astonished at the skill and self-command with which the author had justified his whole career without implicating a single friend; and, leaving untouched the shield of every other adversary, had concentrated all his force on exposing the contradictions, the treachery, and the falsehood of Bossuet's accusation.

The controversy now draws to a close. Bossuet published *Remarks* on the *Reply* of Fenelon, and Fenelon rejoined with *Remarks* on the *Remarks* of Bossuet. Sixty loyal doctors of the Sorbonne censured twelve propositions in the *Maxims*, while Rome was yet undecided. Towards the close of the same year (1698) Louis wrote a letter to the Pope, yet more indecently urgent than his former one, demanding a thorough condemnation of so dangerous a book; and this epistle he seconded by depriving Fenelon, a few weeks afterwards, of the title and pension of preceptor—that pension which Fenelon had once nobly offered to return to a treasury exhausted by ambitious wars.

Innocent XII. had heard, with indignant sorrow, of the arbitrary measures adopted against Fenelon and his friends. He was mortified by the arrogance of Louis, by the attempts so openly made to forestall his judgment. He was accustomed to say that Cambray had erred through excess of love to God, Meaux, by want of love to his neighbour. But Louis was evidently roused, and it was not safe to provoke him too far. After a last effort at a compromise, the Pope yielded, and the cardinals pronounced a condemnation, far less complete, however, than the vehemence of the accusers had hoped to secure. Twenty-three propositions extracted from the *Maxims* were censured, but the pontiff openly declared that such censure did not extend to the explanations which the Archbishop of Cambray had given of his book. This sentence was delivered on the 12th of March, 1699. The submission of Fenelon is famous in history. He received the intelligence as he was about to ascend the pulpit; he changed his subject, and preached a sermon on the duty of submission to superiors. Bossuet endeavoured, in vain, to repre-

sent the obedience which was the first to pronounce the sentence of self-condemnation as a profound hypocrisy.

Madame Guyon lingered for four years a solitary prisoner in the dungeons of the Bastile. In the same tower was confined the Man of the Iron Mask, and she may have heard, in her cell, the melancholy notes of the guitar with which her fellow-prisoner beguiled a captivity whose horrors had then lasted seven-and-thirty years. There, a constitution never strong, was broken down by the stony chill of rigorous winters, and by the noxious vapours which steamed from the stagnant moat in summer. She was liberated in 1702, and sent to Blois,—a picturesque old city, whose steep and narrow streets, cut into innumerable steps, overlook the Loire,—crowned on the one side by its fine church, and on the other, by the royal chateau, memorable for the murder of the Guises; its massive proportions adorned by the varying tastes of successive generations, then newly beautified after the designs of Mansard, and now a ruin, the delight of every artist. There she lived in quiet, sought out from time to time by visitors from distant provinces and other lands,—as patient under the infirmity of declining age as beneath the persecutions of her earlier years—finding, as she had always done, some sweet in every bitter cup, and a theme for praise in every trial, purified by her long afflictions, elevated by her hope of glory, full of charity and full of peace, resigned and happy to the last. Her latest letter is dated in 1717,—Bossuet had departed, and Fenelon,—and before the close of that year, she also, the subject of such long and bitter strife, had been removed beyond all the tempests of this lower world.

In the judicial combats of ancient Germany it was the custom to place in the centre of the lists a bier, beside which stood the accuser and the accused, at the head and at the foot, leaning there for some time in solemn silence before they laid lance in rest and encountered in the deadly shock. Would that religious controversialists had oftener entered and maintained their combat as alike in view of that final appeal in the unseen world of truth—with a deeper and more abiding sense of that supreme tribunal before which so many differences vanish, and where none but he who has striven lawfully can receive a crown. Bossuet was regarded as the champion of Hope, and drew his sword, it was said, lest sacrilegious hands should remove her anchor. Fenelon girded on his arms to defend the cause of Charity. Alas! said the Pope,—heart-sick of the protracted conflict—they forget that it is Faith who is in danger. Among the many witty sayings which the dispute suggested to the lookers-on, perhaps one of the most significant is that attributed to the daughter of Madame

Sévigné. 'M. de Cambray,' said she, 'pleads well the cause of God, but M. de Meaux yet better that of religion, and cannot fail to win the day at Rome.' Fenelon undertook to show that his semi-Quietism was supported by the authority of ecclesiastical tradition, and he was unquestionably in the right. He might have sustained, on Romanist principles, a doctrine much less moderate, by the same argument. But it was his wish to render mysticism as rational and as attractive as possible; and no other advocate has exhibited it so purified from extravagance, or secured for it so general a sympathy. The principle of 'holy indifference,' however, must be weighed, not by the virtues of Fenelon, but according to the standard of Scripture—and such an estimate must, we believe, pronounce it mistaken.

The attempt to make mysticism definite and intelligible must always involve more or less of inconsistency, since mysticism is the worship of the indefinite, ignores reflective and discursive acts, and is the natural enemy of logic. Nevertheless, the enterprise has been repeatedly undertaken; and it is a remarkable fact, that such efforts have almost invariably originated in France. Mysticism and scholasticism—the spirit of the cloud and the spirit of the snow—reign as rivals throughout the stormy region of the Middle Age. The reaction against the extremes of each nourished its antagonist. From beneath the cold and rigid formulas of the schools an exhaustless flow of mysticism leaped continually into life, like the torrent perpetually produced by the glacier, which rushes out to freedom and to sunshine from under its portcullis of hanging ice. In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, two Frenchmen, Hugo and Richard of St. Victor, endeavoured to effect a union, and to reconcile these contending products of the heart and brain. They sought to animate the one, and to systematize the other. In that ascetic abstraction, which hides in darkness all the objects of sense, they sought to develop, from the dull and arid stem of school divinity, the most precious blossoms of the feeling; and their mysticism resembles those plants of the cactus-tribe which unfold, from their lustreless and horny leaves, gorgeous flowers, that illumine, with phosphoric radiance, the darkness of the tropical night. The Victorines were succeeded in the same path by Bonaventura, a Frenchman by education, if not by birth, more a schoolman than a mystic; and, in the fifteenth century, by the celebrated Chancellor Gerson, who found time, amidst the tumult and alarm of revolted Paris and invaded France, to write a work on the theory and practice of mysticism. These are mystics who have no tales to tell of inspiration and of vision—their aim is to legitimize rapture, to define ecstasy, to explain the higher

phenomena of the spirit on the basis of an elaborate psychology, to separate the delusive from the real in mysticism, and to ascertain the laws of that mystical experience, of which they acknowledged themselves to be but very partially the subjects. With this view, Gerson introduced into mysticism, strange to say, the principle of induction; and proposed, by a collection and comparison of recorded examples, to determine its theory, and decide its practice. In the *Maxims of the Saints*, Fenelon carries out the idea of Gerson, as far as was requisite for his immediate purpose. Both are involved in the same difficulty, and fall into the same contradiction. What Molinos was to Fenelon, Ruysbroek was to Gerson. Fenelon wished to stop short of the spiritualism condemned as heretical in Molinos; Gerson, to avoid the pantheism he thought he saw in Ruysbroek. Both impose checks, which, if inefficacious, amount to nothing; if effective, are fatal to the very life of mysticism—both hold doctrines to which they dare not give scope; and both are, to some extent, implicated in the consequences they repudiate by the principles they admit.

Mysticism in France contrasts strikingly, in this respect, with mysticism in Germany. Speaking generally, it may be said that France exhibits the mysticism of sentiment, Germany the mysticism of thought. The French love to generalize and to classify; an arrangement which can be expressed by a word, a principle which can be crystallized into a sparkling maxim, they will applaud. But with them conventionalism reigns paramount—society is ever present to the mind of the individual—their sense of the ludicrous is exquisitely keen. The German loves abstractions for their own sake. In the isolation of his reverie, the whole province of reasoning and observation becomes as completely subjective as the inmost sanctuary of the feeling. The Frenchman will transform, by sentiment from within, the form of truth which he receives from without. The German mystic turns his back upon the schools, and is proud of elaborating both form and content from his own mind alone. Where the Frenchman is afraid lest his notions should be laughed at as fantastic and *bizarre*, the German revels in the monstrous, and is ambitious to amaze mankind by revolutionizing the world of thought. To secure popularity for a visionary error in France it must be lucid and elegant as their language—it must be at least an ingenious and intelligible falsehood; but in Germany, the most grotesque inversions of thought and of expression will be found no hindrance to its acceptability, and the most hopeless obscurity will be pronounced its highest merit. In this respect, the German philosophers resemble Lycophron, who was so

convinced that unintelligibility was grandeur as to swear he would hang himself if a man were found capable of understanding his play of *Cassandra*. Almost every later German mystic has been a secluded student—almost every mystic of modern France has been a brilliant conversationalist. The genius of mysticism rises, in Germany, in the clouds of the solitary pipe; in France, it is a fashionable Ariel, who hovers in the drawing-room, and hangs to the pendants of the glittering chandelier. If Jacob Behmen had appeared in France, he must have counted disciples by units, where in Germany he reckoned them by hundreds. If Madame Guyon had been born in Germany, rigid Lutheranism might have given her some annoyance; but her earnestness would have redeemed her enthusiasm from ridicule, and she would have lived and died the honoured precursor of modern German Pietism. The simplicity and strength of purpose which characterizes so many of the German mystics appear to much advantage beside the vanity and affection which have so frequently attended the manifestations of mysticism in France. When theosophic and theurgic mysticism arose in Germany, and attempted to construct an inspired science, which should disclose to the adept, by special revelation, the mysteries of nature and the hidden inhabitants of the fire and the waters, the air and the earth, it was associated almost everywhere with religion. Even Paracelsus was an amateur divine as well as a doctor; and dispenses, in his writings, theology and medicine together. Jacob Behmen clothes the mysteries of faith in the chemical jargon of his day, and unfolds his scientific theories in the language of the Bible. But, with all his follies, no one who has read his letters can doubt the depth and sincerity of his religious feeling. In France, where the Reformation had been suppressed, and where superstition had been ridiculed with such success, the same love of the marvellous was most powerful with the most irreligious—it filled the antechamber of Cagliostro with impatient dandies and grandees, trembling, and yet eager to pry into the future—too enlightened to believe in Christ, yet too credulous to doubt the powers of a man before whose door fashion drew, night after night, a line of carriages which filled the street.

The fourteenth century was singularly prolific, both in the east and west, in every variety of mysticism. It is traced in Spain among the Allombrados, whose only records are the chronicles of the Inquisition. It existed in the university of Paris, among the remaining followers of Amalric of Bena and David of Dinant, the doctrinal successors of the pantheistic Erigena. It was the forerunner of the Reformation in Germany, and pervaded, under different forms, both the higher and the

lower classes of society throughout Switzerland, the Rhineland, and the Netherlands. It was represented in Italy by Angela de Foligni and Catharine of Genoa, while St. Brigitta was its deputy from Sweden; in the east it was gross and material with the Hesychasts of Mount Athos, and sacerdotal with the Byzantine Cabasilas; while in Persia, Sufis like Dschelaleddin Rumi, Saadi, and Feridoddin Attar, adorned with all the luxuriant imagery of Oriental song, doctrines of mystical death, divine afflatus, and absorption in God, which constitute a pantheistic Quietism.

Under the great German mystics of that period—Eckart, Tauler, and Suso—mysticism was for the first and almost the last time thoroughly popular. It was occupied, it is true, with the most recondite speculations, its high-strained spiritualism urged the most impossible demands; but then its teachers wrote and preached in the vernacular, espoused the cause of the laity against the arrogance of the priesthood, stood up for the fatherland against French craft and papal domination, denounced judgment with a terrible prophetic fervour on the heads of robber-nobles and exacting priests, formed associations for safety and for reform throughout the great free towns, in which the layman and the clerk were on a level, and was, for many years, in many regions of Germany, the only kind of religion left to a people whose bells had been muffled, their mass-books shut, their churches barricaded, their priests silenced by the vindictive ban of a voluptuous pope at Avignon. In the fourteenth century the range of mysticism was wide; its tendency was to idealize the objective truths of revelation; it found a trinity and an incarnation within the heart of man; it aimed to restore men in time to the condition they were supposed to occupy before time, when they existed as thoughts in the mind of God—as archetypes within the divine word—in an everlasting *now*—without before and after; it strove to develop the divine spark, hidden in the depth of man's nature, by the gradual reduction of that nature to its nude simplicity. In the seventeenth century, and in France, this Platonic element—these aspirations after an ante-natal state—these speculations concerning the perpetual incarnation of the Word in the persons of believers, drop out of sight, and mysticism concentrates itself, with Fenelon, on the inward life of disinterested love. The reformatory character of mysticism is far less prominent in the later period; for in the fourteenth century reformation was longed for and yet afar off; in the seventeenth it had arrived, and the Gallican church, horror-stricken by Protestantism, identified every opposition to the excess of outward observance

with Luther and the devil. The reforming mysticism of Germany could accomplish no reformation because of the inherent defects of its principle. Confounding, as it did, sanctification and justification—deficient in scriptural truth, when grossly apprehended by the people it too often led to lawless excesses which disgraced it, and when retained in its purer form its refined transcendentalism could only secure the sympathies of the few.

We need not be at great pains, now-a-days, to show that mysticism is an error in *science*—that Jacob Behmen was egregiously mistaken in fancying the little room above his cobbler's shop a holy place, in which all the secrets of the universe would be revealed to him, while he sat in his chair, pen in hand; that the theosophists were wrong in imagining that their studies were like the Tower of the Universe, in which the wizard Zirfea enclosed the princes and princesses who figure in the romance of Amadis of Greece, and where all the history and mystery of the world was presented by magic to their gaze, as they reclined, spell-bound, upon enchanted seats.

Mysticism is not less an error in *religion*—an excessive subjectivity—a feverish spiritualism. It supposes the human mind to be like one of those old manuscripts called palimpsests, from which an earlier character has been effaced to make room for some later and worthless writing, and which the scholar carefully scours to remove the upper inscription and to restore the lower, which may prove some precious relic of antiquity, over-written by the barbarous Latin of a monkish scribe. Similarly the mystic proposes, by an abstraction which shall clear the mind of all that time and passion and the outer world have written there, to discover the hidden law primarily traced by a divine hand, and to find in the original of the soul, an exact transcript of the thought of God. The mediæval mystic who persuaded himself that he had succeeded in this attempt, believed his mind a mirror which in its calm presented the exact reflex of the verities of the divine nature and the unseen world (*superiora invisibilia divina*)—his impressions obtained the sanction of revelation—and to look inward and to look upward was identical. Mysticism, in its higher forms, would ascend above all historic facts and sensible images,—aspires to gaze immediately on the unrevealed Godhead, and to be lost in that as a drop in the ocean. It substitutes an unknown God for the known, and forgets that Scripture—adapted, not to an imaginary faculty of mystical intuition, but to the whole of our nature—is full of sensible images, of facts, of reasonings, and of appeals to that hope and fear which mysticism disdains. It forsakes the

common sunshine of revelation for an extraordinary light which is to illumine its narrow and ascetic seclusion, and would be lit only—as the Talmud says Noah was in the ark—by the radiance of pearls and diamonds. Its self-annihilation has often so completely substituted God for the ravished personality of the individual, that many of its votaries have regarded themselves as a kind of divinities, as vehicles of God, and grown as mad as the hypochondriac woman whom old Burton describes as afraid to shut her hand lest she should crush the world. Its morbid introspection and its asceticism have generally made its followers inactive and useless. Naturalists tell us there is a torpor produced by heat as well as by cold, and that the crocodile and the boa lie in the baking mire of the tropics, as insensible as the bear while hybernating in the arctic snow. It is the same in the spiritual world, and when the fervours of the mystic have subsided into practical Quietism, his sleep is as dead as the frozen slumber of the sceptic.

It is amusing to see how egotistical are some mystics in their abjuration of the Ego. They are never weary of talking about that which they profess to annihilate—the lamentations and confessions of their spiritual disorder minister continually to display—their eloquence shines in the description of imaginary ailments, and they parade their mental affluence as they disclose their spiritual maladies—somewhat like Zoilus, who pretended to be ill that he might exhibit to his friends the new purple counterpane he had just received from Alexandria. They remind us of that picture of Affectation so finely drawn by Pope, when he describes how she

“Faints into airs, and languishes with pride,
On the rich quilt sinks with becoming woe,
Wrapt in a gown for sickness, and for show.
The fair ones feel such maladies as these,
When each new night-dress gives a new disease.”

The mysticism which arose in Europe to resist the exclusiveness of the clergy and the formalism of the Romish sacraments, did good service in maintaining the necessity of experimental religion against the *opus operatum*. But that mysticism which has been conducted and extolled by the priesthood, was too commonly profitable only to confessors and directors, and a most miserable experiment for its subjects. When the priests had caught an enthusiast, they availed themselves, with equal art and cruelty, of his anguish, his earnestness, his self-forgetfulness, to train him for a pattern—to stimulate his extravagance to its height;—for the more monstrous his asceticism, the more portentous and unnatural the distortions of his frenzied devotion,

the more would the crowd gather, money flow, and priestcraft flourish. Such specimens of mental and spiritual disease were commonly regarded with all the reverence the Russian serf pays to an intoxicated man, with all the veneration the Mohammedan feels for the idiot whose intellect he believes to be in heaven. These models of useless self-sacrifice were put forward by a corrupt clergy to hide their own self-indulgence, and their sanctity was employed in ecclesiastical tactics for much the same purpose to which Cambyses put the sacred birds of Egypt, when he posted a line of them before his invading army—aware that the Egyptians would rather surrender on the spot than harm a feather of their holy ibis. The fiery convulsions of these ardent natures was often found effective as a spectacle, to stimulate the sluggish devotion and the reluctant offerings of grosser temperaments,—as chemists say, that the fires of Vesuvius and *Ætna* supply the air with gases which foster vegetation on the dull and quiet plains of monotonous Holland. In France, especially, mysticism was the frequent resource of men and women overwhelmed by sorrow, or disgusted with a life of dissipation. To such the most extravagant form of religion was the most attractive, as extreme begets extreme. In some cases, as they resorted to religion, disappointed by the world, so they took refuge in Quietism when disappointed by ordinary religion. Exhausted by the trying alternations of religious hope and fear, they embraced indifference—and their Quietism was less aspiration than desperation. It is sad to think of the sufferings of many a bruised heart, seeking peace in mysticism under the guidance of some Jesuit director,—a religious *Dousterswivel*—whose pretended art is powerless to bestow that treasure of tranquillity which is always promised, never realized—who, instead of healing the wounds which the world has made, only creates new distresses, new perplexities, and new sins, by his vexatious and unnatural casuistry,—thoughts of fear, which inflame the yet smarting sore, like those stinging insects that bite and nestle in the wounds the vampyre-bat has made in the flesh of the sleeper. In place of the solid, intelligible consolation needed by man, mysticism has too generally offered its intangible refinements—its indefinable divine illapses—touches—tastes, and manifestations—which emasculate, instead of bracing the soul—which vanish, like a dream, and leave it powerless and bewildered—which would be questionable fare for the taste of angels, and are but the mockery of food to mortals in the body. How happy would many of its votaries have been could they have substituted for its ethereal exaltations a little of that simple diet—the scriptural bread of life—so kindred to that element in which

man lives. As it is, however, they resemble the lamb brought into the churches on St. Agnes' day—stretched out on its cushion fringed with gold—its ears and tail decked with gay ribands—bleating to church music—petted and adorned in a manner, to it most unintelligible and unsatisfying—and seeming, to the ear of the satirist, to cry all the while—

“ Alack, and alas!
What's all this white damask to daisies and grass !”

It is a poor consolation to offer men liberty in their dreams as a recompence for the wearisome inactivity of their waking hours—to give them the wings of vision in the night as a compensation for Quietist inertness by day—to emancipate the fancy, on condition of being suffered to lull the intellect into torpor. Few would be content, in our own day, thus to live but half their life, and to resemble in this respect that enchanted forest, which by day was a company of trees, but every night an army of warriors.

Among ourselves, of late, mysticism has appeared in opposition to scriptural religion. In England, Mr. Newman; in America, Theodore Parker and Emerson, exalt the religious sentiment above the Bible—question the possibility of a written revelation—announce the doctrine of disinterested love once more—propose to realize eternity in the present, by rising above the meanness of fear, and the selfishness of hope,—and, in the name of the spirit against the letter, defend their own opinions as true spirituality, and assail those of others as a corrupt literalism.

- ART. II.—(1.) *Zoology: a Systematic Account of the General Structure, Habits, Instincts, and Uses, of the Principal Families of the Animal Kingdom.* By W. B. CARPENTER, M.D., F.R.S., F.G.S. Two vols. London: Orr and Co. 1848.
- (2.) *The Passions of Animals.* By EDWARD P. THOMSON. London: Chapman and Hall. 1851.
- (3.) *A Naturalist's Sojourn in Jamaica.* By PHILIP HENRY GOSSE, A.L.S., &c. London: Longman and Co. 1851.
- (4.) *A Preliminary Discourse on the Study of Natural History.* By W. SWAINSON. Lardner's 'Cabinet Cyclopædia.' 1834.
- (5.) *Chambers's Papers for the People.* No. 82. *Animal Instincts and Intelligence.*

THE numerous works on Natural History which continually issue from the press in this country, are a standing proof of the strong relish for this study which exists among us. But they also furnish abundant evidence, that of the many who have a taste for the pursuit, very few can give a reason for their predilection. The laboured attempts of writers to justify themselves, and to recommend their studies to the reader, satisfy him, in most cases, that the authors have formally deceived themselves, and are unconsciously endeavouring to deceive others. The arguments made use of do not come warm from a country scramble or a saunter by the river side, but cold as after thoughts. The words in which they are expressed are a sort of stock in trade common to naturalists for the last fifty years, who, as if conscious of the weakness of their case, are accustomed, not unfrequently, to lean for support on a quotation from some classical author.

The explanation of this state of things, we think to be, that natural history is studied by few as it ought to be studied. If it were rightly understood, the results would be a full justification for the time and attention bestowed on it. But *dilettanti*, of whom naturalists at present are chiefly composed, needlessly reluctant to give even the reasons which recommend their favourite pursuit to them, such as the simple love of acquisition, a pleasure in observing new forms of animal life, a liking for *any* object as a resource against *ennui*, and an inducement to take exercise, set their inventions or memories to work, and succeed in producing some account of the benign influences of their pursuit, or of its great practical uses, to do justice to the comical nature of which would almost require a Molière. To such an extent has the study of natural history been thus overlaid with false glitter, that the reader is glad when nothing is said of objects and uses;

for it is better that no reasons should be given for its study than bad ones. Moreover, though its progress is much retarded at present, from the want of some over-ruling object for those interested in the subject to pursue, yet the time has not come when all the uses and objects of natural history can be stated. Uses now undreamed of will appear as the study advances, just as in our own day it has served one important (and until lately unsuspected) use, in elucidating the history of our globe during remote epochs. The same remark applies to sciences much farther advanced than natural history. Those who, twenty years ago, devoted themselves to the study of electricity, could have given little account of the uses to which it is now put; and many still ardently pursue different branches of science, unconscious of what will be the end of their journey, but contented because they know they are in the right road.

We propose attempting in the present paper—1st, Having discussed which among the objects usually assigned as the aim of natural history, are not the true objects, to show what are some important objects which it should have in view. 2ndly, To state what are the methods by which the study must be carried on, and the direction which is most likely to lead to results of practical utility.

In discussing the first of these points, we shall refer to Dr. Carpenter's views, expressed in the Introduction to his *Treatise on Zoology*, as being a favourable example of the views generally entertained by naturalists. In the following extract Dr. Carpenter admits how little the true objects of the science are understood; but we think the errors of naturalists are much greater than those which he points out; and it is to those unnoticed by him that we are about specially to direct the reader's attention:—

'The objects of natural history are perhaps in general less clearly understood than those of most other sciences, even among those who pursue it as their professional employment. And it is partly in consequence of this misconception that its *advantages* as a means of intellectual and moral cultivation, and the pleasures which arise from the pursuit, have been, in the opinion of the author, very commonly underrated. It is usually supposed to be a science of *names* and of *intricate classification*; but it will be shown, in the course of this Introduction, that these are *not* the objects of the science, but merely furnish the mechanism (so to speak) by which its true ends are to be attained.'

After some remarks explanatory of the nature and use of classification, Dr. Carpenter proceeds—

'A very cursory inspection of the forms and structures of the dif-

ferent tribes of living beings, which are constantly presenting themselves to our notice, may satisfy the observer that amongst all there are *resemblances* and *differences*; between some the *similarity* being a prevailing feature, whilst between others the *differences* are most obvious. Amidst all the variety, he perceives on closer examination such a prevailing uniformity, that he is led to believe they are all formed on some general *plan* or *system* analogous to that which is seen to prevail in other portions of the Creator's works. And just as the astronomer is enabled to show that the great principle of mutual attraction between all the masses of matter in the universe, not only governs the regular movements of the heavenly bodies, but is constantly producing slight modifications or perturbations in their course—so does the naturalist hope that in the living kingdoms of nature some principle may be discoverable, which not only governs the uniformity that exists in the structure and actions of all the creatures belonging to them, but produces those numerous deviations from it, which are at first sight so perplexing. To discover this plan, therefore, is the highest object of the scientific naturalist, and all his endeavours should be directed to it.'

In thus comparing the phenomena exhibited by the heavenly bodies with those of animated nature, Dr. Carpenter appears to us to have underrated the difference in complexity of the two classes of phenomena. In the one case we are concerned only with motion, and that of a very simple and nearly regular kind; in the other, not only with motions the most varied and least regular, but with a great variety of mental phenomena. The labours of astronomers have succeeded in deducing the motions of the planets from a certain very simple primordial arrangement. By supposing the existence of a sun, planets, a law of mutual attraction, and certain impulses given once for all to the planets, the subsequent phenomena would proceed as a natural consequence. A few simple *facts*, or, to use a convenient word introduced by Dr. Chalmers, *collocations*, and a simple *law*, explain all the movements of the heavenly bodies. Since this machinery was first established and set in motion, no new circumstance affecting its motion has been introduced.

Now Dr. Carpenter appears to think that some arrangement analogous to this must hold in the animated creation. He looks forward to a discovery, by scientific research, that all the phenomena exhibited by animal result from some simple *collocation* of things and simple laws, both established in the beginning, and which have, without further agency, produced all the results we find now existing in the world of animated nature. And, he further thinks, that 'all the endeavours of the scientific naturalist should be directed towards 'discovering' this simple primeval arrangement. We must

remind Dr. Carpenter, however, that, as a matter of fact, the various phenomena of animal life have not been placed, to anything like the degree with the heavenly bodies, beyond the influence of external circumstances. On the contrary, they are extremely liable to modification from mundane influences. Thus, food, air, climate act upon them, and human beings can to a great extent control them. So that, unless Dr. Carpenter thinks that this great variety of influencing circumstances can also be reduced to one principle, like that of the mutual attraction of the heavenly bodies, his theory requires much modification. It may be urged by Dr. Carpenter, that these *circumstances* are, as it were, 'a known quantity,' varying only between certain limits, and that his supposition will be sufficiently confirmed, if the variety and complexity of the phenomena of the animal world are hereafter shown to proceed from the action of varying circumstances on certain simple materials, simply arranged in the beginning. If this were so, we should contend, that in directing the whole attention of naturalists to the investigation of the latter part of the subject, he is engrossing their attention with what is only half the problem, and the half in which they are least likely to meet with success. Surely the laws by which food is converted into animal or vegetable, nervous or muscular tissue, or into bony structure,—the laws under which large tribes of animals have become extinct in former times, and vegetable species most precious to man threaten to become so, in our own, are as large a part of our subject,—as much require to be explained, are as much the field of science, as the investigation of a simple cell. In sciences which have to do with phenomena, much less modifiable by circumstances than that of natural history, the discovery of the ultimate law or plan is not the object to which the student should be principally directed. Even in astronomy, where the discovery of the *plan* would have led to the discovery of everything else, it would have been beginning at the wrong end to have arrived at that first; and we are thankful that the Chaldean shepherds took a different course. For *practical* purposes, the knowledge of the form of the earth, and of the means of navigating out of sight of land, the explanation of eclipses and other alarming phenomena, have been the great achievements of astronomy; and these results had been obtained long before the great plan of the solar system could be reduced to its simplest terms—a plan which, beautiful as it is, might have remained undiscovered or been more complex, without much affecting our practice. But when we turn from astronomy to a science more resembling that of zoology, the error of aiming solely at the highest generalizations becomes

more apparent. What should we say if a chemist, who under the well-founded impression that the table of elementary substances might be increased, or diminished, or modified, should direct his pupils exclusively to its completion or rectification? Or, to compare natural history with the history of mankind, could we coincide in opinion with a philosopher who, arguing (as he might fairly do) that human history is the long-drawn consequence of the primeval feelings of man, acting with the varying circumstances in which they have been placed, should recommend the historian to make it his chief study to discover what those primeval feelings were? Such advice would meet with little sympathy at present, when the special demand on philosophy is an answer to such questions as—‘How is the physical and spiritual condition of the mass of the people, in the present day, to be raised.’ We by no means overlook the importance of the deductive method of investigating complex phenomena; but that is a different process from the one Dr. Carpenter sets before the student. Dr. Carpenter’s object is attained by the discovery of a certain plan or original arrangement, the knowledge of which plan (supposing it possible to attain it) would only be made deductively useful by launching it into the sea of circumstances.

But even conceding to Dr. Carpenter the privilege of shutting out from the naturalist the investigation of the modifications exercised on animal development by mundane causes, we doubt whether he is justified in believing that animal life *commenced* under any form so simple as that which gave rise to our solar system. Granted that vitality and animal manifestations depend upon structure—which is by no means certain, for we may well suppose that a structure exactly resembling, to our senses, a given structure, would not exhibit the same vital and animal phenomena, by reason of the absence of *something* imperceptible to, and never to be perceived by, such senses as we possess; granting also that all animal structure can be shown to have originated in a simple cell; yet this cell, out of which so many different tissues are to arise, simple as it may appear to our senses, must at least have as many different susceptibilities to external agents, as are these different tissues—a fact which discountenances the notion of extreme simplicity.

We may illustrate the differences between the subject matter of the astronomer and that of the naturalist by comparing them to two pieces of woven material, the one plain, the other ornamental and complicated. On examining the former, you perceive that it has been constructed on a simple plan, being first, a simple collocation of threads, and next, the repetition of a simple

motion, corresponding to a law. Turning to the other piece, which is much harder to unravel, and only to be understood by laboriously following each thread, we find that this piece, too, began with a certain arrangement of threads, though one more complex than that of the plainer piece. We also find that the motion in this case was not the simple motion of the former case, but was both less simple and more varied; and further, that, from time to time, old threads were abandoned, and new ones introduced (with changes in the pattern), so that no one plan pervaded the whole work, both the fixed and the moveable part being in a course of continual change.

The aim of the science of natural history having been laid down by Dr. Carpenter in the way we have shown, he turns to the subject of its direct advantages to man, which he elucidates by a few examples of the way in which the over-multiplication of certain destructive species has been kept down; but the skill in this direction that he records does not appear to have been due so much to knowledge of natural history as to those habits of observation which most persons engaged in practical agriculture possess.

While differing with Dr. Carpenter on some important points, we are glad to record his denunciation of 'mere collectors,' who 'estimate their acquirements more by the number of species they possess, than by their knowledge of those general principles which constitute the science of natural history.' 'It is,' he continues, 'in the search after those general principles which regulate the structure and actions of the animated as well as inanimate creation, that the noblest powers of the human intellect are concerned.' We by no means disagree with Dr. Carpenter in the importance he assigns to the discovery of general principles, on which, no doubt, the value of natural history, as a science, entirely depends. We only demur, as we hope we have made clear enough, to the doctrine, that these principles ought to be *first* principles, and are likely to be simple ones.

Among the inducements frequently held out by writers on natural history, for the study of that science, are the effects which its pursuit is calculated to produce on the *moral* faculties. A few remarks on this point, concerning which serious misconceptions prevail, must not be here omitted.

In comparing the nature of man with that of animals lower in the scale than himself, we see at once that the part which they have in common is that of which man has least reason to be proud. This portion of our being is, no doubt, subservient to the high ends for which man was designed; but though suited

to be a good servant, it is universally admitted to be a bad master. All our notions of a worthy character imply the superiority of the spiritual over the animal desires. We respect a man in proportion as the former rule the latter; and admit that when the animal propensities have the upper place, man is degraded into something no better than the beast of the field.

This being so, we ought not to be surprised, on examining the animal world by itself, to find that while the same beauties exist, which we had already desired in the corresponding parts of our own nature, there are also the same blemishes. The structure is beautiful, and the adaptations most ingenious; but also, when we turn to the mental part, the dispositions are most *animal*. Have we any right to expect otherwise? Are not the virtues of temperance, generosity, disinterestedness—those which belong to what is specially *human* in our nature; and sensuality, hardness of heart, and selfishness, the products of our animal nature, which it is our duty to curb, repress, or overcome? It is those naturalists (we fear not a few) who insist on finding in the animated world what is not there, and what we have no right to expect should be there, who are to blame, and who frequently, we doubt not, give a wrong bias to the minds of the younger portion of their listeners. Let us, by all means, endeavour ourselves to appreciate, and to teach others to appreciate, the numerous *animal* beauties of the world of animal life, beauties of structure, and of function without number; but let us avoid, with the utmost caution, exalting the purely animal over the human and spiritual—in fact, undoing in natural history what moral and religious instruction is intended to do. When we are discoursing on the mental qualities of animals, their dispositions and conduct to each other, let us abstain from asserting that all is harmony where so much is discord; and when we draw a lesson from *animal* life, let not the lesson be that *animal* life is the true, the beautiful one, but the very opposite; let it be pointed at as a warning, not held up as an example.

In concluding these remarks, controverting chiefly the views advanced in the Introduction to Dr. Carpenter's treatise, we by no means wish to disparage the treatise itself, which, so far as we have examined it, has the same merits for which Dr. Carpenter's other writings are distinguished. It is, we repeat, because Dr. Carpenter, while agreeing nearly with other naturalists, has expressed his views with greater clearness than they have done, that we have joined issue with him, rather than with any other author.

Before proceeding to discuss the method in which natural history should be studied, and the direction which such study

should take for practical purposes, it is necessary to state clearly some important object as an aim for the naturalist's investigations; though we certainly do not pretend to predict—we doubt even the possibility of predicting, at present—where the great discoveries of the science lie.

The utility and interest of any science must mainly depend upon its relations to the welfare of man. The problems which interest mankind most, are those which concern *themselves*; and the less bearing any particular study has on human concerns, the less hold must we expect it to have on human affections. It may seem to tell against this tale, that the science of Astronomy has been pursued so nearly to completion, while others, more concerned with man's practical wants—those, for instance, of medicine and morals—are the one extremely incomplete, and the other barely commenced. The great difficulties which beset the latter sciences, no doubt account, in a great measure, for this remarkable retardation; but there can also be little doubt that the study of medicine even now draws more students than that of astronomy; and, doubtless, when it is once generally felt that the human mind and human conduct are amenable to laws like the other parts of creation,—especially when the science of human nature and human conduct can point to any striking result arising out of its study,—that science will command even a higher interest than medicine. The same remarks apply to the study of natural history. The connexion between men and animals is much closer than that between mankind and the stars. We see, at once, that many powerful sympathies unite the two former, and we may readily infer both a high utility in the study and the direction where that utility is to be sought. We are not linked with the lower animals by our higher feelings, but by community of sensations and appetites. If the study of animals is to throw light upon the nature of Man, it must be on the latter part of it; and when we perceive how intimate is the connexion between the animal and the spiritual part in man, we shall admit that the aim of natural history is not a low one.

We conclude, then, that a great, if not the greatest aim of the naturalist should be, to elucidate that part of the nature of man which he possesses in common with other animals.

Having thus clearly before us the fact, that in acquiring knowledge respecting animals, we are likely to learn truths of the greatest importance to man, we have next to decide what is the kind of knowledge respecting animal life which is most likely to aid the object in view. We know that the most useful kind of knowledge, not only in natural history, but in everything else, is the knowledge of the *connexion* of things,—the knowledge

of causation,—or, in other words, the knowledge of the laws by which the different phenomena are united. It is precisely by laying down such laws, that any study is entitled to the name of a *science*. And natural history can only lay claim to such a title by disclosing the laws which prevail in the animal kingdom.

We may divide the investigations which the naturalist has thus to pursue, into two parts—relating to the Physical and to the Mental laws of animals—branches of the study which are as different as those pursued by the human physiologist and the mental philosopher. We have some remarks to offer on each of these branches of natural history.

In studying the physical relations of an animal structure, we have to do with that which is directly apparent to our senses; but in studying their mental feelings, we are studying that of which our senses can take no direct cognizance, the facts being learned only indirectly, as *inferences* from what we observe. This great difference between the two cases renders their methods of investigation also very different, and the one more complex than the other. The first of the two inquiries is generally more simple than the corresponding inquiries into the human framework, because the parts are more simple; moreover, we can make use more freely of experiments in the case of animals than in that of man. Accordingly, this branch of the study of natural history has advanced far beyond the other branch, and results have already been obtained of great importance towards understanding the analogous structure and functions of man. It has even gone beyond the elucidation of man's animal functions; for, by pointing out what is the part of his machinery which is concerned with those functions, it has enabled physiologists to see what is the part which is not so concerned. For instance, the localization of the different functions of the nervous system of man, has been done mainly through the comparison of that system with the system of the higher animals; those parts of the human brain to which there is least, or nothing to correspond in the brains of the higher animals, being assumed to be the machinery of the mental processes peculiar to man. Such comparisons have been extended down the whole animal series, at every step throwing light on the functions of different parts of the nervous system of man. We need not dwell more on this part of the subject, on which, we believe, all the first physiologists are agreed. What has been accomplished in the fields of comparative anatomy and physiology for the ultimate good of mankind, is already very great; and what *will* be accomplished no one would venture to predict.

From this brief statement concerning the first branch of the study, we proceed to the second, in furthering which so little has yet been accomplished. The state of this part of natural history is a striking instance how much interest may surround certain pursuits, along with very little progress in them. The press teems with anecdotes of animals, and yet book after book leaves us almost as far from understanding their mental states as if we had lived two thousand years ago. Such books are not, perhaps, without a use; they may, possibly, serve the same purpose as old ballads and chronicles to the historian; but surely *one* who would set himself to the task of *understanding* phenomena, would now be of more use than twenty fresh *recorders* of them. Chaldæan shepherds were very useful in the earliest days of astronomy, but after a certain succession of them, we found it to our advantage that a Kepler and a Newton should arise. Are naturalists content to remain for ever in the Chaldæan-shepherd state of things?

It is a curious sort of light which breaks forth at that point in the series of the sciences where mind first makes its appearance. We begin with mathematics and astronomy, which concern themselves with matter alone, and give us no reason to suspect anything behind the scene, as it were, invisible to our senses and yet influencing the matter before us. We proceed to chemistry, and while we trace the laws existing between the *matter* before us, we begin to be conscious of something behind the material curtain—to have suspicions of some genie, or, at least, of some affections concealed in the matter itself, and hence we talk of chemical *affinities*. Farther on we reach electricity, and here the phenomena we witness among the material particles are so strange that at last we cannot help supposing a presence, though invisible to our senses, and we call it electricity. We might not inaptly regard it as the *mind* of inorganized matter. The farther we have advanced hitherto, the more complex have our studies become. Matter, which is alone accessible to our senses, has fallen more and more in importance. Once it was everything, now it is only the face of the clock, and all the wheels and springs behind it are hidden to us. However, we can still wind our clock up and make it do good service for us. We advance again, and find ourselves in the field of vegetation, a region not very different from that we have just passed; but we call the new genie, not electricity, but vitality, and we begin to sympathize with it as being part of ourselves. When a flower droops or dies, we feel sorrowful, and when it shoots up in all the vigour of youth we are pleased. One step more, and we are in the animal world; and here at last we seem to recognise

the genie as an acquaintance. We are no longer restricted to what is visible to our senses alone; the forms and positions of matter are mere signs which the genie exhibits. Our business now does not consist, as in chemistry, in the difficult endeavour to connect one of these signs with another by repeated observation of them, and nothing but them. When we now see a sign, we go at once to the *feeling* which it indicates, and infer what the next sign will be from our knowledge of that feeling. We do not laboriously endeavour to understand the clock by attentively studying the hands on its face. We see its interior machinery, and thence speculate on what will happen. Thus what seems the natural order of the sciences—namely, from the more simple to the more complex—is at a certain point of the series reversed; for in recognising, as we ascend the animal scale, a something immaterial (sensations, passions, &c., which are analogous to those of man), we apply a new method to our investigations, derived from our study of man; a being more complex, it is true, but open to our investigations, because we happen to be one of the species itself. Let us examine more closely in what respect that method differs from the one we have been pursuing—in what respect the study of a human being differs from the study of simple matter, such as the astronomer or chemist is concerned with.

The phenomena exhibited to the senses by a human being may generally be resolved into certain motions, like those exhibited by a planet; or into motions accompanied by certain colours, odours, or sounds, and therefore not generically different from chemical phenomena. Yet how differently we judge of the former—what different thoughts they suggest, and how readily we understand them in comparison with what would be the case had we only those means of investigating them which we have to depend on in the other sciences to which we have referred. Let us suppose that we are examining a human being as if we were examining one of the stars or a chemical mixture. Suppose, for instance, that we are looking at the simple external life of a day-labourer, with no other means of investigating it than belong to the astronomer or chemist, and let us reflect on what we should see. We should, in the first place, perceive a human body emerging briskly from a cottage in the early morning, proceeding to a certain field, going through the movements of ploughing, harrowing, sowing, and reaping, interspersed with certain short periods of eating, drinking, talking, whistling, and, finally, returning more slowly to the same cottage, lying down, and going to sleep. Now, having thus before us a complex series of phenomena, we might proceed, in the way of the astro-

nomer or chemist, to connect one part with another. We should soon observe a certain order in which the phenomena occurred, as, for instance, that ploughing came before harrowing, sowing before reaping, and that eating came at stated short intervals. Pursuing our comparison, we may further assume that, like the chemist, we have the power of making experiments among the phenomena before us. Among the experiments we make, one may be to withdraw the *food* which we have already noticed to play some part in the proceedings. On doing so, we find in all cases, that the phenomena cease to be produced. Ploughing, harrowing, whistling, and talking, are all abandoned, and the human object of our investigations at length vanishes. Wherever human movements are going on, we find eating and drinking among them; and wherever these movements are prevented, there end the human movements. We conclude, therefore, legitimately enough, that food enters as a necessary accompaniment to all human phenomena—a conclusion which, gained, as we suppose it to have been, by the chemical method of investigation, might be regarded as a considerable step in the science of human nature. But how small a part of all the connexion between human beings and their food does this discovery lay bare to us! Instead of a simple case of necessary connexion, what we really know by other means is something as follows: that the *cause* of all those movements is a mental state, namely, the foreknowledge of what hunger is—the knowledge that food is necessary to existence—the love of life (including love of family, friends, &c.), the dread of death, and so forth. It is by knowing this inner life that we have the feeling of understanding human phenomena, and are able to interpret them. Hardly a moment of our lives passes without our building some inferences on the supposed existence in other persons of immaterial feelings, as causes of phenomena. These feelings are implied in every act of human intercourse. What ground, then, have we for so firmly established a belief in what is not and never can be cognizable by our senses?

We are well aware that the belief, into the foundation of which we are about to inquire, existed intuitively and was acted on before any reasons were asked; but we also know very well, that in former days human sympathies were extended much farther than was reasonable, and are so in the present day in certain parts of the world, and among the ignorant in our own country. It was thought, as we know, that the rustling of the groves was the tender language of the Dryads; the gushings of the fountains were the outpourings of their nymphs; and fair flowers were transformed youths or maidens. In the present

day we no longer believe in these fairy existences. As regards groves, fountains, and the flowers of the field, we think the ancient Greeks were mistaken, that their belief was not founded on fact. Are we sure that the extension we *do* give to our sympathies is warranted by reason—that the existences we do take for granted, are not fancies of *our* brain, as those were of the Greek imagination? Let us again place a case before us in all its circumstances.

If we saw before us a person in tears, should we not immediately take for granted a certain state of feeling of that person's mind, as being implied in the external appearance we witness—a state of feeling which, slightly varied, as every one will admit it may be, in different persons, yet every one believes that he understands in the main? When we consider on what this universal belief is founded, we perceive that it proceeds from an equally extensive personal experience. Every one knows what it is to shed tears, and every one is conscious how he felt at the time. If any one could be found who never had shed tears, that person would be incapable of understanding the case supposed—as incapable as a blind person is of understanding what the colour *red* is. The case, then, is one of inference; it is the extension of a case of causation, of which we have had experience to a similar case. But are we sure the cases are similar? We began by connecting ourselves in a state of tears with a given state of our feelings. We now see another person in tears, and we infer that the cause of that person being so, is his being under the influence of a similar feeling. Putting aside the fact that in reasoning from any effect to a cause, we must allow for the possibility of more causes than one producing the same effect, then the only doubt which can attach to the legitimacy of our inference is, the doubt whether one person is sufficiently like another person to warrant our applying the experience gained regarding the one to the other. Now there are, no doubt, considerable differences between both the external and internal appearance of one human being and another, but the resemblances are so much greater, that we are at least justified in making the inference provisionally. Having done so, we find out numerous ways of checking our conclusion; for instance, we know that if the state of feeling which we have supposed, does really exist, it must have had a cause, and we know from personal experience what sort of cause to expect. We can inquire, therefore, whether there was any such cause in the case before us. We find, perhaps, that there had been the loss of some near relation. Such an antecedent we are perfectly aware would, in our own case, produce exactly the state of mind which would

ultimately lead to tears. This antecedent being present in the case before us must have had an effect, and would have just the effect which we had from independent reasoning believed to be there already. Numerous other circumstances lend themselves to confirm this almost irrefragable conclusion. We endeavour to comfort the person. We use the language which, assuming the state of feeling to be what we have ourselves experienced, would we know comfort ourselves; and we find that our words have the expected effect in theirs. Notwithstanding, however, that the general extension of personal experience from ourselves to others is founded on correct canons of logic, yet the difficulties which frequently beset us in establishing the requisite data, are so very great, that in drawing such inferences, to miss is much more common, we presume, than to hit the mark. But much depends, also, on the class of feelings we are concerned with. Some states of feeling can be predicted to exist with much more certainty than others; the great difference in this respect depending on the extent to which we have succeeded in connecting states of feeling with physical states. Thus, if we see a person with perfect organs of sight looking at a given object, we may infer, without much doubt, what is the picture in his mind; but if we endeavour to push our knowledge farther, and to ascertain what other states of feeling this picture arouses, we are not likely to succeed. We may, by attentive observation, and putting one little circumstance with another, get some clue to these more remote states of his mind. For instance, the person may *laugh*, and we may be able to recognise in the object something which causes laughter in ourselves, and thence infer his state of mind. But in all cases where neither cause nor effect are directly accessible to our senses, the difficulties of investigating human feelings are extremely increased; success generally is to be obtained only by cumulating evidence, none of which by itself would be sufficient for more than a guess. In such vast and encumbered ground, which every human being has to thread one way or another, we see the greatest variety in the amount of skill displayed. Some persons are highly successful in interpreting one class of feeling or character, and are hence said to have a knowledge of the world. The same persons may utterly fail in certain cases, which others will understand without difficulty. As a general rule, those who have had the greatest range of personal feeling will be most successful in interpreting the feelings of others; but of course an accurate knowledge of logical principles is indispensable towards any great success. Upon this view of the subject, it will be evident how important it is to understand rightly our own experiences.

The more closely we can define each particular causation belonging to our personal experience, and the more nearly we can show either the cause or the effect to correspond with something in other persons, the more securely shall we be able to extend our experiences to them. The most accurate knowledge of our own mind is one indispensable preliminary to an accurate knowledge of the mind of others.

The remarks we have just brought to an end, on the method of studying human nature, will be seen not to be an unnecessary digression from the immediate object of our paper, but to be essential to an understanding of the method we have to adopt in studying *animal* nature, and to an appreciation of the great difficulties which have to be encountered. We have noticed wherein lie the weakness and strength of our powers, in reasoning from ourselves to beings the most like ourselves; and we are prepared to see where the same must be found, in extending our inferences to those beings which resemble us less. In the present case, as in the case just discussed, our investigations will be easiest when they refer to those states of feeling which have been shown to be connected with material structure. Thus, the *sensations* of animals are much more within the range of our understanding than their higher feelings. But here even, we are met by great difficulties; for whilst there is sufficient resemblance between the structure of the organs of sense of the higher animals and those of man, to warrant us in conjecturing great resemblance between the corresponding sensations, yet there are differences between the organs in the two cases, pointing to modifications in the sensations which are connected with them. We can only combat these difficulties either by closer study of the organs, so as to ascertain, if it is possible, what sort of modification of the sensation is likely to result from a given modification of the structure; or by scrutinizing the sensation itself in its various manifestations, so as to compare it with that with which we are already acquainted—namely, the human sensation. These investigations into sensations are obviously much more difficult than the corresponding investigations into human phenomena; but we may look to well-established results from them. As we advance into the region where we have less structural basis for our inferences our difficulties increase. We shall make this evident by an example. Some animals are said to shed tears when in distress. Comparing this case with that of a human being under similar circumstances, the first hindrance to our drawing a similar conclusion, as to the mental state in the two cases, is, that while the human manifestation corresponds very closely with that which we know by personal experience,

and which we have with corresponding feelings of distress, the appearance of the animal, while in tears, resembles it only in a few particulars; thus rendering it less unlikely that some other cause produced the effect we observe. In the second place, if we look for the cause of such a mental state, and even find (and we may possibly find) that, in both cases, it was the loss of some object of affection which preceded the tears, we have in the one case a proof of the existence of the feeling, while in the other, we may have only a remarkable coincidence; for we do *not* know, from personal experience, that if a doe, for instance, loses its fawn, it feels that sort of sorrow which precedes tears in the human being, we ourselves being human beings, and not quadrupeds of the Cervine family. Thus, the foundation of the inference is weakened in both directions—first, in travelling from the effect to the cause, and next, in moving from the cause to the effect. We might strengthen these foundations in two ways: we might show that the two facts of causation, resting on our personal experience, were themselves consequences of something which we have in common with animals; as, for instance, that the connexion between tears and a certain state of sorrow was a consequence of possessing a spinal cord with certain nerves going from it; and that this same kind of structure was also the cause of our being affected by the loss of our offspring. Then, as the animal which manifested tears would possess this very structure, our inference would be as irrefragable as to the cause of their tears as it is in regard to the tears of a human being. What remains for us, if we cannot do all this, is to cumulate evidence bearing on the same point. The easiest cases for investigations are, of course, those of the higher animals, and of the vertebrata generally, as compared with the other three forms of the animal kingdom. But we cannot be wrong in presuming that it will be long before much light will be thrown on the human mind, in its animal manifestations, by the study of the analogous phenomena of animals; and that the practical utility of natural history lies, at present, in disclosing the laws which connect structure and function.

We have endeavoured thus to point out, as well as our limited space allows, some of the difficulties which obstruct the course of those who endeavour to understand the mental states of animals. We have seen that their investigations depend upon an accurate knowledge of the human mind, in the first place; for it is human feeling alone which we know by experience, and next, on a nice modification of those experiences, to suit the altered circumstances of the animal world. There is, however, another course which the student may pursue: he may study the phenomena of

the animal world as if it were inanimate, following the steps of the chemist, or the electrician, and arriving at such results as we have suggested in a sketch given above. We are sure that if any naturalist could restrict himself for a time to merely noting the order of succession of the different actions of animals, and endeavouring, by means of experiments, such as the chemist performs, to connect one with another, without paying any regard to the immaterial part of the matter, he would do much more to advance science, than those who accumulate anecdotes, for the accuracy of which they cannot vouch, and pretend, on the strength of them, to extend to the animal creation the feelings of the human mind, of which they, moreover, possess only superficial and confused knowledge.

We have an instance of the confusion introduced into the study of the mind of animals from want of method and imperfect acquaintance with the corresponding phenomena of the human mind, in Mr. Thompson's *Passions of Animals*, the title of which is a misnomer, in the first place, because it really deals with all the mental phenomena of animals, but which, whatever its title had been, must have been a disappointment. It is a work of 414 pages, consisting of numerous anecdotes, preceded by, and interspersed with, what is meant to be philosophical analysis and reflection. The anecdotes are well selected, and concisely given, but as they rest almost always on the authority of others, and are subjected to no criticism, they are less valuable than they might have been made. The matter is arranged under no fewer than sixty-five separate heads; but why so many headings should be adopted, it is difficult to account for on scientific reasons; several having the same meaning, and some, which are different in meaning, being illustrated by the same example. Thus we have *Thought*, *Sagacity*, *Discrimination*, *Foresight*, *Cunning*, and *Expectation of recurring Events* figuring in headings of different chapters. *Envy* and *Cruelty* head one chapter, while *Jealousy*, *Hatred*, and *Revenge* have each a chapter to themselves. Again, one heading is *Imitation*, and another *Communication* and *Language*, to which we do not object; but the writer ought not to interpret the cries of crickets, in answer to each other, in the one chapter as being imitation, in the other as communicating a challenge to an opponent. But Mr. Thompson's worst sins are found in the metaphysical parts of his book. We observe, by the preface, that he expresses himself much indebted to a German work by Dr. Schmarda. We cannot but think that some of the most unintelligible passages in Mr. Thompson's book are bad translations from some German author, though, knowing nothing of Dr. Schmarda, it would not be fair

to give him the discredit of being their originator. We will select a few examples of Mr. Thompson's *definitions*, in confirmation of our remarks:—

‘The expectation of the recurrence of an event is the impression of a former circumstance, which, from certain causes, and a resemblance of certain points, we are again led to entertain, and to see fulfilled; the former is caused by the memory, and the latter by the understanding; for the imagination, by a comparison of the past with the present, prepares the mind to receive a certain conclusive result.’—p. 73.

It is needless to comment on this passage, the lucidity and grammar of which are about on a par. We pass to the author's definition of a *sensation*:—

‘We are not only aware of surrounding objects, of their appearance to our bodily senses, and (as opposed to the mind) of an outward perception of them, but we also experience impressions, and the combination of feeling which these figures have awakened in us. This mental frame or embodiment is called the *sensation*. In its first state it comes before us as an existence, or individuality, and as a mere passive impression. It is feeble in its consciousness, and only comes forth boldly, with all its lights and shadows, from its former mist, when some excitement takes place, and when it assumes some distinct character, generally either of pleasure or of pain. The feeling imparts to us the knowledge of the existence of life, either generally or in certain parts: we experience the distinction of this condition of existence only when it assumes its perfect character; but its acuteness varies in each part, according to the susceptibility of the nerves, and their connexion with the brain, and in proportion as the powers of life are weak or strong.’—p. 94.

The feeling of *Desire* is thus lucidly explained:—

‘All desire is directed to the change of some present object, and to the accomplishment of a future; it is an act of the mind, which develops itself by excitation, and stands forth in form and substance. This excitation is, hence, an active principle, proceeding from the struggle for attainment.’—p. 136.

When Mr. Thompson expresses his meaning a little more clearly than usual, he is only more clearly wrong; thus he informs us, that ‘fear and anger are not, properly speaking, independent feelings, but are rather the effects of a certain state of the mind.’ The extent to which Mr. Thompson is able, by the help of these definitions, to carry his explanations of the mental phenomena of animals, may be imagined; the following is an example. After reciting several anecdotes

exemplifying the attachments which animals sometimes form for man and for each other, he concludes,

‘The psychological explanation of these actions among animals lies in their custom and intercourse with each other; but as regards their feelings towards man, we must look to another source, which is the animal mind and a bias of inclination, which is not to be diverted.’—p. 371.

It is remarkable, that when Mr. Thompson is merely relating an anecdote, his language is generally concise and appropriate; so different, indeed, from his reflective passages, that they seem to have been composed by a different hand. We shall give a few extracts from the better portions of the book in justice to Mr. Thompson, and from the interest they possess. The following observations touch on an interesting point:—

‘The motive which induces animals to attack and even destroy the wounded and disabled of their own species, arises from an impulse which is not easily defined; but the deed is perpetrated under feelings of the most intense hatred. When a wolf or hyæna is wounded, its companions instantly tear it to pieces and devour it; and among domestic dogs, the persecuted, defenceless cur, yelping in its flight from the brutality of the idle urchins in the streets, is chased and worried by every dog within hearing of its distress. Among a brood of partridges reared under a hen, one when grown up received a wound in the back, and was ultimately persecuted and killed by its fellows.’—p. 380.

We should guess that this peculiar action of animals might be explained as being the way they take to get rid of the painful feelings suggested by the sickness of something so like themselves. The same feeling may be said to exist in human beings, showing itself in the desire to get out of the way of sick persons; though the tenderer and nobler sentiments of mankind so frequently overcome the baser animal tendency. The following is an interesting trait of sagacity and good feeling in a dog, if it were not in great part due to accident, rather than intelligence. A surgeon in Leeds having found a lame spaniel, ‘carried the poor animal home, bandaged up its leg, and after ‘two or three days turned him out. The dog returned to the ‘surgeon’s house every morning till his leg was perfectly well. At ‘the end of several months, the spaniel again presented himself, ‘in company with another dog which had also been lamed; and ‘he intimated, as well as his piteous and intelligent looks could ‘intimate, that he desired the same assistance to be rendered to ‘his friend, as he had bestowed upon himself.’—p. 377.

The following passage describes an interesting fact, which we have not seen on record elsewhere:—

‘Connected with the plumage of birds is an extraordinary problem, which has baffled all research, and towards the solution of which not the slightest approach has been made. Among certain of the gallinaceous birds, and it has been observed in no other family, the females occasionally assume the male plumage. Among pheasants, in a wild state, the hen, thus metamorphosed, assumes with the livery the disposition to war with her own race; but in confinement she is spurned and buffeted by the rest. From what took place in a hen-pheasant in the possession of a lady—a friend of Sir Joseph Banks—it would seem probable that this change arises from some alteration in the temperament at a late period of the animal’s life. This lady had paid particular attention to the breeding of pheasants. One of the hens, after having produced several broods, moulted, and the succeeding feathers were exactly those of a cock. This animal never afterwards laid an egg. The pea-hen has sometimes been known to take the plumage of the cock bird. Lady Tynk had a favourite pea-hen, which at eight several times produced chicks. Having moulted when about eleven years old, the lady and her family were astonished by her displaying the feathers peculiar to the other sex, and appearing like a pied peacock. In process, the tail, which was like that of the cock, first appeared. In the following year she moulted again, and produced similar feathers. In the third year she did the same, and then had also spurs, resembling those of the cock. The bird never bred after this change of her plumage.’—p. 179.

After occupying the reader’s attention with the unsatisfactory contents of Mr. Thompson’s work, we can make him an *amende honorable* by referring him to a paper in a most unpretending and popular form, namely No. 82 of *Chambers’ Papers for the People*, in which, for the sum of 1½d., he may possess an able essay on Animal Instincts and Intelligence. The author, availing himself of recent discoveries in anatomy and physiology, is able to give explanations of some of the more marked phenomena of animal life, which, if not in every case complete, are always interesting and suggestive. We shall give one instance of such an explanation, as a refreshment to the reader.

The writer derives his explanations of the compound instincts of animals from what appear to be four laws of the intercommunication of the nervous circles of the animal body. They are the following:—1. When any moving organ has reached its extreme position, the opposing muscles are stimulated to restore it to its original place. 2. This law of the alternate extension and contraction of a single organ also holds in regard to the two halves of the body, so that the advance of the one stimulates the retreat of the other, and conversely. 3. A stimulus in one

nervous circle is propagated to another in a perpendicular direction, giving rise to a vermicular motion of the body. 4. There is a tendency in any nervous circle to originate states similar to its own in all the nervous circles of the body. The proof of these four principles rests partly on the structure of the parts concerned, and partly upon observations on their movements. So far, however, as they relate to parts of the body under the influence of the Will, they must be looked upon as natural *tendencies*, and not inflexible laws of the animal system. The application of these four laws to the explanation of the particular tendency in certain animals towards *pursuit*, is the example we shall select:—

‘There is no fact of animal existence more deeply rooted, or more constant in its recurrence than what we denominate by the term *pursuit*; taken in its widest acceptation, as meaning every instance of the exertion of the active faculties towards some object or end. The senses or the intelligence descry something in the distance desirable to be attained; and, by the activity of the frame, this something is gradually approached, and finally possessed. Now, we wish to show that this tendency belongs to the inherent and inborn peculiarities of the animal organization, and that it is in a great measure derived from the sensibilities and the laws of nervous communication above described. The odour of the victim, by the responsive stimulus, excites the respiratory muscles into increased activity—[The muscles of the chest are, as explained in an earlier part of the paper, a part of the machinery concerned in all sensations of smell]—their intensified alternation induces, by the laws of nervous communication, the similar state of alternation on the locomotive organs; just as the activity of the locomotive apparatus always increases the energy of the respiration. There is thus furnished a direct stimulus to pursuit, through the diffusion of like states from one part of the system to another. In the same way it could be shown that the tension of the muscles of the eye when fixed on a distant object, imparts, through the same tendency to a common attitude or state, a stimulus to the erecting muscles of the body; and these being stretched to the full, readily bring on the counter movement of energetic flexion; and no more is needed to set a-going a motion towards the object in question.’

Had we the power of constructing a piece of machinery out of animate, as we have out of inanimate material, we might bring the above exposition to the most satisfactory test. As it is, we cannot doubt that the chief part of the machinery is right, though we suspect some screws must be loose, and some, perhaps, wanting.

Before concluding this paper, it seems desirable to state briefly what is the advantage of *classification* to the naturalist. The true nature and object of this art has been expounded in several

works of established repute, but these expositions do not appear to have reached naturalists generally. Even Dr. Carpenter seems to value classification as a means of communicating information already acquired, rather than as a preparation for the discovery of new truths. He exemplifies its utility by two examples. In the one, he supposes that a group has been formed on account of a similarity in the internal arrangements of its different members; they having, for instance, a vertebrated skeleton, double circulation, warm blood, and being oviparous. To this group the name of *Birds* has been given. Now, he says, if we discover something new clothed with feathers, we not only call it a *Bird*, which an unscientific person may do, but having recognised it as a bird, we know, without examining its structure, that it has a vertebrated skeleton, double circulation, warm blood, and produces eggs. The only other example brought forward by Dr. Carpenter exemplifies rather the utility of abbreviated descriptions than of good classification, being merely a statement at length of the amount of information which is communicated to us when we are informed that a *dog* belongs to the genus *Canis*; family, *Canidæ*; order, *Carnivora*; class, *Mammalia*; sub-kingdom, *Vertebrata*.

The first example does not, as it appears to us, exemplify the value of classification; but the value of connecting facts not immediately perceptible to our senses with external marks, which are so. That it is not an exemplification of the peculiar value of classification we think is evident from these facts, that such connexions may be discovered, and have their whole utility, without any previous classification having taken place, and that a good classification may have been made by means of internal structure, without any connexions between it and external marks having been established, or any of the advantages pointed out by Dr. Carpenter's experience. For instance, the age of a horse is known by his teeth. If we see a horse for the first time, and notice that it possesses a certain *tooth*, we know, without further inquiry, that it has lived a certain number of years; and we may infer from this fact a number of other facts. But horses are not classified according to their age. It was not necessary to our acquiring and profiting by this knowledge of the connexion between horses' teeth and their age, that we should have previously gathered into one group all known horses of a certain age, and have given a name to them founded upon this circumstance, (which are the main features of classification.) Again, we may and do decide what position a certain species, or genus, shall occupy in a given classification by its internal structure alone, when we are unable to perceive any external mark of this

structure. Indeed, it would generally be unsafe to classify any new species of animals by external appearance alone. It is held to be indispensable to assigning to it a proper position, that its internal structure should have been examined; and not only in one particular, but in many.

We see, then, that classification must have other objects than either that of connecting the external appearance of animals with their internal structure and habits, or that of founding a scientific language. If we bear in mind the object already assigned to the study of natural history, and that classification ought to be an operation subsidiary to that, we shall perceive what objects classification has in view. If zoology be the investigation of the laws of animal life, with a view to understanding human nature, it follows that the phenomena of animal life which are before us, ought to be so arranged as to contribute in the best way to the discovery of these laws. Now, the first inference from this fact is, that the phenomena should be arranged in a series beginning with those which approach nearest to the corresponding phenomena in man, and descending gradually to those which depart most from them. We thus place the subject matter before us in a way suggestive of the laws which prevail between its different parts. The connexion between bony structure, and the manifestations of animal phenomena, are soon perceived to be so close, that an arrangement of the one in the order of resemblance is found to be the best plan for arranging the other in the same order. Having, therefore, performed this preliminary process as far as our knowledge enables us to do so, we perceive that the structure and habits of the animals so arranged do not alter always by gradual and almost insensible steps; if they did, no further classification would be desirable, but at certain points in the series striking changes in the structure of the animals occur, accompanied by changes in the other phenomena which they exhibit. By these irregularities in the series certain species become grouped together, and cut off from the rest of the series; and as we have reason to believe that special laws must hold in each of these groups, it is clearly desirable to investigate them apart; for this we lay a foundation by giving them a separate name. Classification is a mental device resembling the separation of the different parts of a complex piece of machinery, in order to examine them apart from the rest; and just as two parts of a machine may be so closely connected one with the other, may *work* so into each other, that it is difficult to examine them separately, so happens it sometimes with parts of the animal series. For instance, we see good reason to make a separate group of *Mammalia*; that is,

we see a number of animals which have certain striking peculiarities of structure and habit, accompanied by we know not how many minor peculiarities, probably connected with the former. For similar reasons we make another group of *Birds*. We anticipate that to each of these groups belong laws of their own; nevertheless, when we approach the confines of the two groups, we find the laws of the two intermingling, just as in separating the parts of a machine, we find at the point of separation that the one projects into the other. And as in examining each part of a machine by itself, we do not look so much at its point of union with the other parts as at its own independent machinery, so in endeavouring to establish the special laws which rule among the Mammalia, we do not look at the *Ornithorhynchus*, but at the species which is most characteristic of the group—the *type* of the class, as it is called.

There is much difference of opinion among zoologists, not only about the details of classification, but about the proper grouping of the principal orders of the Animal Kingdom. The system of Cuvier is founded very much upon differences in modes of nutrition, as the names Carnivora, Insectivora, Ruminantia, Rodentia, and others indicate; but this system has been objected to, apparently with justice, as being one suited rather to the disclosure of the laws of *Organic* than of *Animal* life. No doubt the degree of development of the nervous system would be the best guide to the latter, if it were not so difficult of access for our senses, and were it not also difficult to estimate its smaller modifications.

In all attempts to communicate information in zoology, it is necessary, even when adopting a natural system of classification, to introduce also artificial distinctions as a means of identifying species. Such distinctions, too, are sometimes useful to the student as a means of cataloguing his own discoveries, until he finds out a more scientific arrangement. The division of the Coleoptera among insects according to the number of joints in the foot, is an instance of what, as far as we know, is an artificial distinction; but as a means of referring to a description of any species before us, or as a guide, in default of a better, for arranging our specimens in a cabinet, it serves useful purposes.

- ART. III. — (1.) *Der fabelhafte Geschichte von Hug Schapler.* Printed 1514.
- (2.) *Die Sage vom ewigen Jude.* Printed 1602.
- (3.) *Die Schöne Melusina. Aus dem französischen.* 1535.
- (4.) *Schimpf und Ernst.* VON JOHANN PAULI.
- (5.) *Till Eulenspiegel.* Printed 1495.
- (6.) *Der Gestiefelte Kater.* VON LUDWIG TIECK. 1797.
- (7.) *Genofera und Octavian.* Dramen von LUDWIG TIECK.
- (8.) *Liebesgeschichte der schönen Magelone und des Grafen Peter von Provence.* Bearbeitet von LUDWIG TIECK.
- (9.) *Faust: eine Tragödie.* VON GOETHE.
- (10.) *Die Deutschen Volksbücher.* VON J. GÖRRES. 1807.
- (11.) *Buch der schönsten Geschichten und Sagen. Für Alt und Jung wieder erzählt von Gustav Schwab.* Dritter Auflage. 1847.

WHY there should ever have been any prose in Germany after the halcyon days of chivalry, of the courtly and minne-poetry, is a question best solved by looking briefly at the character of that poetry. If we oblige the chronological reader with a definite date, and take the twelfth century, with the early part of the thirteenth as its era, we find its productions consisting chiefly in epic or narrative poems, embracing every variety of legend, and displaying equal diversity in the mode of treatment.

The different character and acquirements of each poet are clearly traceable. No one could attribute the poem of *Tristan* and *Isolt* to the author of *Parzival*, nor Lamprecht's *Alexander* to Walther von der Vogelweide. In Gottfried's *Tristan* there is no wearisome entanglement of tournaments and adventures, no crowd of mushroom knights intruding themselves into every conceivable corner of the story without exciting our smallest interest; there is little to distract the attention from the hero and heroine of the old Celtic legend. We have the history of their love in graceful and passionate language, with fresh, pleasant images, and feel it to be the very soul of the gay life-loving poet infused into the tale of other days. As a thorough man of the world, ever eager after the pleasures it affords, Gottfried von Strasburg presents a most striking contrast to his great contemporary Wolfram, whom he somewhat compassionately designates an 'inventor of strange wild tales.' Wolfram also put a new life into the old Celtic and Asiatic legends; but it was a life more lofty, more vigorous; his grave contemplative mind found a spring of action deeper than the feelings, a standard of the evil and the

good, higher than the selfish one of present pain or pleasure, and a nobility and vigour of soul rising from a well-fought battle against the enticements of present gratification, which then, as now, seduced many weak and many accounted strong. It is with the hand of a master that Gottfried represents the terrible force of passion in Tristan, the all-absorbing, self-forgetting love of Isolt—beneath the clear limpid style, bearing you along with such unconscious grace, that you feel the strength and magic of rare genius. And with no inferior skill does Wolfram draw his busy pictures of the day, and rouse your interest for hero and for heroine, but his great power lies in the masterly presentation and working out of thought, rather than of feeling. Throughout his poem of *Parzival*, we are often suddenly surprised by thoughts of great depth and beauty, dropped by the way, and apart from the one great idea of the poem, which indeed almost places it above comparison with any contemporary work. It is rather a puzzling question what Gottfried would have made of *Parzival*, and Wolfram have made of *Tristan*. The school of Gottfried in course of time exchanged their luxurious and secular character for a didactic one, and chose sacred legends as their subjects; the imitators of Wolfram directed their labours to historic poems.

One more of these narrative poems, which we may just notice, is the *Irec* and *Iwein* of Hartmann von der Aue, belonging to the same Celtic cycle of tradition. The *Irec* was a youthful production, containing a very plain unvarnished heap of adventures; the *Iwein* was composed ten years later, at least before the year 1204, and here again it is the individuality of the poet, discernible in the mode of description, in the lively dialogue, and the grave warning, which arrests our attention, and charms us beyond the story itself. This subjectivity of the poet, at once so characteristic of this period, and so fatal to its poetry, is yet more striking in such productions as Lamprecht's *Alexander*, and the *Trojan War*, or the *Eneas* of Conrad von Wurzburg. The former of these poems dates about the year 1170, and relates to a legend often remodelled, as by Ulrich von Eschenbach, Rudolph von Ems, and others. It is throughout the poet who speaks, who fights the marvellous battles, and finds, or rather loses, his way into enchanted forests. He does not realize for himself, or for his readers, the age and country of his hero, but appears to put himself in his place; and with great truth and feeling shows us what would have happened to Clerc Lambert had he been Alexander the Great! The same remarks will apply to all the productions of the same period, even to the *Eneas* of Heinrich von Veldekin, though he of course was a man

of far higher talent, and one whom the Germans are proud to rank as the father of their early poetry.

As poetry of this sort became less and less favoured in the courts, the poets, having no other masters to please, naturally pleased themselves. But in thus writing after their own taste, they fell into an artificial contemplative style, abounding in quotations and learned allusions. All poets belonging to a later date than 1240 or 1250, begin to complain of the want of sympathy in the nobles, the absence of all poetic spirit and appreciation of their works, so that some fell into a bitter misanthropical mood, while others, wrapping themselves with sublime dignity in their own self-respect, and what then passed for impenetrable learning, still wrote for those who would read them, and for—themselves. By this time, too, the famous minne-poetry, with its many votaries, had fairly run itself out. Everybody copied everybody. Walther von der Vogelweide, Reimar von Zweter, Wolfram, and Ulrich von Lichtenstein, were plagiarized without mercy. The case with their ideas was just as Jean Paul declares it ever will be in Germany—that no author can light a new torch, and hold it out to the world till he throws away the end in weariness, but all the lesser ones fall upon it and run about for years with the fragments of light. The chivalry of Germany died away: the knights became robbers, who cared nothing for the poets, and the poets became philosophical, learned, in a word, unreadable. The narrators were not careful to select the best material for their labours, and, further, became so increasingly wedded to their national failing of subjectivity, that it is no wonder they should have gradually dwindled away; while the minne-singer was, from an equally dire necessity, driven out of his last resource of borrowed plumes, and thus the German nation, poetically speaking, was in a fair way of being reduced to a very satisfactory state of subjective imbecility.

In the fourteenth century, a change, equally marked, came over the political condition of Germany. The nations which had been united against their common enemy, the Saracen, discovered that, in default of better occupation, they must fight against one another; so they set to work in good earnest—England and Scotland, England and France, Denmark and Sweden, France and Aragon, Aragon and Castile, besides the perplexing differences in Austria, Bohemia, and Poland. All the effects of such dissensions were felt to their fullest extent in Germany, not as touching the state only, but also the church, and the progress of the people. Such poems as we have above alluded to, were now almost ignored. Wolfram, indeed, was read a little, early in the fifteenth century, but with far less pleasure than the old

didactic poem of *Freidank*. The people had no taste, and probably no time for revelling, as the nobles had done, in the pleasant images, or the interminable paragraphs of the courtly poets; they required something short, pithy, and instructive, as well as amusing. The stories of the old heroes, before the days of chivalry, were the subjects with which they felt most ready sympathy, and we find numbers of them now re-written in prose. At the same time, also, religious prose legends were introduced, in great numbers and short secular tales, with jests and anecdotes. After the invention of printing, in 1430, these were very widely circulated. Barren and cheerless as was the aspect of the fourteenth century in Germany, the humbler classes still retained the healthy germs of a vigorous and manly poetry, very different from the minne-lays which had preceded it. A *Volkslied*, popular as the old Hildebrand, Niebelungen, and Roland songs, but having less of the martial, more of the impassioned caste about it. These circumstances made what the Germans call the second classic era in their history of the poetry possible. And to this we owe that era, as it appeared in the eighteenth century.

But these prose stories, at the end of the fifteenth and throughout great part of the sixteenth centuries, were then the only popular literature. The art epics, with their learning and elaboration, had lorded it so long over the poetry of the people, that when these unfortunate authors, like the owl, twisted their own necks in studying the reflection of themselves, the popular feeling rejoiced in their downfall, and consigned them to oblivion with somewhat spiteful haste. There was, however, no poetry to put in its place, save the same heroic songs which the nation had sung in its childhood. Now that it was nearing manhood, it gave to these the maturer form of prose. But when we speak of these *Volksbücher* as popular literature, it must not be supposed that they were exactly to the sixteenth century what three-volume novels have been to the nineteenth. In our day, it is a rare thing to meet with a philosopher at all times so abstruse, or a geologist imprisoned beneath so many scientific strata, that he has never, since his youth, been fascinated by any fiction—never opened with pleasure, and closed with something like regret, a volume of Bulwer or of Thackeray. In proportion to the enlightenment of that age, the rude, healthy charm of the *Volksbücher* might have entitled them to a similar welcome in their day. But this remark we cannot make without considerable trepidation. It is treasonable enough so to provoke the shades of certain educated Germans of the sixteenth century. They seem even now crowding in over our threshold, and disappearing in indignant and misty confusion, like the soap-bubbles

over the edge of a boy's pipe, till one more zealous and less evanescent than the rest, solemnly compassionating our ignorance, deigns to tell us how learning, in their day, knew better what was due to its own dignity, and carefully kept aloof from the masses; how their magnificent classical attainments, their unwearied studies, which so gloriously resulted in writing Latin, and in ignoring their native tongue, raised them above any fellow-feeling for the common German herd, and that we do them unparalleled injustice to imagine the *Volksbücher*, things hawked about the country and sold at fairs, could ever have influenced the sixteenth century otherwise than mere play-bills or advertisements may influence our own. Granted, Master Scholar, that was, assuredly, about the level to which you and your fellow-shades would fain have reduced them, and, moreover, wherein you were not altogether unsuccessful. Nevertheless, in support of our opinion, we have the fact, that certain individuals, dignified (no doubt by a degenerate century) with the name of scholars, as one Goethe, and others named Tieck, Grimm, and Musæus, have bestowed no small labour on the collecting, and on the recomposition of these contemptible productions—so that the greater number are now well known as tales or dramas, and are prized alike by the scholar and the schoolboy. You must take this fact, good reader, as our plea for calling your attention to matters so childish as those which now lie before us.

The influence diffused by the commercial prosperity of the German free cities, had, in the sixteenth century, already effected much towards the amalgamation of hostile classes. The intercourse of trade brought man and man into closer contact, and served to rub off many obnoxious angles; while the new necessity for frequent journeys, stimulating a spirit of enterprise, could not fail to diffuse intelligence, and widen the range of sympathy. Still, the prevailing spirit was so much one of trade and manual industry, that the only trace of literary interest or cultivation is to be found in that dreary mechanism of the *meister-singers*, which they innocently called poetry. Business and travelling were then, as with us, the great occupations of life. Sober people would go, with perhaps less than six weeks' preparation, all the way from Nürnberg to see their cousins at Munich, or their grandmother at Cologne. Wealthy citizens sent their sons on a tour through the Belgian cities, or to one of the flourishing Hanse towns to bring home a rich wife. In this century, also, appeared the first symptoms of that rage for watering places, which must now have reached its climax, since we verily believe no German dies comfortably who has not in happier days been cured, or is not now professionally killed, in Carlsbad, Gräfrad, or Teplitz. Now, at such places, how could these good people have amused

themselves? It must, indeed, have been a pursuit of health under difficulties. Possibly some of the men would be meistersingers, and cheat the rude weather and idle hour by making scrupulously unpoetical verses. A Strasburger might at intervals read some of Hans Sachs, and Brandt's *Ship of Fools*, or Thomas Murner's last pamphlet against Luther, while one can readily fancy a family party under the trees, compensating for the bitterness of the waters, by a chapter of the *Four Sons of Aymon*, or a young lady setting aside the distaff to resume the sorrows of *Griseldis*. But from all such popular advancement, as was thus indicated, the learned, *par excellence*, kept fitting distance; mounting their frail stilts of classic learning, they walked to and fro above the crowd, superciliously overlooking those busy lesser wheels whose ceaseless and united action urges on the great machine of social life.

Many of our readers will already know as household tales, the histories of *Fortunatus*, of *Horned Siegfried*, *Doctor Faustus*, *Griseldis*, *Genoveva*, and perhaps some others, none of which therefore need further mention here. Among those which have been, and still continue to be, the most popular in Germany, is, *Duke Ernst*, a legend which existed unwritten in 1180, and in the sixteenth century received the prevailing prose form. It bears closer resemblance to the ancient heroic tradition than any which have not their origin in that remote period, and is also remarkable for its eccentric geography, and for the introduction of the Oriental wonders reported by the Crusaders, the splendour of which is fully detailed. We are here able to give only a short outline of a very long story, and can scarcely expect to do any justice to its pictorial merits. The interest is personal rather than historical, as will be found to be the case in all popular tradition. The adventures of individuals claim more ready and cordial interest than the general events of history. Many readers who might be said (more expressively than elegantly) to devour the story of Duke Ernst, would be utterly apathetic in relation to the historic events which affected whole nations. It is his personality which excites their interest, and his history which gives them their only ideas of an entire historic period. How many instances might be enumerated wherein such traditional or historic heroes have thus given character and colouring to whole centuries. It is natural for the heart and the imagination to be attracted more by men than by events. Hence, with few exceptions, it is the philosopher, and the man of culture alone, who can so far generalize as to follow out with interest all the complex causes and results of historical transactions. The peasant or the artisan has more relish for the toils and perils of Robert

Bruce, Robin Hood, and a score of heroes besides. This association of material of all sorts round one centre, will partly account for the extraordinary mixture found in most popular tales, and which the reader will not fail to criticise in the tales following. In the two stories to which we shall restrict our selection, there is the fantastic half truth, half fable of the Oriental poet, mixed up with the superstition of mediæval catholicism, the gloomy presages of the astrologer, and the fatalism of the Mahomedan, all linked with our own Christian teaching of patience under injury, of manly faith, and rectitude triumphing over evil. The restless chivalry of the West is sometimes lulled into luxurious siesta, and imagination hovers in a region undefined and undefinable; time, space, the probable and the improbable, are all forgotten, the reader's neat little craft of common sense goes to the bottom, and he is cast ashore on what seems to him the lonely island of the impossible.

With the assistance of Gustave Schwab's version, we shall now give the substance of one of these stories, begging the reader to forget utterly, for the next few pages, that he has anything to do with a grave reviewer of the nineteenth century, and to imagine rather that it is some simple-minded, credulous German of three or four centuries ago that is about to speak.

‘The Emperor Otto the Red, after the death of his young wife, Ottogeba, followed the advice of his councillors, and sent an embassy to the Duchess of Bavaria, demanding her hand in marriage. Since the death of her husband, this virtuous princess had led a quiet life, employing herself in the education of her son, Ernst, and had refused all solicitations to marry again. She was therefore greatly distressed on hearing the emperor's message, and could only think of the dissensions which would arise between him and her son the duke. But Ernst, on the contrary, urged the matter upon her, saying, ‘Dearest mother, I beseech you, let no fear on my account prevent your union with this mighty prince. With the help of God, who is our head ruler, I will render good service to my earthly emperor in fortune or misfortune, will always show him obedience, and will surround him and his with my arms, that I may always enjoy his favour.’ So the wedding took place, with great state and splendour, in the town of Mainz, and for a time all things went on smoothly at the court.

‘Now, there was a certain Count Heinrich, a treacherous and pitiless man, who could not bear to see the friendly terms on which the emperor and the empress stood with their son. Although the young duke was greatly respected by all, and had bravely

defended his step-father's lands on more than one occasion, yet the false count goes to the emperor and represents to him how diligently his son is seeking out an opportunity to put an end to his life, and to obtain possession of the whole kingdom. At first the emperor does not believe him. But Heinrich goes on to show how he has heard it from two or three, and that the danger is very great. 'Oh, my dear Heinrich,' says the emperor, in great distress, 'I beseech you, give me good counsel. If it be as you say, how am I to send my son out of the country before he can accomplish his design?'—'I would advise my imperial master,' said he, 'that while your son rides to Regensburg, you send, secretly, without the knowledge of the empress, a part of your army, which shall drive him out of the land.' So the troops were sent, and, after great difficulty, took the town of Bamberg. The inhabitants then sent word to their good duke at Regensburg of what had befallen them. Ernst went with bitter tears to his friend, Count Wetzel, wondering what base calumnies had reached the ears of his father, that he should cause so much bloodshed in his land, and be so eager for his destruction. He then assembled his four thousand men, and went out to meet Count Heinrich, who escaped from the battle with only a few followers. This defeat only added to the rage of the emperor, and he went out with fresh troops, taking town after town, and desolating the whole land. Duke Ernst then sent a messenger to his father, assuring him of his loyalty, and begging him to spare his dominions. After hearing this, the emperor paced up and down the room in great wrath, and the empress perceiving that it concerned her son, begged that his conduct might be examined thoroughly, and that he might not be condemned without a hearing. The emperor was inexorable, and the empress went to her room in great sorrow. While upon her knees praying for the deliverance of her son, and wondering whence the evil had sprung, she heard a voice, as it were from heaven, saying to her, 'The Count Heinrich is at the root of these things.' In great amazement, she sent for the messenger, and instructed him to tell Ernst how matters stood at the court, and that all his misfortunes were owing to Count Heinrich. Upon this news, Ernst took a bold resolution, and, with his friend, Wetzel, went to Spire, where the emperor had assembled all the princes. Leaving their horses with the servants, they went up into the palace, and found the emperor sitting alone with the count. Duke Ernst then drew his sword, and exclaiming, 'Thou false and treacherous count, wherefore didst thou thus foully slander me?' plunged it furiously into his enemy. The emperor, terrified at his son's violence, sprang down some four feet into a chapel,

and remained there trembling till the murderers had time to escape. They went in great haste to the Duke of Saxony; of him Duke Ernst obtained a sufficient number of troops to conduct him in safety to Regensberg. The duke assembled the citizens, and told them all that had happened, and how his father being so much stronger than he, all further resistance was in vain; he therefore counselled them to render true allegiance to the emperor, but told them he must take his treasures, and turn his back upon his people. And their hearts were very heavy when they saw their good duke ride away. Forty knights accompanied him on a journey to the Holy Sepulchre; and his mother sent him secretly one hundred silver marks, which he divided among them. So they took the nearest road into Hungary, and were well received by the king, who sent men with them to guide them safely through the forests. At Constantinople, they were most graciously entertained, and remained for three weeks at the court. By that time a large and beautiful ship came in, which the king ordered to be well manned and well stocked with provisions. For six weeks they sailed with fair wind; but one night a storm arose, and the ship was in great danger, and the other twelve ships which were with the duke all went to pieces. At last the sailors were unable to find out where they were, and their stock of provisions was nearly ended. In the midst of these difficulties, they reached an unknown coast. Here they landed, and Duke Ernst and his knights mounted and rode towards a town, which they saw in the distance. It was beautifully built, with a thick, high wall, huge towers, and surrounded by a broad moat. After riding about it at a distance, they resolved to return to the ship, and having eaten and drank what little they had, put on their armour, and the duke gave Count Wetzel the standard with the motto, 'God's word standeth for ever.'

'Now the inhabitants of this country were called Agrippines. The king had just set out with his followers to waylay an Indian princess, who was passing through his land on her way to the foreign prince whom she was to marry. After long deliberation, and with some fear, the duke entered the town; they met no one in all the streets, and at length they dismounted before a beautiful castle. In the hall they found a table spread with delicious fare, as though for a wedding feast; so they all sat down, and ate and drank as much as they liked, and sent for those who were on board the ship also to come and refresh themselves. The next day they came again to the palace, and ate and drank, and walked from one beautiful room to another, till they found a chamber in which stood two splendid bedsteads

of pure gold, and the coverings of cloth of gold; in the middle of the room was a table covered with a magnificent cloth, on which a delicate repast was laid out. Next to this was a small saloon, and a garden with a beautiful fountain leaping from silver pipes into two golden troughs. So Duke Ernst and his friend Wetzel bathed in the fountain, and then laid themselves down to sleep in the golden beds. After they had rested, they went once more round, admiring the wonders of the palace, when Count Wetzel suddenly espied a large army advancing towards them; the duke then proposed they should hide themselves, and see what these people did. The people entered the town in great state, but Ernst and his friend were not a little amazed to see that one and all of them had the neck and bill of a crane. The king now took his seat at the table, with the beautiful princess, whom he had carried off, sitting beside him; he often turned round his bill towards her that she might kiss him, but the good maiden was full of sorrow, and turned aside her head, wishing she were in a forest with wild beasts, rather than with such fearful-looking creatures. Meanwhile, the two gentlemen behind the door whispered to one another, and noticed the distress of the lady, and Duke Ernst vowed that he would risk his life to save her. But they were much afraid the people should discover the ship, and the knights they had left there, and the knights in the ship were equally anxious for their duke and his friend. When the long meal was at last finished, the people all went away drunk, and cackling like geese; the king retired into a beautiful room laden with golden ornaments, and sent two servants to fetch the princess. Duke Ernst and Count Wetzel sprang from their hiding-place as she was led by, and struck off the head of one servant, the other rushed into the presence of the king, exclaiming that the Indians were there to carry away their princess. The king sprang up with a loud cackle, and ran his bill into the maiden's side, so that she fell to the ground. This so enraged the duke, that he ran the king through with his sword; he then raised the princess, but she had only breath to say a few words of gratitude. When they saw that she was dead, they had only their own safety to care for, and fought their way bravely to the gates of the town. But these were closed, and the enemy was fast overpowering them. Now it chanced that the gentlemen in the ship had set out to see if they could anywhere see the duke; they heard the noise in the town, and with their battle-axes at last broke the gates, and saved him and his friend, together with the body of the princess. But they had no sooner safely set sail, than the Agrippines set sail also, and showered poisoned arrows after

them like snow. Fortunately, the duke had on board a sort of catapult, with which he sent three or four ships to the bottom; and the others seeing they could get no good, went back to the town and buried their king.

‘On the fifth day, after fair wind, the captain of the ship saw a dark mountain rise in the distance, and at the sight broke out into fearful lamentations. No power could save the ship; for greater strength, it had been studded over with huge iron nails, and the magnetic power of the mountain now drew them out, and the ship fell, and floated piecemeal on the water.’

Then our story goes on to show how these adventurous knights escaped by the marvellous help of ox-hides and huge vultures; how they made their way through the stream of a terrible mountain pass; how this brought them into a country peopled by Cyclops, having their one eye in the centre of their forehead; how the duke and his followers did much wise and valiant service for the king of the Cyclops, against a people called Sciapodes, who had but one foot, that foot, however, being of such structure and dimensions, as to fit them for great achievements on land or water; also against a people who had ears long enough to serve them for mantles; and against giants, whom none before were ever known to conquer; and then the story proceeds.

‘Now that there was no more assistance to be rendered to the King of the Cyclops, the duke one day said to his friend, ‘Dear Wetzels, I once heard, that in India, there are very little men indeed, who are constantly at war with the crane-people. I should much like to see them. Will you go with me; and I will then take some more soldiers?’ The count was very willing; and, taking abundance of provision, they set sail for India. The good people were very much alarmed at the sight of such great warriors, but were right glad when they heard they were come to bring peace, and not war. The duke won for them an easy victory, and only took as reward two of the dwarfs; and returned to the king of the Cyclops, who had given him five large towns and castles. One day, as he was walking on the sea-shore, a ship came into the harbour from India, driven by the wind; and they told the duke how their king, who favoured the Christians, was, on this account, at war with the sultan of Babylon, who desolated the land with fire and sword. Duke Ernst then went home, and told the count about it; and they agreed to sail the next day with the captain. Orders were given to provision the ship, the strange people the duke had collected were put on board, and all left before the king heard anything of it.’

We cannot follow the duke through all his victorious adventures in the regions of the Sultan of Babylon, and of the King of the Moors, but will rejoin him at Jerusalem.

‘When he had been there half a-year, two pilgrims came who knew him, and who went away and told the Emperor Otto all about the marvellous people whom his son had brought from strange countries. The emperor was very much astonished, and gave them handsome presents. Then he went to the empress, and said, ‘Dear wife; I will tell you something wonderful. Your son Ernst is in Jerusalem, and has grown quite grey.’ The empress was amazed and delighted at these words. ‘Truly, sire, the grey hairs which he has, have come from no small sorrow. He has suffered much injury in his lifetime!’

From Jerusalem the duke went to Rome; and when he had seen all the town, he said, one day, to Wetzel, ‘My dearest friend; let us turn towards our fatherland. You know how many dangers we have encountered, and, with God’s help, overcome; but my greatest misery seems still to be, that my father will not lessen his anger toward me, although I am innocent. Therefore I beg you, dear friend, tell me what I had better do.’ The count then advised the duke to go to Nuremberg, where the emperor was to hold a diet; and who knows, said he, how Providence may not help us by that time. No sooner said than done. They secretly entered the town of Nuremberg; and soon after them came the emperor, and all his court. On Christmas Day, the empress and her ladies all went to the church; this the duke saw, and mixing among the people, came up to his mother with the greeting, ‘Give me an alms, for Christ’s sake, and for the sake of your son Ernst!’ The empress replied, ‘Alas, my friend, I have not seen my son for very long. Would God he were alive, you should then have alms enough!’ Then said the duke, quickly, ‘Madam, give me the alms, and I will go hence again, for I am in disgrace with my father, and cannot come into favour again!’ The empress said, ‘You are then my son Ernst?’ He replied, ‘Mother, I am your son; therefore help me to find favour again.’ The empress then told him to come the following day to the church; and when the Bishop of Bamberg read the Gospel, he and his friend Wetzel should throw themselves at the emperor’s feet, and beg his forgiveness. Their example should be followed by all the court; and she hoped it would not be in vain. So the duke followed her advice; and when the service was ended, he threw his cloak over his face, and bowing before the emperor said, ‘Most gracious lord and emperor, I beseech your majesty to forgive

‘a sinner, who has long erred, but who yet is innocent of the ‘chief charge against him.’ The emperor replied, that the pardon must depend upon the nature of the crime. Then the empress and all the court rose, and besought him, on this holy and joyful day, to pardon the offender. The emperor, at last, consented; but said he would see who the man was. The duke then threw back his mantle; and when he saw his father’s cheek redden with anger, he made a sign to his friend Wetzel, for it had been agreed that he should stab the duke rather than allow him to become the emperor’s prisoner. But the emperor, seeing the whole court thus intercede for his son, said, ‘And where, ‘then, is thy friend, Count Wetzel?’ The count then gladly approached, and received the kiss of reconciliation from the emperor. So every one went home well pleased; and the duke heard how basely the Count Heinrich had slandered him, and then told his innocence of all the charges; and how he had always been true and loyal in his heart. Then the emperor heard, in great amazement, how he had met with so many wonders, and had so many escapes; and he said to Duke Ernst, ‘My dear son, because you have been so much tried and ‘wronged, I promise, before these gentlemen, that you shall have ‘all your lands again, and many towns beside.’ So the duke rode with his friend into his own land, and received the joyful homage of his people; and he reigned there very long in peace. And the emperor went to the Diet, at Spires, and held a great feast, because his son was come back. The duke’s mother also, ordered many workmen to Salza, and there built a splendid minster, in which she was afterwards buried.’

We need not mention the point of this story that will remind our readers of the tale of ‘Sinbad the Sailor.’ It is doubtless one of the many traveller’s tales brought from the East, either by the Crusaders, or by the learned men who, some years later, not unfrequently took one or two voyages into foreign parts before giving themselves to labour for life. Accounts of such travels were read with great eagerness in the sixteenth century, and were especially congenial to its youthful enterprising spirit. The wonders of *Duke Ernst*, and other romances, would doubtless pass unquestioned, among the wild poetic versions of real discoveries, to which multitudes everywhere gave delighted credence. Many years of travel, and of newly-opened commerce, passed away, before the stories of Russian steppes, with their salt lakes, boiling springs, and ghostlike birch-woods, then for the first time heard of, were to be received as more authentic than other tales of haunted wells and desert islands. Sailors have ever been super-

stitious, and travellers, in times past, hardly less so. Distant lands, in the middle ages, and long after, were all the lands of fable.

The story of the *Four Sons of Aymon* springs from the old Charlemagne tradition-cycle, and is full of exciting incident. Its length precludes us from doing more than name it. A translation has, we believe, lately appeared in the *Traveller's Library*, by William Hazlitt. As a sample of those *Volksbücher*, of a less martial character, we will just sketch an outline of the universal favourite, the *Fair Melusina*—which was translated from the French by Düring von Ringoltingen, and printed about 1535.

‘Once upon a time, there lived at Poitiers, in France, a count, named Emmerich, who was a great astrologer; he had also very large estates, and spent much of his time in hunting. In the neighbouring forest lived another count, who was his cousin, but who was very poor, and had a great many children. Count Emmerich had a great respect for his cousin, and was anxious to assist him in bringing up his family as became their noble rank. He, therefore, gave a large banquet, to which he invited the Count von der Forste and his sons. As they were going away, he begged his cousin to leave his youngest son Raymond behind, that he might educate him as his own child; the manly form and engaging dispositions of the youth had so won his heart, that he should be quite unhappy if his request were not granted. So Raymond was left behind, and conducted himself so well as to gain the affections of all in his new home. One day the count, attended by Raymond and a large company of gentlemen, went out into the forest to hunt a wild boar. The animal led them a long chase, and killed many dogs; the count, with the faithful Raymond at his side, still pursued, until the moon rose, and they found themselves alone in a green glade. Raymond then proposed they should return, and endeavour to reach the nearest peasant's house; they, therefore, rode slowly on through the tangled underwood till they came upon the road to Poitiers. The count then looked up at the stars, and after studying them in grave silence, turned with a deep sigh to Raymond. ‘Come here my son, I will show you a great phenomenon, such an aspect of the heavens as is rarely seen!’ Raymond begged to be further instructed in the matter. ‘I see,’ continued the count, ‘that in this hour some one will kill his master, and will thus become a mighty powerful lord, greater than all his ancestors!’ Raymond listened in silence; meantime, they came upon a fire which had been lighted by the

other gentlemen of the party, so they dismounted, and sat down by the fire. They were no sooner seated than they heard a loud crashing in the branches behind, and had scarcely time to seize their weapons before a wild boar was upon them, foaming and tearing up the ground with rage. Raymond begged the count to save himself in a tree; this proposal offended him greatly, and seizing his spear he rushed furiously at the boar, but the stroke was too weak, the animal pushed it aside, and with one spring brought his enemy to the ground. Raymond now drew his spear in great haste to finish the boar and save his master, but in the heat of his zeal he drove the spear through the boar deep in the body of the count; he instantly withdrew it, but too late, count Emmerich lay dead, covered with blood.

‘In the greatest distress Raymond now fled from the place, he knew not whither. His eyes were blinded with tears, and he sent forth the most bitter lamentations and complaints against the destiny which had not only deprived him of his best friend, but had made him the instrument of his death. Wrapped in these gloomy thoughts he came to a well, beside which stood three beautiful maidens, and would have passed by without seeing them, but the youngest stepped forward and addressed him. Struck with the marvellous beauty of her countenance, he sprang to the ground, and besought her to forgive his unknighly conduct in passing without a greeting; he pleaded his deep and sudden grief which had almost deprived him of his senses. He then told her all that had befallen him; and the mysterious maiden gave him much kind and affectionate counsel, with many happy prophecies of the future, so that Raymond’s anxious face wore a pleasanter air, and the roses of hope succeeded the paleness of despair. He promised to devote his whole life to her, and to be directed by her counsel as the shadow is by the sun. Raymond further agreed to her condition, that if she became his wife, he should on every Saturday leave her entirely to herself, should make no effort to see her, nor allow any other person to do so; at the same time she promised on that day to go nowhere, but to remain quietly in her own apartments. The beautiful Melusina, seeing Raymond readily make so great a promise, fearing he undertook more than he would be able to perform, said to him: ‘You appear certainly to render cheerful obedience to my will, but I see you promise more than you intend to perform; let me tell you, however, that should you ever thus break your faith, at your door alone must lie all the misery that will arise from it—for not only must you then lose me inevitably and for ever, but misfortune will follow you, and your children’s children.’ After much more talk, they

at length took an affectionate farewell, Raymond promising in all things to follow the advice of Melusina, who was so beautiful and so wise, he could not tell whether she was a mortal or a spirit.

At the castle, Raymond found all in distress and confusion at the absence of the good count, but as so many gentlemen who had been with him knew nothing of where he had gone, no one suspected Raymond of knowing more than he appeared to do. Presently two of the servants returned, bringing the body with them, which they had found in the wood, beside the boar; and a very solemn funeral took place, at which none wept more sincerely than the affectionate Raymond. All the estates now came into the possession of Count Emmerich's son, Bertram, and many nobles and gentlemen assembled to receive their lands from the new lord. Raymond, following the plan he had agreed upon with the fair Melusina, also presented his request, that for his past services, he might be allowed to have a piece of land near the well, if it were only such a piece as a deer-skin would cover. Raymond received the grant in due form, with parchment and seal. Immediately afterwards he met a man carrying a deer-skin, this he bought, and had it cut into the narrowest strips; he then set out, with proper men, to take possession of his land. One end of the skin he fastened to the well, and measured round it as far as the strip-line would reach. It was found to include a rich piece of land, watered by a broad stream; and all the men were astonished at the cunning of young Raymond, especially his cousin Bertram, who laughed heartily, and was greatly pleased when he heard it. The next time Raymond met his betrothed at the well, he received great praise for his discreet conduct. 'Follow me,' said she, 'and let us thank Heaven that it thus prospers our undertakings.' She then led him to a retired chapel in the forest, which Raymond was amazed to find filled with people, knights, ladies, citizens, and priests who conducted the service. Wondering if he were among men or spirits, he asked his bride whence all these people came in that solitary place, and who they were. Melusina then told him they were her subjects, and turning to them, enjoined upon them, thenceafter, the most implicit obedience to Raymond as their lord and master. 'This they all solemnly vowed.

The court of Count Bertram soon after received another visit from Raymond, and they wondered what should have brought him there again. Raymond readily obtained an audience of his cousin, and began thus:—'Most gracious cousin, be not angry that I have so soon and unexpectedly presented myself at your court again, but I have something to tell you, which so nearly

‘concerns me, that I do not think I should leave you in ignorance
‘I have won a beautiful bride, and am come here to beg, most
‘respectfully, that you and your mother will honour us with
‘your presence at our wedding, which will take place at the Well.
‘If, therefore, I and my betrothed may hope for such honour
‘early on the coming Monday, we shall esteem it a peculiar hap-
‘piness, ever to be remembered with gratitude.’ Bertram then
inquired, with great curiosity, who the lady might be? ‘She is
‘a noble, rich, and powerful lady,’ replied Raymond, ‘but of her
‘descent I am still ignorant, and shall remain so until after the
‘ceremony.’ At this communication Bertram was much asto-
nished, and still more amused; however, he politely accepted
the invitation, saying, his desire to see this goddess would make
the time appear very long.

‘At length the wished-for day arrived, and the Count Bertram
set out with a very numerous suite, who passed many jokes by the
way, wondering whether the whole might not prove to be some
magical deception, since the place of meeting bore a very sus-
picious character. When they reached a rocky height com-
manding the plain in which Raymond’s well lay, they were
astonished to see it covered over with beautiful tents of all sizes,
scattered picturesquely among the trees, and beside the stream;
there were also numbers of people, apparently strangers, walking
to and fro on the grass. This led them still more to believe the
whole was the work of enchantment. Their thoughts, however,
were now interrupted by the approach of a company of sixty
knights and noblemen, all in the most magnificent attire; these
conducted the gentlemen into a superb tent, and a company of
noble ladies received the Countess and her attendants in the
name of the bride. The company then assembled in the chapel,
and were ranged in a circle round an altar of the richest work-
manship. The dress of the bride sparkled with gold, pearls, and
precious stones. After the mass had been performed with the
most exquisite music, Raymond and Melusina were led to the
altar to receive the blessing, and the bride was then conducted
by the Count of Poitiers to the tent; here golden vessels were
offered to the guests, and water poured upon their hands; seats
were then taken at the table. After the first course, Raymond
and some of his knights arose from the table and waited upon
the guests. The repast was followed by a tournament, from
which Raymond carried off the prize, which was a precious orna-
ment, set in diamonds. In the evening the bridal pair were led,
with a procession of music and torches, to their tent, which was
of thick silk and stripes of gold, all embroidered with birds and

lilies. The music of flutes and soft voices continued all night without the tent, but Melusina reminded her husband of his promise, and warned him of certain ruin if he should break it.'

It will be readily seen how much there is in these descriptions resembling the chivalric romances, more especially those of France. And apt as we are to regard such details as tedious, and to exclaim against the frequent repetition of such adventures as becoming monotonous rather than exciting, we have to bear in mind that fiction has an end to accomplish, no less than history or philosophy. From the fragments of its fiction we look for indications of an epoch in its domestic and social conditions, in its tendency and general characteristics, as shown in paths branching off from the high road of the historian—mosaic bits, which, from their very littleness, go to form what proves both harmonious and instructive. History gathers its bearded sheaves of ripe events, leaving a lesser harvest for a merry band of gleaners, who store it with laughter and song, and send it forth again, as their contribution to the general happiness.

But our philosophy must not be allowed to prevent us following the course of our story. Well, the course, in substance, is this—the wedding feast lasts fifteen days. Raymond then occupies himself in building a strong castle with many lofty towers. Melusina, in process of time, becomes the mother of ten sons. These sons differ much from each other, one, for example, having one eye, another three, and their characters are not less varied. The brothers do many striking things, each after his nature. At length a friend provokes the curiosity of Raymond about the cause of his wife's mysterious seclusion every Saturday; after much conflict, the count resolves to secure, unobserved, a sight of what passed in the secret apartment of Melusina on that day. To his amazement he sees his beautiful wife engaged in magic ceremonies, become half-fish and half-woman, and much beside. As might be supposed, this dissolves the enchantment; the mysterious wife mysteriously disappears; Raymond becomes disconsolate, makes a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and dies at a good old age, seeing most of his sons rise to wealth and honour; and Melusina, too, having foretold the fortunes of her house before her departure, still loves her husband, Raymond, and before his decease, returns to apprise those near him of his approaching end.

Now, to enter into the spirit of such a specimen from the comparative childhood of literature, and to understand the condition of mind to which it was addressed, this story must of course be regarded with something like that unquestioning faith with which

it was once received—at least, by the young and uncritical. Supernatural ladies of this beneficent order are by no means uncommon in early Teutonic literature. The charm of such illusions depends on our being able to believe as Raymond for a while believed—but in our case, as in his, all will be dispelled, if we begin to be too curious and grow sceptical.

Let us now leave these graver histories for those of a lighter description. We shall find these to be still more the immediate production of the existing social relations. Society, at that period, was made up of contrast, and gained in life and vigour from the constant friction of opposing elements. Mixed with the uncontrolled love of mirth, the reckless self-indulgence, of a people, as it were, sowing their wild oats, are the signs of an approaching manhood, in grave questionings and anxious disputations. Martin Luther, with his lion heart, and ready speech, ever valiant for the highest truth; and Hans Sachs, with his shrewd wit and laughter-loving eye, pouring forth comedy and satire, are contemporaries especially characteristic of their age. And it is in such extremes that true satire must have its rise. Side by side in the soul of the satirist are *L'Allegro* and *Penseroso*. Take away the one or the other, and the power and beauty of the character are gone. If we mistake not, it is the humorist Hood who says—

‘ There is no music in the life
That sounds to idiot laughter only;
There is no note of mirth,
But hath its chord in melancholy.’

The genius which speaks to us in the inspiration of the loftiest tragedy and tenderest pathos, is often that which gives itself vent in the gayest humour, the keenest repartees. The rainbow of true wit must be formed of sunshine and of cloud. Mirth saves the sadness of reality from settling into gloom, gravity points and plumes the merry arrow, that it may not go forth idly and without an aim. It is so with nations as with individuals; and hence comes the conflict and fusion we meet with in the sixteenth century, producing along with the gravest writings, the greatest German satirists, and sending forth a stream of popular farce and humour, which provided occasion for laughter to succeeding generations. At this time, moreover, the remorseless *régime* of ceremony and etiquette, which had so long frozen the higher classes, and rigidly excluded the lower from any better intercourse than with their own, was gradually breaking up. Ideas concerning the rights of the governing and the governed underwent a change. People began to see what they had long only

indistinctly felt, and the separation of classes and the excesses of the clergy were declared to be evils, and assailed as such. For many a day, the only representative of freedom had been the court fool, who, revelling in his licence of equality, made a most refreshing use of it, satirising rich and poor, but invariably leveling his hardest hits at the highest heads—careless though the effect as it came upon his back consisted of something weightier than a witticism. The satirical tendency of the period saw in these pranks and follies of the fools no insignificant weapon, and led to the collection and arrangement of them round some mythic personage, as Burkhardt Waldis, Till Eulenspiegel, or the Friar Amis of the thirteenth century.

We have already seen how the heroic tradition, in a prose form, became once more welcome in its old home among the people. In the same manner, though in a different spirit, the old brute tradition was now also revived. In its first appearance, this tradition was a development, or manifestation rather, of the forest life and tastes of the early Germans. Their daily familiar association with the habits and instincts of the animal creation, taught them to attribute to it a half-human character, which is the spirit of the brute tradition. And when this social intercourse was interrupted, as by beasts of prey, their superstition would clothe such rude disturbers with supernatural terrors. Hence it is we hear of were-wolves, and other marvels. The famous brute epic of *Reynard the Fox*, which had been brought back again out of the Netherlands, assumed, however, in the eyes of this generation, an entirely new character. It was looked on and enjoyed as a bold, elaborate satire upon kings, courts, and priests; and to the prevailing quarrels between the clergy and the laity it owed many a new edition. In imitation of this work rose fables, and numberless stories of animals; the latter, however, failing to realize the mystic half-human element, which should be their special beauty. Where such heroes are represented as definite animals, or definite men, (though still called by animal names,) their hold on the imagination is greatly lessened. Master Reynard is more than a mere fox, and yet too much of a fox to be a man; the charm thus becomes complete, and is irresistible.

From the *Volksbücher* of this humorous caste we are somewhat at a loss to select a specimen. That which will perhaps admit of being indicated in the least space, is the *Lalenbuch*, or *The Citizens of Schilda*. The inhabitants of this town were so widely celebrated for their wisdom, that they received embassies from the most distant kings and statesmen, summoning them to give their

advice upon important questions. This celebrity proved, after a time, somewhat inconvenient, inasmuch as it often happened that the women were left at home alone to plough, sow, and reap. But, as we shall see, their wisdom was not for other people's use only. After mature deliberation, they resolved to lay aside this superfluous possession. From the day of that determination each was to emulate his fellow in stupidity. At first, this was rather a difficult matter; but soon, as the magistrate said, 'they were clever enough to take to it quite naturally.' One of the first improvements which they now undertook in their town was the erection of a new town-hall. It rose to a great height, with three walls forming a triangle; but notwithstanding the beauty of the design, it was discovered, on the first day of assembly, that they were unable to see anything in the interior. They, therefore, with great promptitude, ran and fetched large sacks, held them open in the sunshine, then hastily closing the mouths, rushed into the hall, concluding that this manœuvre would be followed by a full blaze of sunshine. Great was their dismay at finding themselves still in the dark; and they gladly followed the advice of a traveller, who told them to take off the roof from the building. This they did; and fortunately had a dry summer.

The citizens of Schilda also built a new mill, and for this purpose had hewn a stone from a quarry at the top of the hill. This they carried down to the mill; but then they remembered how, in felling the wood for the town-hall, one tree had rolled down by itself. 'Are we come to be real fools,' quoth the magistrate, in a great rage; 'we might have let the stone roll down, and have spared all this trouble.' So, with great difficulty, they carried it up again to the quarry. 'Oh!' exclaimed one of the men; 'how shall we know where the stone rolls to?' 'That is easily settled,' replied the magistrate; 'some one must put his head into the hole, and go down with it.' So the stone and the man went down the hill-side into the millpond. When the rest reached the bottom of the hill, and saw neither man nor stone, they suspected foul play; and said the man must have gone off with the millstone. They therefore sent word to all the neighbouring villages, 'that if a man were seen walking with a millstone round his neck, he should be taken, and should suffer the extremity of the law as a common thief.' But the poor fellow lay at the bottom of the pond, and had drunk too much water to be able to make his defence. Not long after this, there was a report of war; and the people were greatly concerned for the safety of the bell in the town-hall.

They at length agreed that the sea would be the safest place to put it in. So they went out in a ship, and dropped the bell slowly down, making a notch in the ship's side, that they might know the precise spot. When the war was over, they set sail again to recover their treasure; but though the notch was still in the ship, they never found their bell. The stupidity of the Schilbürger had long ceased to be assumed; and their melancholy end was such as might be anticipated from their consistent life. It happened thus:—In the town of Schilda there were no cats; and barns and houses were overrun with mice. One day, a traveller passed with a cat under his arm. An innkeeper asked what it was. 'A mouse-dog,' replied the stranger; and it forthwith commenced considerable execution among the mice. So the stranger kindly settled with the good citizens, that they should have the cat for a hundred gulden. They carried it into the castle, where the corn was, and then remembered they had not inquired what the animal ate. A man was dispatched after the stranger; who, however, fearing they repented the bargain, took to his heels. 'What does it eat?' shouted the man, at a great distance. '*Wie man's beut*' (what you please) replied he, hastily. But the peasant understood him, '*Vieh und Leut*' (men and cattle), and ran home in great consternation. From this it was clear that when the mice were eaten, the cattle and themselves would be the next victims; but no one dared to touch the creature. So they thought it would be a lesser evil to lose their corn, and promptly set fire to the castle, in order to destroy the cat. But the cat jumped out of the window into another house; this they bought, and burned likewise; but the creature walked quietly on to the roof, and began washing her face. This solemn elevation of the paw was construed into a menace of mortal revenge. One brave man commenced an attack with a long spear; but puss calmly ran down it. This climax so horrified the beholders, that they simultaneously fled; and the village was burned all but one house. With their wives and children the Schilbürger wandered into the forest; and having lost their all, sought other homes in countries far and near. So that, even in our day, there is no town in which some of the race of the Schilbürgers may not be found.

And as we have all met with Schilbürgers in our time, so we have all heard of one Whittington, who also chanced to find a cat a very marketable commodity.

Our patient reader, now, doubtless, looks to us for some information respecting the early authors of the stories, the

characteristics of which we have submitted, with our best fidelity, to his judicious criticism. But laudable as this spirit of inquiry may be in the abstract, there are occasions on which we cannot profess to admire it, if it be expected of us that we should preserve even the ghost of a conscience. In the present instance, we consider it annoying, intrusive, malicious. Our only reply is, that a few were composed and penned by a Thuringian princess, in the fifteenth century; and it is possible, that the literary dilettante, Niclas von Wyle, may have had something to do with some others of them; but this is scarcely probable, since he was far too busy in translating Italian, and running after literary ladies. Our information, therefore, on this point, becomes 'beautifully less' as we attempt to gather it up, and resolves itself into a statement of our own utter ignorance, with this consoling reservation, however, that we cannot refer the baffled inquirer to a more enlightened authority than ourselves. It is sufficient for us, humble persons as we are, that, in common with such obscure authors as the said Goethe and Tieck before mentioned, we have found it pleasant, and something more, to place ourselves amidst the times when such fictions could be invented, and amidst the wonder-loving circles among whom they could be narrated, believed, and enjoyed.

ART. IV.—*Reports from the Select Committees of the House of Commons on the Law of Mortmain. 1851-2.*

It has been asserted by a learned and eloquent historian of the Christian Church,* that the law of Constantine, which empowered the clergy to receive testamentary bequests, and to hold land, was a gift which would scarcely have been exceeded if he had granted them two provinces of the empire. In the space of two centuries, from the reign of the imperial convert to that of Justinian, the eighteen hundred churches scattered over the Roman territories were enriched by the munificent and inalienable gifts of the sovereign and the people. Gibbon, in his malicious, but we fear, on the whole, truthful, representation of the effect of this edict, depicts, in his usual sarcastic language, the arts by which that wealth was acquired, and the purposes to which it was often abused.

‘In the capital of the empire, the females of noble and opulent houses possessed a very ample share of independent property, and many of those devout females had embraced the doctrines of Christianity, not only with the cold assent of the understanding, but with the warmth of affection, perhaps with the eagerness of fashion. They sacrificed the pleasures of dress and luxury; and renounced, for the praise of chastity, the soft endearments of conjugal society. Some ecclesiastic, of real or apparent sanctity, was chosen to direct their timorous conscience, and to amuse the vacant tenderness of their heart; and the unbounded confidence which they hastily bestowed was often abused by knaves and enthusiasts, who hastened from the extremities of the East to enjoy on a splendid theatre the privileges of the monastic profession. By the contempt of the world, they usually acquired its most desirable advantages; the lively attachment of perhaps a young and beautiful woman, the delicate plenty of an opulent household, and the respectful homage of the slaves, the freed-men, and the clients of a senatorial family. The immense fortunes of the Roman ladies were gradually consumed in lavish alms and expensive pilgrimages; and the artful monk, who had assigned himself the first, or possibly the sole place in the testament of his spiritual daughter, still presumed to declare, with the smooth face of hypocrisy, that *he* was only the instrument of charity and the steward of the poor. The lucrative, but disgraceful trade, which was exercised by the clergy to defraud the expectations of the natural heirs, provoked the indignation even of a superstitious age; and two of the most respectable of the Latin fathers very honestly confess, that the ignominious edict of Valentinian was just and necessary; and that the Christian priests

* Milman, vol. iii.

had deserved to lose a privilege which was still enjoyed by comedians, charioteers, and the ministers of idols.*

The Valentinian law checked without eradicating this evil, by imposing many limitations upon the testamentary bequests of women, and the most distinguished churchmen of the day complain, not so much of the limitations themselves, as of the fact, that the clergy had rendered them necessary. Jerome, rebuking the prevalent corruption of the clerical order, and relating what he had seen, probably at Rome, presents a striking picture of the prevailing vice. ‘Si pulvillum viderit, si mantile elegans, si aliquid domesticæ suppellectilis, laudat, miratur, attrectat, et se his indigere conquerens, non tam impetrat, quam extorquet, quia singulæ metuunt veredarium urbis offendere.’†

A singular law, made some years subsequently to the edict of Valentinian, proves at once the insufficiency of that edict to extirpate the corrupt practices of the clergy, and justifies the severe language of the historian. Such deaconesses of the church as were of noble families were prohibited from disposing, under pretence of religion, of their jewels, plate, and furniture, or of such other things as were marks of honour in their families; but even the repeal of this law was obtained two months after its enactment by the influence of the priesthood.‡

Without doubt the wealth of the church, however improperly acquired, was often applied to very beneficent purposes. Many bishops expended the large incomes of their churches on works of utility and benevolence. The whole power and resources of the State were, in that age, absorbed in the duty of checking barbarian encroachment, repressing revolts, and punishing rebellions. Its spirit was selfish, its heart was corrupt, and its aspect stern and unrelenting. The church was the depositary, guardian, and dispenser of all the sacred charities and humanities of life. It took under its exclusive care, the poor, the sick, the unprotected, and the disconsolate. It built and it supported almshouses, hospitals, orphan asylums. It even, occasionally, ministered to the health, convenience, and luxury of the people. Theodoret, bishop of Cyros, whose diocese was considered a poor one, was nevertheless able to save enough out of his revenues to erect porticoes for the use of the city, to build two large bridges, to construct a canal from the Euphrates to the town, which had before suffered from want of water, and to repair and improve the public baths, which were indispensable

* *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, vol. iv. p. 26.

† Ep. 22. ad Eustochium, s. 28.

‡ *Cod. Theod.* lib. xvi. tit. 2.

for the inhabitants of the district. Many of these and other similar undertakings, unless they had been accomplished in that age by the wealth of the church, would not have been effected at all.

But the church was to act a far more important part in secular affairs, before its true nature was recognised, and a barrier opposed to its temporal dominion. The long decay of the imperial government was favourable to the growth of sacerdotal power, which embodied whatever of moral influence survived the dissolution of the Roman empire. The bishops were the natural chiefs of the towns; they were at once their magistrates and their protectors; they dispensed justice, mitigated barbarian ferocity, and became the councillors of barbarian kings; they had long been accustomed to the exercise of civil authority; they soon aspired to absolute dominion; they succeeded in establishing an influence which no then existing government could resist, and by often sharing and sanctioning the excesses of power, they made steady and sure advances to unlimited authority in the State.

But Europe was not then ripe for a theocratical sovereignty. Meantime, an intermediate position was open to the clergy, and they eagerly embraced it; they became great landed proprietors, and formed themselves into a hierarchy of manorial lords.

‘The devotion of the conquering nations,’ says Mr. Hallam, ‘as it was less enlightened than that of the subjects of the empire, so was it still more munificent. They left indeed the worship of Hesus and Taranus in their forests, but they retained the elementary principles of that and of all barbarous idolatry, a superstitious reverence for the priesthood, a credulity that seemed to invite imposture, and a confidence in the efficacy of gifts to expiate offences. Of this temper it is undeniable that the ministers of religion, influenced probably not so much by personal covetousness, as by zeal for the interests of their order, took advantage. Many of the peculiar and prominent characteristics in the faith and discipline of these ages, appear to have been either introduced, or sedulously promoted, for the purpose of sordid fraud. To those purposes conspired the veneration for relics, the worship of images, the idolatry of saints and martyrs, the religious inviolability of sanctuaries, the consecration of cemeteries, but above all the doctrine of purgatory, and masses for the relief of the dead. A creed thus contrived, operating upon the minds of barbarians, lavish though rapacious, and devout though dissolute, naturally caused a torrent of opulence to pour in upon the church. Donations of land were continually made to the bishops, and, in still more ample proportion, to the monastic foundations.’*

* *Middle Ages*, vol. i. p. 500.

The French monarchs of the first line of kings, the Carolingian family, and their great chief, the Saxon emperors, the kings of England, and Leon, hardly set any bounds to their liberality. In Charlemagne, however, the clergy, although they partook largely of his bounty, found a master—at once penetrating and powerful—subtle as themselves, and profoundly skilled in human nature—he made great use of ecclesiastics; indeed they were the principal officers in his administration, but in making them serve his purposes, he never for an instant allowed them to use *him* as an instrument for their own. It was his practice, it appears, to note down his thoughts previously to holding his councils, and a series of questions is extant, which Charlemagne proposed to put to his bishops and counts at one of their general assemblies. They are framed in a spirit of sly satire and quiet reproof, which is extremely amusing.

‘To ascertain on what occasions, and in what places, the ecclesiastics and the laity seek to impede each other in the exercise of their respective functions? To inquire and discuss up to what point a bishop, or an abbot, is justified in interfering in secular offices, and a count or other layman in ecclesiastical affairs? To interrogate them closely as to the meaning of those words of the apostle—‘No man that warreth for the law entangleth himself with the affairs of this life?’ Inquire to whom these words apply.

‘Desire the bishops and abbots to tell us truly, what is the meaning of the phrase, always in their mouths—‘Renounce the world,’—and by what signs we may distinguish those who have renounced the world from those who still adhere to the world: is it merely that the former do not bear arms, or marry publicly?

‘To ask them further, whether he is to be considered as having renounced the world, whom we see labouring, day by day, by all sorts of means to augment his possessions; now making use for this purpose, of menaces, of eternal flames, now of promises of eternal beatitude; in the name of God, or of some saint, despoiling single-minded people of their property, to the infinite prejudice of the lawful heirs who are, in very many cases, from the misery in which they are thus involved, driven by their necessities to robbing, and to all sorts of disorders and crimes.’*

This secularization of the church became more and more conspicuous as the feudal system developed itself. Many of the bishops and abbots had entered the clerical order from the barbarian armies, to partake of its riches and share its aggrandizement; and they brought into the church the same characters, passions, and pursuits which had distinguished them in the palaces and camps of their sovereigns. They kept hawks and

* 1 Cap. v. 811. s. 4, and Guizot, *Histoire de la Civilization en France*, c. 21.

hounds; they entered into all the rude sports of their vassals; the trumpet often echoed through the courts of their castles, and the sounds of revelry through their halls. They had no objection to an occasional foray, and pillaged a forlorn traveller or a passing company of merchants as unscrupulously as a modern brigand.* They conferred knighthood, took a part in many of the petty wars of the day, and marshalling their armed retainers, often appeared at their head, clad in complete steel, and rushed with all the impetuosity of military chieftains into the thickest of the battle.

The vast and continually increasing acquisitions of the church at length attracted the serious attention of sovereigns. The public revenues became impoverished, and the feudal profits arising from land, such as reliefs, wardships, marriages and escheats, were, from year to year, seriously diminished, until the national strength was in danger of being exhausted by a gradual reduction in the number of military tenants. The first attempt to check the increasing rapacity of the hierarchy was made by Frederick Barbarossa in 1158, who enacted that no fief should be transferred to the church without the permission of the superior lord. Louis IX. inserted a provision of the same kind in his '*Establishments*.' Castile also made similar laws. In England the alienation of land in mortmain seems to have been practised to a considerable extent at a very early period. Selden, however, states that a licence from the crown was necessary for that purpose among the Saxons, at least sixty years before the Norman conquest. Donations of land were the usual reward by which the Saxon princes repaid the services of their instructors in Christianity, and in every kingdom of the heptarchy some of the choicest manors of the crown were separated from its domain, and irrevocably allotted to the church.† The city of Canterbury, with its dependencies, was bestowed by Ethelbert on the missionaries, and the church of Winchester received a grant of all the lands within the distance of seven miles from the walls of that capital. The clergy of France even possessed landed property in England. Before the close of the eighth century, the monastery of St. Denis, then in the neighbourhood of Paris, held extensive estates on the coast of Sussex. The monastic establishments of England, too, had gradually acquired the most prodigious possessions. When the property of the abbey of Glastonbury was ascertained by order of the King of Mercia, it was

* Guizot, in his enumeration of provincial councils held in France, refers to one convoked at Lyon, in 569, whereby two bishops, one of Embrun, the other of Gap, were deposed as being *thorough brigands*.

† Lingard's *Anglo-Saxon Church*, p. 78.

found to comprise no less than 800 hides; and in the enumeration of the different estates belonging to the monks of Ely, are mentioned more than eighty places situated in the neighbouring counties of Cambridge, Suffolk, Norfolk, Essex, Hereford, and Huntingdon.*

The first known legal restraint imposed upon these alienations of landed property in England, was by Magna Charta, a clause in which statute prohibits all gifts to religious houses without the consent of the lord of the fee. The evil had grown to such a magnitude in the reign of Edward I., that four statutes were enacted by his parliaments against gifts in mortmain, in the hope of applying a remedy to the increasing mischief which such gifts were inflicting upon the commonwealth.

The ingenuity of the ecclesiastics was, however, more than a counterpoise to the power and resolution of parliaments, and Sir Edward Coke, who never regarded the clergy with much affection, is much impressed by their sagacity, and commends them highly for their prudence in retaining the *first lawyers of the day* to aid them in their attempts to evade, by all kinds of cunning devices, the laws of mortmain which were directed *against them*. They, or rather their lawyers, have the credit of inventing those subtle contrivances, or fictitious suits, known as *common recoveries*, which maintained their ground in our laws up to a very recent period, as well as uses and trusts, which still form the foundation of our modern system of conveyancing. The policy of these statutes was undoubtedly, in the first instance, wholly feudal and military; but other evils incidental to the tenure of ecclesiastical property at length presented themselves. The number of freeholders requisite for the administration of justice in petty jurisdictions became considerably diminished, and numerous duties inseparable from the territorial constitution of England, could not be properly discharged. The courts of assize, the courts-leet, the hundred and county courts, were insufficiently attended, and the view of frankpledge sometimes could not be held from the paucity of jurors. In the reign of Richard II. we first detect the existence of a commercial spirit influencing the legislation on the subject of mortmain; but it is doubtful whether it had any considerable influence, and had not its origin in a jealousy of the growing power of corporations.

The enactment of a statute† made at this time, extends the prohibitions created by Edward I. to all guilds, fraternities, and commonalties, having perpetual succession. The political consequences of large masses of land becoming perpetually inalien

* Lingard's *Anglo-Saxon Church*, p. 132.

† 15 Rich. II. c. 5.

able, were undoubtedly beginning to be felt. The same inconvenience was incidental to the possession of estates by lay as by ecclesiastical corporations, but the crown was beginning to regard with marked distrust that rising spirit of liberty which animated societies manifesting a new-born sense of coming importance and freedom.

The state of society at that period of approaching transition, was most deplorable. The idea of moral government had almost vanished from Europe.

‘Awed by his nobles, by his commons cursed,
The oppressor ruled tyrannic where he durst.’

The feudal system shed its blighting influence over the whole of social life; oppression appeared under every form, and was felt by every class. Nobles and priests were equally avaricious and equally demoralized. The great fendatories were the eagles of society, who glutted their ravening maws with the struggling victims of their rapacity; the ecclesiastics were the vultures who fed on the prostrate, the dying, and the dead.

The church spoiler, as it was, became at times the prey of the oppressor, and was made to disgorge its ill-acquired wealth by the daring fierceness of some noble who had exhausted the resources of his own limited domain. We find in every country lamentations on the part of the clergy over the plunder of ecclesiastical possessions, and it is Mr. Hallam’s opinion, that but for these deductions, they must have almost acquired the exclusive ownership of the soil. They did, he asserts, enjoy nearly one-half of England, and he thinks a greater proportion in some countries of Europe, and that they reached, perhaps, their zenith, in respect of territorial property, about the conclusion of the twelfth century.

The mendicant friars were the most formidable competitors of the secular clergy for testamentary bequests, and they gave the church at one time very considerable uneasiness. These fanatics were long the scandal of Christendom. Jerome describes, in his graphic style, a similar form of knavery or enthusiasm which appeared in his day:—‘Avoid,’ says he, ‘men loaded with chains, with the beard of a goat, a black coat, and feet naked in spite of cold. They enter into the houses of nobles, they deceive poor women laden with sins; they are always learning, and never arrive at the knowledge of truth, they feign sorrow, and, apparently abandoned to long fasts, they make amends at night by secret feasts.’* England was infested to an extraordinary degree by these vagabonds. The clergy, fearing their rivalry,

* St. Jerome, Lett. 18.

or perhaps roused to a sense of shame at their own scandalous practices, levelled a canon against the artifices of the friars at a provincial synod held at London, in the year 1343. The ninth article of that council denounces those mendicant friars, who, 'abusing the confidence of dying persons, persuade them to 'make wills prejudicial to their families.' But, as the synod dared not directly attack the friars, who were under the special protection of the pope, it proceeds to debar from the benefit of christian burial all those who should thereafter be prevailed on to dispose of their estates so unreasonably.*

The legislation of Henry VIII. included objects not directly contemplated by the earlier statutes of mortmain. The mind of the nation had been long agitated by religious controversy, and the reforming spirit manifested itself by several acts of parliament which struck directly at certain gross and prevalent superstitions. The statute 23 Henry VIII. c. 10, prohibits, except for the limit of twenty years, all dispositions of land 'for perpetual obits, or the perpetual service of a priest for ever,' as subjecting the crown, lords, and subjects of the realm to the same inconveniences as lands aliened in mortmain. The statute 1 Edward VI., c. 14, after a long preamble condemnatory of superstition and false doctrines, repeats the enactments of the previous statute, and includes 'perpetual 'lamps for the dead,' among the prohibitions of the law.

It was not until the reign of George II. that any additional legislation of an important character in reference to mortmain took place. The celebrated statute was then passed which is popularly known as the Modern Mortmain Act. But the statute 9 George II., c. 36, cannot strictly be called a statute of mortmain, but is an act for restraining the alienation of land to *charitable uses*. Mortmain, in strict legal signification, is simply the acquisition of real property by corporate bodies having perpetual succession. The law, as it existed before the statute of George II. was, first, that lands might be conveyed or devised to corporations, and held by them under a licence from the crown, but not without one; secondly, that lands might be conveyed or devised to individuals, for charitable purposes, without any restriction whatever; and, thirdly, that personal estate might be given either to a corporation or to individuals for charitable purposes, without any restriction whatever. The statute of George II. was then passed, by which it was enacted that no real estate should be given to any person, or to any corporate body, for any charitable uses whatever, unless such gift 'be made by deed, 'indented, sealed, and delivered in the presence of two witnesses, 'twelve months at least before the death of such donor, and be

* Rapin's *England*, vol. iv. p. 109.

‘enrolled in his Majesty’s High Court of Chancery within six
‘calendar months next after the execution thereof; and unless
‘the same be made to take effect in possession for the charitable
‘use intended, immediately from the making thereof, and be
‘without any power of revocation, reservation, trust, condition,
‘limitation clause, or agreement whatsoever, for the benefit of
‘the donor or grantor, or of any person or persons claiming under
‘him.’ The first effect of the statute was to prohibit all devises,
whatever of lands to corporations, or to individuals, for any charitable purpose whatever. The second effect was to restrict conveyances of lands to individuals for charitable uses in the manner mentioned in the act. The third effect was, that any estate or interest in lands is prohibited.

This statute was framed by the great Lord Hardwicke; but it is extremely difficult to discover the precise evils which he intended to check. It cannot be supposed that his transcendent intellect, and unimpassioned nature, could have been influenced by imaginary dangers, or that he was led by any instinctive antipathy to superstition, under any of its forms, to legislate on insufficient grounds. The debates on the bill, as reported in the parliamentary history, are meagre and unsatisfactory. The Established Church is rather pointedly alluded to, but whether justly or not we have no means, at the present day, of ascertaining. Lord Hardwicke is reported as strongly vindicating the laws of mortmain:—

‘But for these statutes, my lords,’ he says, ‘we should never have had a reformation; nay, I doubt much whether we should have had a layman the proprietor of a landed estate in all England. The statute of Henry VIII. prohibited alienation of land in trust for any superstitious use; but we have found out a sort of use, called a charitable use, opening an abyss without bottom and without bounds.

‘As a sincere Christian,’ he continues, ‘and as a true lover of the Church of England, (without being an admirer of ecclesiastical power,) and as a good subject, I am for laying a restraint upon such donations as is proposed by the bill now before us; and one of my chief reasons, my lords, is, lest the clergy of our established church should be tempted and instructed to watch the last moments of dying persons as insidiously as the monks and friars did in the darkest days of popery and superstition. The opportunity is established by the laws as they stand at present; they may, by so doing, increase the wealth and the power of the church; nay, they may increase the revenue of their own particular cure. These were the motives of the popish clergy. They did not propose to enrich their own private families; and if this stumbling-block should be left any longer in the way of our present church, we may depend upon it that new doctrines will be set up, and all the

ensnaring tenets of the Church of Rome revived by degrees, and *strongly recommended in pastoral instructions.* *

Whatever may have been the actual or apprehended dangers which gave rise to the Mortmain Act of George II., it appears to have been assumed that the clergy of the Church of England were not free from the suspicion of the practices above imputed to them. It is not improbable that some abuses under the act known as 'Queen Anne's Bounty Act' awakened the anxiety of the legislature. The act, however, has been relaxed, to a considerable extent, by several subsequent statutes, and some of a recent period, in favour of the Church of England, for encouraging the augmentation of poor livings, providing sites for schools, and for several other religious and benevolent purposes; and by the statute 2 & 3 Will. IV. c. 115, the laws applicable in England to Protestant dissenters, in respect of their schools and places for religious worship, education, and charitable purposes, are extended to the Roman-catholic subjects of the realm in respect of their establishments of the same description.

The Court of Chancery exercises an important jurisdiction over charities in this country. The Lord Chancellor, acting on behalf of the Crown, possesses the right of regulating them on principles of public policy, of watching over their administration, and guarding them from abuses. Lord Hardwicke, as Chancellor, carried out his Act of Mortmain by a very strict and jealous interpretation; and succeeding judges have generally followed his example. It has long been an established principle, for instance, that a bequest of money, to be laid out in land, is void under this statute; even a gift of money, for the purpose of building a church, unless a site has been previously obtained, is inoperative; and money secured on a mortgage cannot be taken by a charity, because, by exercising the right of foreclosure, the interest might be converted into land. It will not suffer, however, a charitable intention to be defeated for want of an object, if a general intention so to apply money has been plainly expressed. In the words of Sir William Grant—'Whenever a testator is disposed to be charitable in his own way, and upon his own principles, we are not to content ourselves with altogether disappointing his intentions, but we make him charitable in our way, and upon our own principles, if once we discover in him any charitable intention that is supposed to be so liberal as to take in objects not only within his intention, *but wholly adverse to it.*' This is the doctrine known among lawyers

* *Parliamentary History*, vol. ix. p. 1142.

as *cypres*; that is, that a testator's charitable intentions shall never, if possible, be wholly disappointed; but if his plans cannot be carried out in conformity with his expressed views, the court will remodel them altogether. A strange instance of the extent to which this doctrine has occasionally been carried occurred in the time of Lord Hardwicke, when that great judge decided that a bequest for the establishment of a Jewish *jesuba*, or assembly for reading the law, was void, on the ground of public policy; but decided that the fund should be applied, under the king's sign manual, for the benefit of the *Foundling Hospital*.

The subject of charitable bequests has recently occupied a large share of public attention, with reference as well to the statutes of mortmain as to testamentary bequests by enfeebled, sick, or dying persons. Two select committees of the House of Commons—one appointed in 1844, the other in the last session of parliament—have fully investigated this subject, and much evidence was taken on both occasions. The committee of 1844 reported, but far from unanimously, in favour of some relaxation of the Mortmain law; but, considering the constitution of that committee, and particularly the known opinions of its chairman (Lord John Manners), by whom the report was doubtless prepared, it can be no matter of surprise that his subsequent experiment in legislation was followed only by abortive results. Another committee, very fairly composed, commenced its labours in the session of 1851, and presented to the House of Commons a very valuable body of evidence, but abstained from any expression of opinion upon the subject submitted to its inquiry.

The Roman-catholic body has been in this kingdom for a length of time, as a religious community, unconnected with the state, in the enjoyment of the most unrestricted freedom in regard to schools, chapels, and charitable institutions; and as respects religious liberty, it stands on a perfect footing of equality with dissenters of all denominations. But certain suspicious, and some very discreditable transactions, which have recently been brought to light, have convinced us that the practice 'of watching the last moments of dying persons,' and extorting testamentary bequests, is as frequent at the present time as, to repeat the words of Lord Hardwicke, 'during the darkest days of popery and superstition.' A few of the cases which are detailed in the evidence of the report before us, will sufficiently justify this opinion; and we think, at the same time, demonstrate a clear necessity for some additional and very stringent legislation.

First, then, with respect to Ireland. A learned gentleman, a near relative of the Archbishop of Dublin, had his attention accidentally called, while on a recent visit in Ireland, to certain wills made by Roman catholics in the city of Dublin. Having obtained a copy of a will said to have been improperly procured from the Consistory Court, he discovered that it bore the date of the day on which the testatrix died, that the executor was a Roman-catholic clergyman, that he had prepared the will, and that it was attested by two Roman-catholic curates. The personalty was sworn under 4000*l.*, and the bequests to various Roman-catholic institutions amounted in the aggregate to 2400*l.*, the reverend gentleman was a legatee to the amount of 500*l.*, to three relations were given legacies of only 100*l.* each, and the residue was given to the 'Deaf and Dumb Institution.'

Circumstances connected with this will having naturally raised a general suspicion of Roman-catholic practices, application was made to the Registrar of the Consistory Court of Dublin, for the purpose of ascertaining whether there existed in the office wills of a similar character to the preceding, particularly where the death of the testator took place immediately or soon after the date of the will. The following is the result of the inquiries.

1. Will of a widow, dated April 1, 1848, death of the testatrix, April 15th, 1848. Executor, a Roman-catholic clergyman; property sworn under 450*l.* Legacies to the Society of St. Vincent of St. Paul, 40*l.*; Widows Society, 20*l.*; Sisters of Mercy, 20*l.* To the executor, for his own use, 100*l.*; for masses, 50*l.*; three legacies to individuals, 150*l.* To the executor, 300*l.* in trust for her niece,—100*l.* to be appropriated for her apprenticeship, the remainder of the 300*l.* to be paid to the niece on her coming of age, *or marrying with the priest's consent*; residue to the executor, to be disposed of for charitable purposes. We have to remark on this will that a gift for masses is in effect a gift to the priest; and that, by refusing his consent to a marriage, the bequest for the benefit of the niece would fall into the residue, and belong to the priest.

2. Will of a widow; executor, the same Roman-catholic clergyman as in the preceding case, united with another; date of the will, March 14, 1848; death of the testatrix, September, 1848; property sworn under 300*l.*; bequests to various charitable institutions, 180*l.*; masses, 60*l.* Legacies to relations, 80*l.*

3. Will of a widow, date August 7th, 1849; date of the death August 8th, 1849 (next day), property sworn under 2000*l.*; executor, a Roman-catholic clergyman; bequests to two Roman-

catholic priests of 50*l.* each; other legacies 120*l.*; the residue to the executor for charitable purposes. In this case both the witnesses to the will were 'markswomen,' neither of them being able to write their names; and out of 2000*l.* a sum of only 130*l.* was given to persons who could be called relatives.

4. Will of a widow; date of the will, March 16th, 1850; death of the testatrix May 13th, 1850; executor, a Roman-catholic clergyman; property sworn under 800*l.*; bequests to the executor for his absolute use 200*l.*; to other persons 200*l.*; *residue to one of the legatees previously named*, probably a nominee of the priest on a secret trust.

5. Will of a William Manning; executor, a Roman-catholic clergyman; date of the will, January 15th, 1848; death of the testator, April 10th, 1848; property sworn under 100*l.*; bequests to the executor 10*l.*; to the same for funeral expenses and masses 10*l.*; to the same for repairing a chapel 10*l.*; to the testator's brother 10*l.*; to a relative 8*l.*; residue for masses.

The above wills were, it is stated, only a few selected from *seventy* or *eighty* of a similar character, bearing dates between the years 1848 and 1850, with varying intervals between the dates of the will and the deaths of the testators. In all cases sums of money were left for masses.

6. A maiden lady residing in Lancashire, whose whole property consisted of about 3000*l.*, and who had lived on terms of uniform affection with her relations, having died, they found, to their extreme surprise, that, by a will which was dated February 25th, 1837, the testatrix having died in the following month, the whole of her property had been absolutely and unconditionally bequeathed to a perfect stranger, a small shopkeeper in a country town. On being called upon to account for having been made sole legatee of a person to whom he was in no way related, he referred the inquirer to 'the priest.' This priest had figured conspicuously in a celebrated will cause tried in the same county, and the petty tradesman was frequently employed by him in the capacity of a residuary legatee. He held, and probably still holds, a sort of office in the management of Roman-catholic temporalities. This person was known as 'the general legatee' of the ecclesiastical staff, a post which he has filled on numerous occasions in the county of Lancaster. Proceedings were commenced for impeaching the will, but they were speedily abandoned in consequence of the interference of the priest. The money was understood to be held on secret and illegal trusts, and employed on objects connected with the propagation of the Roman-catholic religion.

There is, it seems, a peculiar mode of evading the law against superstitious uses practised by the Roman-catholic clergy, namely, by inducing a testator to leave what is termed a *spiritual will*. A sum of money is bequeathed absolutely to a friend of the testator, or possibly to some total stranger, and a separate paper is signed directing its application, which is held to bind the nominal legatee *in foro conscientiae*. These secret trusts are extremely difficult to detect, because, in addition to the general uncertainty attending a bill of discovery in chancery, the principle might be held to apply that no party can be called upon to make an admission which will forfeit his interest. The extent to which the law is successfully evaded under this system of secret trusts, may be inferred from the fact stated by a Roman-catholic gentleman, a barrister of great respectability, that he had reason to know, that within the last few years the Roman-catholic bequests in London amounted to no less than 100,000*l.*, and that a set of rules exists which requires the clergy, in the case of dying persons, to obtain money for the purposes of a specified fund, and that the rule, or something equivalent to it, extends to all the districts of England.

The following is an example of the suspected operation of this system. A Roman-catholic gentleman, possessed of considerable wealth, upwards of eighty-one years of age, with a family of three daughters and two sons, had made a will, when in full possession of health and unimpaired vigour of mind, giving the whole of his property to his children. About three months before his death, he informed his eldest son that he had made another will, and that he had thought it right to give some portion of his reversionary property to 'the church.' He had been ill for a considerable period, and was then in a very declining state. He made a new will in May, and died in the following June, and by a codicil, made only a few days previously to his death, he excluded his eldest son from all control over his affairs. Under the first will there was no gift to institutions connected with the church of Rome. He had bestowed munificent donations for religious and charitable purposes in his lifetime; he had erected a large chapel, and contributed to endow a college. Under the second will he gave the whole of his property to the vicar-apostolic, for the time being, of the London district, at the decease of the survivor of the children—absolutely without any trust or reservation whatsoever, to the exclusion of five children, who never received the smallest intimation that they had forfeited in any degree their father's favour, or their own reasonable claims upon his bounty. Their

interest was restricted to one, for life only, and was coupled with very stringent provisions against any attempt at alienation. The effect of this final disposition of the property upon the eldest son is thus described by the solicitor of the family: 'the will has quite destroyed him; he was before in very good health; he is quite an altered man in consequence.'*

An elderly lady, residing in London, of very considerable fortune, expressed a sudden wish to the late vicar-apostolic of the London district to give him, without reserve, 60,000*l.* The bishop had some incomprehensible scruple in taking the whole of so munificent a gift. He protested that he could conscientiously accept *only* 40,000*l.*, and that sum was accordingly transferred without delay, into the names of trustees, nominated by the bishop. A deed of gift was executed, which contained a power of revocation. Some near relatives very naturally endeavoured to induce the lady to change her mind, and they succeeded in persuading her to revoke the deed; their solicitor applied to the trustee for a copy of the instrument, but it was refused. The bishop was applied to, but in vain. A deed of revocation, necessarily informal, was then prepared and executed. On the death of the lady, an application was made to the trustees for a transfer of the fund—it was refused. Proceedings in Chancery were commenced, which ended in a compromise. Had the registration of such documents been essential to their validity, no insuperable difficulty, we may observe, would have been found in acquiring a correct knowledge of the contents of the deed. A transfer of stock, before the decease of a testator, appears to be a very frequent device, both for evading the payment of legacy duty and the law against superstitious uses. 'I have found,' says an intelligent solicitor, 'in the course of my inquiries, several cases in which persons ostensibly living in very good style, and in every way becoming their rank, have died, but I can find no trace at Doctors' Commons of any will, or administration, taken out to those people, and I deduce from this the belief that sums in the stocks have been transferred into the names of themselves and two trustees, and that the trustees have taken by survivorship. *All those persons have been acquainted with Catholic priests.*'

The case which has recently occupied so large a share of the public attention, *Metairie v. Wiseman*—a case, which for gross abuse of spiritual influence, for audacity and artifice, stands unexampled, we believe, in the records of such transactions even in the church of Rome, is so generally known in its minutest

* Evidence of C. E. Scrinow, Esq., *Report*, p. 170.

particulars, that it is quite unnecessary to enter into any of its details. The suit instituted by the relations was compromised by a relinquishment, on the part of the trustees, of more than two-thirds of the property. Metairie, the principal plaintiff, a poor man, it may not be generally known, returned to France. He had no sooner arrived at his native town than he was subjected to incessant persecution. He had a family of six children, of which three were attending the communal school, they were immediately expelled. The priests, whenever they passed him in the streets, pointed at him with scorn; his business forsook him; he was utterly ruined, and obliged to leave the place of his birth, and settled as an alien in the only country in Europe where he could feel himself secure against the effects of priestly persecution.

The present state of the law on the subject of mortmain and bequests for charitable purposes, is most unsatisfactory; and it is with much pleasure that we find a wish evinced on the part of the Roman-catholic laity for some greater protection against the abuse of clerical influence, than any existing statutes afford. 'If I were to speak,' says a learned gentleman (Mr. F. H. Riddell), to whose evidence we have previously referred, 'of the neighbourhood with which I am most intimately acquainted in the north of England, I should say that the Roman-catholic gentry there, almost to a man, would be in favour of an extension of the law of mortmain.'

On the general policy of an alteration in the law, says the Archbishop of Dublin—

'It is certainly my opinion that we should very scrupulously guard against the danger, which I know to be considerable, of people almost *in articulo mortis*, sometimes with their faculties enfeebled, and the fear of death just pressing upon them, making very rash bequests, and leaving their natural heirs very ill provided for, sometimes not provided for at all; and if any provision could be made that would not interfere with a sober, deliberate, and well-advised bequest, I do think that that would be very desirable. Complaints have been brought before me privately, as an individual, and supposed to have some influence with the law-officers and with the Government, in which I find that I could not interfere at all; and it seemed to me to be a grievous hardship, in cases resembling those which were collected for this committee by my registrar.'*

The power of testamentary bequest is far from being a necessary incident of property. It should be carefully guarded from abuse, and it has been often narrowly restricted in many ancient

* Evidence, p. 468.

as well as modern communities, and can only be permitted in due subordination to the claims of justice, and to the general interests of the state. Wills were unknown at Athens until they were introduced by the laws of Solon; and private testaments by the father of a family were first authorized by the twelve tables. Indeed, the Roman laws were particularly careful to guard against arbitrary, partial, or unjust dispositions; and the rights of inheritance were carefully guarded against the imprudence or prodigality of a dying man, and the heir was empowered to deduct a clear fourth portion for his own use, before the payment of any legacies whatever. A corporate city could neither inherit an estate nor receive a legacy. The formalities of wills were of an elaborate, and, at one period, of a very burthensome description, in all countries governed by the civil law. A will is still a solemn act, requiring to be made before a notary public, and is registered or minuted in his office.

Throughout the whole of Germany, real property can be held by ecclesiastical bodies only with the consent of the Government, and the law of France is at the present time much more effectual in protecting the last hours of dying persons from priestly importunity than the law of England. By one of the articles of the '*Code Civile*,' all persons in attendance on a man in his last illness, such as the medical men and clergymen of the particular religion to which he belongs, and all who have access to him as assistants, are prohibited from taking any legacy whatever; and with reference to hospitals, charities, and places of public utility, no person can give property to such institutions by will, unless the bequests are afterwards confirmed and sanctioned by the state.

Many of the evils which the ancient statutes of mortmain were originally framed to counteract, unquestionably no longer exist. The total change which has taken place in our social and political condition, render these laws, in many of their provisions, obsolete and inappropriate. We should, therefore, be inclined to suggest a total repeal of these now antiquated laws, and the enactment of a new and comprehensive statute, embodying so much of the original policy of the Mortmain Acts as it may be thought desirable to retain at the present day, and embracing objects and interests now greatly needing, and equally entitled to the protection of the legislature. The distinction between real and personal property in reference to charitable bequests, ought certainly not now to be recognised, and the statute of George II., now in a great degree ineffectual, must be very considerably extended in its provisions. The formalities of registration should be required in all gifts, of whatever nature, for

charitable purposes, by persons in their lifetime, and a proper interval should elapse between the date of the deed and the death of the donor, to give the instrument validity. We are strongly of opinion that all wills containing charitable and religious bequests beyond, perhaps, a certain small amount, should be executed with additional formalities. These formalities should be sufficient to prove that the party was not acting under influence, that he was fully cognizant of the nature of his act, and that he was of competent understanding. Machinery fully sufficient for this purpose already exists in this country. We need only specify the judges of the county courts, commissioners of bankruptcy, or even justices of the peace, as very proper officers for this duty. No religious or charitable body should take property under any bequest, unless the will is executed according to these forms. The inconsiderable advantage which the Established Church might derive from her present partial and somewhat invidious exemption from the penalties of the statutes of mortmain would be more than counterbalanced by the suspicion which that exemption might be calculated, perhaps unfairly, to engender; for it is greatly to her honour that one solitary case alone is to be found, in the multitudinous reports of the Court of Chancery, in which any of her clergy are discredibly affected in regard to undue spiritual influence and improper solicitations.

These charitable and religious bequests have their origin in some of the highest principles of our nature, and the legislature ought not to impose needless or unjust restraints upon the indulgence of public benevolence; but in proportion as the spirit of public charity is pure, it ought to be protected from imposition, misdirection, and abuse. In the present constitution of society, a very large proportion of those beneficent works which, in earlier ages, could only be undertaken by the state, are now very properly left to the beneficence of individuals, or of associations organized for purposes which do not, in accordance with modern theories of government, come within the sphere of its administrative activity. We look accordingly, in these days, mainly to religious societies themselves for the efforts requisite for their own extension; and the magnificent and charitable institutions which adorn the metropolis, and are scattered with no sparing hand over the country, attest that the private virtue of a well-ordered community is an inexhaustible fountain of public good, and that the state has only to protect, rarely to divert, perhaps occasionally to purify, the channels in which the salubrious stream will never cease to flow.

We have no faith in the frequent assumption, that the just claims of children, and the reasonable expectation of heirs, may be invariably left to the natural affection, and to the sound and conscientious feelings of testators. A mind in a healthy state may be proof against improper clerical solicitation; but it is otherwise when its energies are suddenly struck down by sickness, its equilibrium overthrown, its natural instincts perhaps palsied, and its fears aroused by the prospect of impending dissolution. Then the minister of a grasping hierarchy seizes his opportunity—intimates, perhaps, the hope of redeeming lost opportunities of good by one work of extensive beneficence—whispers in the ear of the dying penitent the recompence due to alms—suggests the importance of prayers for the dead, and the efficacy of masses for the repose of the soul—and either lights up the languid eye by a glowing representation of Paradise, or assails the obdurate heart with the threat of purgatorial fires, and mutters a sentence of despair.

The practice of interfering in the testamentary disposition of property in a spirit of corporate, perhaps, rather than of selfish cupidity, is the transmitted and incurable vice of the Church of Rome, and must affect all churches ruled by a dominant and irresponsible priesthood—‘*Totius autem,*’ says Cicero, ‘*injusticiæ nulla capitalior est quam eorum qui cum maximo fallunt id agunt ‘ut viri boni esse videantur.*’ We may fairly assume that the examples which we have adduced, in the preceding pages, of priestly interference, form but a very small proportion of, we fear, those numberless cases of blighted hopes, wounded affections, disappointed expectations, cruel injustice, and flagrant wrongs, which cannot possibly be brought to light, for ever hidden as they are in the inscrutable recesses of the ecclesiastical conscience. It is, therefore, our earnest wish to see the question of charitable and religious bequests made the subject of early and effectual legislation, but not for the purpose of discouraging such bequests, and assuredly not with the intention of proscribing or stigmatizing them. We desire, indeed, that their number should be multiplied; but we would free them from any taint of unfairness, or even the possibility of suspicion. Some such legislation, we are convinced, is required for putting a stop to those secret practices, and to that systematic evasion of the law, of which very many of the Roman-catholic clergy are most justly suspected; and it is equally necessary for the protection of families, for the interests of justice, for the honour of religion, and for the credit of the commonwealth.

A supplementary report on the law of mortmain has very

recently been made by a select committee of the House of Commons, and it embodies some useful, not unmixed, however, with some objectionable, recommendations. It suggests that it should be made incumbent on all persons to whom real or personal property is given or bequeathed, for any permanent, charitable, or religious object, to make a return either to commissioners, or to some public board, of the nature of the gift, and of the particular purposes to which it is to be applied. The committee further propose, that the statute of superstitious uses of Edward VI. should be repealed, together with all the legal inferences which have been deduced from it, and that there should be some permanent definition as to what gifts should be deemed void upon the ground of public policy or superstitious uses. The committee manifests some leaning towards the latter object, by expressing a regret that while no legacy or bequest for a charity properly so-called, would, by the existing law, be deemed superstitious, a gift by will made by a person *for his own benefit after his death*, would be held void.

With respect to the appointment of a commission or a public board for receiving returns of all legacies for charitable objects, such a regulation would certainly act as an effectual check to the practice of secret trusts; but a more permanent tribunal might, we think, be established with a jurisdiction over the whole system of charities, and with power to control and modify, from time to time, the trusts of all eleemosynary foundations, in accordance with the inevitable changes of national opinion, the necessary alterations in public policy, and even the presumed intentions of the original benefactors themselves, and we do not believe that such occasional and cautious interposition would in the slightest degree check the current of voluntary bounty for any laudable charitable and religious undertaking. The public is now well informed of the flagrant abuses which have crept into the management of eleemosynary, and more especially of caputular trusts; and, with respect to land more particularly, it is notorious that charities supported from that source become wealthy beyond the dreams of their founders, and to a degree absurdly disproportioned to their objects. A wide field of inquiry is open to the legislature, which we hope soon to see occupied by intelligent and indefatigable labourers. The wisdom of our judges established the rule against perpetuities, which invalidates a trust suspending the right to enjoy the income of property for more than twenty-one years from the death of some person in being at the creation of the trust. Why should not parliament with equal wisdom condemn that rule of our law

which allows a man to devote property for ever to any purpose, however foolish or even mischievous, if it is not technically superstitious, irreligious, or immoral; and why should it not subject the trusts of all property settled for charitable purposes, after the lapse of fifty or sixty years to revision and modification?

A former 'vicar apostolic' of the London district is said to have declared, that he required only a repeal of the law of superstitious uses, as a sufficient lever to make England a Roman-catholic country. It creates in us, therefore, no surprise to find Dr. Wiseman urging that repeal before a select committee of the House of Commons. In proportion, however, as our neighbour's bulwarks are undermined by the subtle and persevering enemy of national independence, it behoves us to look carefully to our own. It has been the recent and unhappy fate of some continental nations to fall under the yoke of military despotism (the sad but sure penalty of democratic excess), and they seem destined to sink for a time under the more degrading dominion of priestcraft. Despotism and popery have taken counsel together to stifle the liberties of mankind. The rulers of Europe, in allowing their treacherous ally to 'darken the intellect and to enslave the soul,' may be assured that they are adopting a policy not less disastrous to themselves than to their subjects. A hierarchy guided by a spirit of persevering aggression upon the civil power, will not long content itself with merely ministering to the temporary necessities of kings. The Church of Rome can never abandon its claim to universal sovereignty; it will never cease to grasp wealth by unhallowed means as a potent auxiliary of its ambition; and it has never long abstained, except in periods of extreme depression, from exerting its theocratical ascendancy over the politics of the world. The papacy proclaims itself to be a theocracy. It can never, consistently with such a pretension, relinquish its struggle with the powers of the earth, until it has subjected them to its will, and put all things under its feet. We know, indeed, that this prodigious usurpation upon the freedom of humanity cannot succeed, that it owes its portentous magnitude chiefly to the dense mist of ignorance through which it is viewed, and that when it shall have run its destined course, it will vanish like some hideous phantasmagoria before the light of Christian truth, which will, we confidently believe, eventually shed its influence on the whole family of man. But Europe may have to pass through many conflicts before that desired consummation. The spiritual and temporal swords may again clash in fierce hostility, and the papacy may in-

flict manifold humiliations on its victim ; but it will at length be universally acknowledged to be incompatible with the existence of civil government ; princes and people will resume the powers which of right pertain to them, and wresting the spoil from the gripe of priestly avarice and ambition, eventually establish human freedom on principles designed by providence to be immutable and eternal.

ART. V.—*Collection des Mémoires relatifs à l'Histoire de France et à la Révolution Française.* Par BENILLE et BARRIERE. Paris, 1820 et 1830.

WE resume the fertile theme of French Memoirs, on which we treated at some length in our numbers for August and November ; and though a third article will by no means exhaust the subject, it will suffice, we trust, to bring us to the point from which our retrospect may conveniently terminate, and the works subsequently published be regarded as belonging to current literature.

The memoirs of Jean Baptiste Colbert, Marquis de Torcy, present a work of great interest to the statesman, the diplomatist, and the writer on international law. The author of these volumes was the son of the Marquis de Croissy the brother of the great Colbert, and, consequently, the nephew of that statesman. Like his father, he was bred up to diplomacy, and served as ambassador in Portugal, in Denmark, and in England. His volumes treat of the negotiations from the Treaty of Ryswick to the Peace of Utrecht, and were first published at the Hague in 1756. These memoirs, says Voltaire, deal with details which every one who wishes thoroughly to sound the depths of affairs should know ; but their chief merit lies in the sincerity and moderation of the author.

One of the most interesting memoirs of the period of the Regency was written by Mademoiselle Delaunay, afterwards Madame de Staal, by which latter name she is perhaps better known than by that which she inherited from her father. This lady was born in Paris, in 1693, and was the daughter of an artist who emigrated to England, where he died while she was in infancy. The young orphan, accompanied by her mother, received an asylum at the abbey of Saint Sauveur, in Normandy, where she passed a portion of her childhood. If nunneries on the continent of Europe were good for nothing else, and, under

many aspects, presented nothing on which the mind reposes with satisfaction, they at least occasionally afforded an asylum, or a temporary resting-place, to the bereaved and unfortunate, and afforded them that repose and quiet necessary to the bruised and wounded spirit, and to the unprosperous or unfortunate in a worldly sense. From the convent of St. Sauveur the young Mademoiselle Delaunay passed to another convent at Rouen, in which, owing to the friendly interest taken in her fate by the superioress, she was treated as a person of distinction, and received a brilliant education. The death of this good mother abbess, in 1710, when Mademoiselle Delaunay had attained her seventeenth year, obliged the young person to seek refuge in another conventual house in Paris, where she became acquainted with the Duchess of La Ferté; the lady who, according to the memoirs of Elizabeth Charlotte, Duchess of Orleans, and mother of the Regent, was exiled by Louis XIV. because she pretended to be desperately in love with his Majesty, and carried his royal portrait about in her carriage—a proceeding which, as it rendered his Majesty supremely ridiculous, excited his utmost indignation. Madame la Ferté, charmed with the accomplishments and *esprit* of the young Delaunay, carried her to Versailles and to Sceaux, where she was presented to the Duchess of Burgundy, the Duchess of Maine, and the first ladies of the court.

After Mademoiselle Delaunay had been shown about in this manner, as a kind of literary prodigy, for some time, seeing and being seen by the learned and fashionable celebrities of that day, and being subjected to some humiliations, she at length found herself forced to accept the place of *femme de chambre* in the establishment of the Duchess of Maine. It may be asked, who and what was the Duchess of Maine? The Duchess of Maine, be it known, then, to all whom it may concern to be accurately informed on the point, was a grand-daughter of the great Condé, and sister of the Duke of Bourbon, who had, in 1692, married the club-footed Duke of Maine, the first-fruit of the doubly adulterous amours of Louis XIV. and Madame de Montespan. The lady, contrary to the erroneous statement of M. St. Beuve,* generally so correct, was six weeks younger than her weak and feeble husband, who had been brought up by the widow Scarron, afterwards Madame de Maintenon, and possessed from nature, and improved by culture and education, a mind superior to that of the duke. La Bruyere, it is well known, was the preceptor of her brother, the Duke of Bourbon, and the sister,

* *Causeries de Lundi*, tome iii.

there can be little doubt, profited by the instructions of the lively and ingenious author of the *Caractères*. From the period of her marriage, the duchess—called, from her small stature, *la poupée du sang*—assumed an ascendancy over her lord, and subjected the timorous duke to her imperious will. *La poupée*, though small in body, had large desires and vaulting ambition, and desiderated to play a part in the state and at court. Indeed, she wished to have a *petite cour* of her own; and with this view induced the duke to purchase Sceaux from the heirs of M. de Seignelay, at an expense of 900,000 livres.

It was at Sceaux — where the duchess had been already about sixteen years established—it will be remembered, that the Delaunay first made her *débüt*, and that her first duties as *femme de chambre* were entered on. She tells, in her memoirs, the humiliating and disagreeable scenes she was obliged to endure. How the other *femmes de chambre* mocked and laughed at her, — how she was placed in a room without a fire-place, — and how she had to undergo the most painful humiliations. These are related with a clearness and ingenuousness very delightful. Calumniated by the household of the duchess, ill appreciated by the lady herself, the poor creature was about to surrender herself up to utter despair, when a happy circumstance occurred which somewhat brightened her position. A letter she wrote to Fontenelle by the order of *la poupée du sang*, in which she exhibited all the graces of an accomplished style and playful wit, obtained a prodigious success. The letter was read at dinners, and *petits soupers*; talked of by *beaux esprits*; and copies were circulated like *nouvelles à la main*. From the period of this literary success, the duchess looked on the Delaunay in a new light. She made her her *confidante*, reader, and amanuensis; and the poor young woman, who, a little while before, was obliged to walk about long corridors, with a view to warm her frozen limbs, or to seek the cheerful look of a fire in the apartment of another, was more comfortably lodged, and more considerately treated. It may by some be supposed that the disposition or character of Mademoiselle Delaunay was in fault; but we are bound to say there is no evidence of this in contemporary history. She says herself that the people in the convents in which she was brought up, exhibited towards her that strong liking which solitude and idleness impart to all the affections. We know, too, men of letters and learning felt kindly towards her; that the Abbés Vertot and Chaulieu wished to settle annuities on her; and that she had inspired tender sentiments in more than one breast.

Her cruel treatment by her mistress does not appear to have arisen from any vice of temper or disposition, but solely from the indifference and insensibility of the great to the position of those beneath them. The Duchess de Maine thought herself a demigoddess—thought that her husband, in consequence of the will of the Grand Monarque, inherited the right to reign *de par le Dieu*. It was not likely that a being possessed with such sentiments would bestow a thought on the personal comforts of even a superior mind reduced to the position of a *femme de chambre*. In truth, Madame de Maine was wholly engrossed by what she considered more important considerations than any relating to service or servitude. Before the edict of 1714 had legitimized her husband, she had directed his illegitimate aspirations to the highest place in the state. To deprive the Duke of Orleans of the regency was the purpose and design of the duchess. With this view, she entered into the conspiracy, as it is called, of Cellamare, one of the objects of which confederation was to deprive the Duke of Orleans of the regency, and to confer it on the Duke of Maine. While the conspiracy was yet brewing, the club-footed husband of the ambitious dwarf or *poupée du sang* was translating the *Anti Lucretius* of Cardinal Polignac—if scandalous chronicles speak truly, a too-favoured lover of his wife; whereupon, his better half, reproachfully, addressed him thus: ‘You,’ said she, ‘will awake some fine morning and find ‘yourself a member of the Academy, at the very same time that ‘the Duke of Orleans is regent.’ These stinging speeches were not without their weight. The duke entered heart and soul into a plot which was to be carried into execution by the bold measure of seizing the Duke of Orleans bodily, and transporting him out of the kingdom. Historians and memoir-writers agree in calling this plot the conspiracy of Cellamare, but, in truth and in fact, it was the conspiracy of the Duchess of Maine. The plan was conceived and determined on in the private apartments of that lady, and nearly all the elements were moulded when it was deemed necessary to engage Cellamare in the scheme. The Spanish ambassador played in it but a secondary and subordinate part; he was but the agent between the duchess and Madrid. Cellamare, according to Richelieu, was a heavy and ceremonious man, without any of the qualities necessary to produce success on such an occasion.*

We learn from Mademoiselle Delaunay, before we hear anything of Cellamare, that a Baron de Valf had been employed in the affair by the Duchess of Maine, who was recommended by

* *Mémoires de Richelieu*, tome iii.

Father Tournemine. It is no part of our business here to go over the details of the conspiracy. We may, however, be permitted to state that the letters containing its pith and substance were confided to the Abbé Porto-Carrero. This abbé was arrested, with all the documents on his person, at Orleans, by means of information conveyed by a famous courtesan, named La Fillon, in the pay of Cardinal Dubois, the minister of the regent. Porto-Carrero, and one of the subordinate agents and secretaries of the Spanish embassy, were, it appears, in the habit of frequenting the establishment of La Fillon; and having in their cups let fall some mysterious words, La Fillon proceeded to the lieutenant of police, and stated all she knew and could learn. The history of the discovery is given at some length in the *Causes Célèbres du Droit des Gens*;^{*} and, curiously enough, the grave author of this diplomatic compilation concludes his account with a long quotation from the *Hermites en Prison* of M. Jouy, published in 1823, in which are interesting and dramatic details of the affair, from which it will not, of course, be expected that we should make extracts in this place.[†] The result of the discovery was, that the ambassador was expelled from France—that the Duke of Maine was imprisoned in the Château of Doullens, the duchess in the Château of Dijon, and poor Mademoiselle Delaunay in the Bastille. It was alleged that she had favoured the communications of her mistress with the Spanish ambassador; and it is quite possible she did so, as an English lawyer would say, ministerially, using the pen of the duchess, and writing in her name as amanuensis and secretary. Be this, however, as it may, Mademoiselle Delaunay unshrinkingly sustained the interrogatories of Leblanc and D'Argenson, and in no degree compromised the duchess. It is to the credit of human nature that many who knew little of her, and on whom she had no claim, were kind to her while in prison, where, to use her own phrase, *les femmes tiennent à les agréments encore plus qu'à leurs passions*. During her long sojourn in the Bastille, she committed nobody by her revelations; whereas the duchess committed both herself and others. When Mademoiselle Delaunay left her prison, her prudence and circumspection were ill requited. The duchess received her coldly, and in no degree ministered to the wants of a person who was wholly without fortune, and who had rendered such essential services. Friends, however, were not wanting to do that which Madame de Maine ought to have done spontaneously.

^{*} *Causes Célèbres du Droit des Gens*, par le Baron Charles de Martens, tome i. Leipzig, 1827.

[†] Jouy: *Les Hermites en Prison*, tome ii.

The *poupée du sang*, on regaining her liberty, returned to Sceaux, and the Delaunay also resumed her former position in the service of an ungrateful mistress. To this circumstance it is that we owe the numerous details of ducal and courtly life we find in these memoirs. The intrigues, the passions, the frivolities, the weaknesses of the whole circle of men and women there assembled, are painted to the life. We find Malezieu and Genest, the Duke de Nevers and Hainault, Destouches, ambassador and poet, the Abbé Chaulieu in love with Mademoiselle Delaunay at eighty, and M. de St. Aulaire, who was admitted a member of the Academy for the impromptu quatrain which he made for the duchess, on the systems of Descartes and Newton.

‘ Bergère, détachons nous
De Newton, de Descartes,
Les deux espèces de fous
N’ont jamais vu le dessous
Des Cartes,
Des Cartes,
Des Cartes.’

At her château at Sceaux, the duchess invented an Order, called the *Mouche à Miel*, of which she was at once founder and Grand Cross. There was a bee on the collar or medal, with this device, *Piccola si, ma fa, pur, gravi le ferite*. Then there were comedies and tragedies, in which the duchess figured on the stage; and *petits jeux*, in which the large nose of the Abbé Genest was ridiculed. All these, and many other things, Mademoiselle Delaunay states with great particularity, thus throwing considerable light on the manners of our neighbours a hundred and thirty or a hundred and forty years ago. It is, however, the account of her own feelings, conduct, and sufferings, that renders Mademoiselle Delaunay’s book so delightful a biography. Nothing can be more graphic than the account of her arrest, which took place on the 29th December, 1718. She tells us how the *mousquetaires* ransacked her books and papers, and even her mattress, to find proofs. The minuteness with which she goes into details is wonderful. As though the reader should be wearied with these *minutiæ*, she remarks, there are no more attentive and accurate observers than people in prison. Mademoiselle Delaunay was three weeks in the Bastille before she was examined. She ingenuously tells us, that on the morning on which the commissaries came to her, she took the precaution of putting on a little rouge, not for the purpose, of course, of heightening her charms—a Frenchwoman never does that—but for the purpose of concealing her emotions. While in the Bastille, Mademoiselle Delaunay became acquainted with the Chevalier du Menil, like

herself a prisoner. Maisonrouge, one of the officials, supplied the parties with writing materials, and a correspondence, poetical and gallant, ensued between them. Du Menil affected to be smitten with the mind, attainments, and person of the lady, but no sooner did he obtain his liberty, than she was forgotten. After her exit from the Bastille, the Duchess of La Ferté wished to marry Mademoiselle Delaunay to Dacier, the translator of Homer, who had lost his wife. No sooner, however, did the Duchess of Maine hear of this than she threw every obstacle in the way of the match, as she had previously raised every impediment in the affair of Du Menil, when he was disposed to propose. In this the *poupée du sang* exhibited no interest or concern for the welfare of her dependant, but only considered her own selfish views. How little have the great and powerful changed in France during a hundred and thirty years, notwithstanding so many revolutions. In all her *affaires du cœur*, we may remark, Mademoiselle Delaunay appears to have been singularly unfortunate. She was in love with M. de Silly, and the way he requited her affection was to employ her to write letters to a lady of rank, with whom he was carrying on an intrigue; she was in love with M. du Menil, and he jilted her; she had a tender feeling for Valincourt, and it led to nothing; and Maisoncourt had a tender feeling for her, and she sacrificed him to Du Menil.

An attractive piquancy is the chief characteristic of Mademoiselle Delaunay's style. She initiates us into the best and most literary society of the time—Fontenelle, La Motte, and that clever M. St. Aulaire, who, being requested by Madame de Maine to go to confession, replied to her—

‘ Ma Bergère, j’ai beau chercher,
Je n’ai rien sur ma conscience,
De grâce, faites moi pécher,
Après je ferai pénitence.’

After having spent many years in the service of an ungrateful mistress, Mademoiselle Delaunay at length married an old officer, a Swiss by birth, a Baron de Staal, to whom the Duke of Maine had given a company in the Guards, with the title of Maréchal de Camp. With the fortune of her husband, a small pension allowed her by the duke, and some legacies left her by friends, the Baroness de Staal was now in a position of competence. She henceforth enjoyed all the prerogatives of ladies attached to the person of the duchess, and rode with her patroness in her carriage, then deemed a high honour. But with all this she was not happy. When united to M. de Staal, she was no longer young, and the illusions of life had already passed. ‘When I

‘had no rooms but little corners,’ says she, ‘good company visited me; when I had good rooms, nobody came.’ Whereupon she remarks, ‘But I was young then, and youth gives us more than we can acquire in losing that precious advantage.’

For forty years Mademoiselle Delaunay was about the person of the Duchess of Maine, and she has given us a complete picture of the lady, of her husband, and of the society which clustered around them. The style of Madame de Staal is admirable, whether as regards purity, precision, or the charm of a pleasing narrative.

A gossiping work, which throws much light on the period of the Regency, and the earlier part of the reign of Louis XV., is the Memoirs of Louis René Marquis d’Argenson, commonly called *D’Argenson la Bête*. The marquis was brother of the Count d’Argenson, Minister of War, and was himself for three years Minister for Foreign Affairs. Both brothers were school-fellows of Voltaire. The work is desultory and unmethodical, very much in the fashion of Ana; but it is authentic, and contains a great deal of valuable matter on the leading statesmen, diplomatists, and men of letters, who flourished from 1700 to 1755.

It is impossible to know the history of Louis XV. without having read the memoirs of Madame du Hausset, the *femme de chambre* of Madame du Pompadour. Madame du Hausset was the widow of a poor gentleman, and a person of intelligence and talent, who was induced by unprosperous fortunes to accept the place of first *femme de chambre* to *Jeanne-Antoinette Poisson*, the daughter of a commissary in the army, the wife of Le Mormand d’Etioles, and the mistress of Louis XV., afterwards created Marchioness of Pompadour. There is not much of talent or style in the memoirs of Madame du Hausset, but they are written truthfully and in good faith, and give us a perfect picture of the society and court of 110 years ago. We learn from these memoirs the deliberate plan that Madame de Pompadour adopted to retain her lover. There were *spectacles*, as they were called, *des petits cabinets*, journeyings to Choisy, Crecy, and Bellevue, *petits soupers*, and *petits jeux*, in which some of the first names in France were engaged. Among the actors who condescended to play under Madame de Pompadour, were the Dukes of Orleans, d’Agen, de Nivernais, and de Duras, the Count de Maillebois, the Marquis de Courtenvaux, the Duke de Coigny, the Marquis d’Entraigues, the Duchess de Brancas, the Countess d’Estrades, and many others. Among the musicians were the Count de Dampierre, the Marquis de Sourches, the Prince de Dombes, &c. The sums which Madame de

Pompadour and her brother obtained from the monarch were immense. In 1762 and 1763, the sums in hard coin the Pompadour and her brother Marigny, created a marquis, touched, amounted to 3,456,000 livres. In 1749 the Pompadour received from the king a mansion at Fontainebleau, an estate at Crecy, the castle of Aulnac, Brinborion, Sur Bellevue, and the lordships of Marigny and St. Remy. In 1752 she further obtained a mansion at Compiègne, a mansion at Versailles called the Hermitage, the estate of Menars, the mansion of Evreux at Paris, &c. We learn indeed from Madame du Hausset, what was well known before, that Madame de Pompadour encouraged the sciences, arts, and letters, and patronized the philosophers and encyclopedists. The chief credit, however, which she deserves as a politician, was in aiding to expel the Jesuits, a work in which she was helped by Madame de Choiseul. The Pompadour had for enemies all those among the *Cagots* who sustained Madame de Maintenon, and by this class she was severely and unjustly judged. Every one is now aware that ministers were made and unmade—that generals and marshals were appointed to the command of armies at this woman's instigation and bidding. Systems of foreign policy resulted from her caprice and whim. A few bitter words of the King of Prussia caused her to incline to the Austrian alliance. This is not the place nor the occasion to enter into the secret history of the diplomacy of France, but we may here remark that the profligate morals of the era of Louis XV. were as promoting a cause of the first Revolution, as the profligate wars and excessive expenditure of the era of Louis XIV. It ought to be stated that the Pompadour took a warm interest in the fortunes of literary men. Voltaire dedicated to the favourite his *Tancrede*; and Duclos, Crébillon, Marmontel, and others, were warmly patronized by her.

We know no more delightful memoirs in any language, French, English, Italian, German, or Spanish, than the memoirs of Marmontel. For a natural style, not excluding elegance and polish, they are only inferior to the Confessions of Rousseau. It is true they have not the wonderful and magical eloquence of Jean Jacques, but there is a very equable flow of clear and polished prose, which one can peculiarly appreciate at a time when style, both in France and England, is become far too slipshod. There is a freshness about Marmontel's account of his earlier years which is quite enchanting. His description of the little town of Bort, in which he was born—his *tableau* of his family—his account of the scholars, his schoolfellows, at Mauriac—his description of his interview with Masillon—and of the attempts of the Jesuits to get him into their society, are so many

gems. In no two volumes that we know, is the Parisian society of the 18th century better portrayed. Here we have Kit-kat sketches of Fontenelle, of Marivaux, of D'Alembert, of Grimm, of Morellet, of Raynal, of Jean Jacques, of St. Lambert, of the Abbé Maury, of Mirabeau, of Barnave, and *tutti quanti*. Nor are portraits of ministers and mistresses wanting. We have Choiseul and D'Aiguillon, and Kaunitz and Lord Albemarle and Mademoiselle Navarre and Mademoiselle Clairon, the Pompadour, and others. We have also a sketch of the Bastille from the same polished hand, in which Marmontel bears out the representations of Dumouriez, and consequently altogether destroys the testimony of the lying Linguet. Marmontel was cast into the Bastille for a satirical writing on the Duke d'Aumont.

The *Mémoires Secrets sur les Règnes de Louis XIV. et de Louis XV.*, of Duclos, were not published during the life-time of that 'étourdi,' as M. Forcalquier Brancas calls him. These memoirs are written in an exceedingly clear and concise, but somewhat dry style. No man knew better how to paint the vices and to strip off the pretended virtues of his countrymen, than Duclos. In the volumes to which we refer, he exhibits a rapid, piercing historical '*coup d'œil*.' Senac de Meilhan said of Duclos, in reference to his history of Louis XI., that he knew perfectly well how to hit off men with whom he had supped, but that he had never supped with Louis XI. This, however, cannot be said of the memoirs of the time of Louis XV., for with many of the characters whom he paints he had supped and lived in intimacy. Of all the works of Duclos, this is perhaps the one which discloses his especial talent, and it is therefore confidently commended to the historical reader.

There is no work which throws more light on the social and literary history of the France of ninety or a hundred years ago, than the Memoirs and Correspondence of Madame d'Épinay. These memoirs have now been four or five and thirty years before the world, and certainly they have given us, in the nineteenth century, a much better idea of the morals, manners, mode of life, of thought, and of action, in the eighteenth century, than we have derived from any source previously opened to us. Madame d'Épinay was the daughter of M. Tardieu d'Esclavelles, an officer who was killed in the service of his country, in the campaign of 1735, while she was yet in her infancy. As the fortune of the surviving widow was small, Mademoiselle d'Esclavelles was taken by an aunt, Madame de Beaufort, to reside with her in a convent, where the education of the young lady was completed under the superintendence of a relative, who possessed more firmness than her own mother. So soon as her

mind and manners were formed, the young Louise d'Esclavelles was taken by her mother to the château of M. la Live de Bellegarde, one of those rich farmer-generals of whom St. Simon has given us a vivid description. Madame de Bellegarde, it should be stated, was the sister of Madame d'Esclavelles. Madame de Bellegarde had a son, who, at this period, had just completed his studies; and as his cousin, without being absolutely beautiful, was distinguished by grace, expression, sensibility, and by a cast of countenance described as at once '*noble et spirituelle*,' it is not wonderful that M. d'Epinay, the eldest son of M. de Bellegarde, fell in love with her. They were married in December, 1745, when Mademoiselle d'Esclavelles had attained her twentieth year, the husband being a few years older. There can be little doubt that at the period of the marriage, and for a considerable while afterwards, Madame d'Epinay, who was of a tender and timid character, entertained the purest affection for her husband, and that he, for a while, reciprocated her warm affection. But he was a man of an unsteady, volatile character, fond of pleasure and dissipation, and they had not been more than six months married, when his frequent absences, his inconsiderate grossness, and his dissipated and disgraceful manner of life, shocked and saddened a woman of tenderness and sensibility. For a considerable period Madame d'Epinay bore this conduct in silent grief; but M. d'Epinay having, on one occasion, returned from an orgy intoxicated, accompanied by a male companion as drunk as himself, and both having in this state entered the chamber of the wife, with a view to continue the carouse in the bedroom in which they had disturbed the slumbers of a lady then advanced in pregnancy, it may be supposed that the sorrow and suffering which had been long pent up found vent in indignant words, and that the family and friends of Madame d'Epinay were no more than herself silent as to this disgraceful and brutal conduct.

M. d'Epinay was not a man to listen to reason. Instead of reforming his character and mode of life, one outrageous indelicacy succeeded to another, until at length his proceedings became intolerable. One might have supposed that the character of father (for his wife had now borne him a son and a daughter) might have given a new sanction to the neglected and forgotten duties of a husband. But such was not the fact. M. d'Epinay proved himself not merely a disreputable, but a despicable reprobate, such as no woman of right feeling could respect or esteem. The anguish of mind that she suffered from this conduct of her husband is well painted in Madame d'Epinay's memoirs. For a while she continued to perform her duties exemplarily towards him and her young children. Her sufferings, her vigils, her

tears, are recorded with an eloquent pen. To these succeeded an isolation and retirement that preyed upon her health, and threatened her reason. To dissipate her grief, and drive away domestic chagrin, Madame d'Epinay, at the instance of her friends, again resorted to society. In the gay world into which she entered, she met with a Monsieur de Franceuil, a receiver-general of finances, the son, as her own husband, of a farmer-general. Franceuil was a gentleman of agreeable manners and varied accomplishments. He was, like Madame d'Epinay, a good musician and an accomplished actor. A married man, he was labouring, too, under a domestic calamity, his wife being afflicted with mental alienation. The parties frequently met, in public and in private. They sang together, they acted together, in comedies and in operas; and in their common domestic misfortunes found a species of mutual solace. Madame d'Epinay soon discovered a new pleasure in the visits of this young, agreeable, elegant, and accomplished man. Touched with his attentions, she long struggled between duty and honour and criminal passion, and might have ultimately been victorious in being virtuous, had she not listened to the counsels of one of her own sex—an unmarried lady, arrived at the mature age of thirty—one Mademoiselle d'Ette, whose character, like that of many married and unmarried ladies of the time and generation, was none of the best. To the counsels of this wicked and intriguing woman Madame d'Epinay gave attention, and the result was, that she forgot her duty both to herself and to others; and subsequently, as is ever the case, paid the penalty in suffering, in sorrow, and in neglect. The accomplished lover, the friend of Rousseau, Duclos, Diderot, and d'Holbach, after awhile left Madame d'Epinay, left music, operas, and musical composition and entertainments, for the bottle, for the gaming-table, and for the *coulisses*. On this subject we do not care to dwell at any length. It is a distasteful and disagreeable theme, yet it is a matter which should be carefully noted, as a specimen of ordinary life in certain ranks in the days of Louis XV. The connexion between social and moral corruption, and political changes and revolution, is much more concatenated and close than many are willing to suppose. Madame d'Epinay was neither better nor worse than other ladies of her acquaintance, circle, and kinship, from 1748 to 1768. She 'supped and sinned,' to use the alliterative phrase of Sydney Smith, like all ladies, from A to Z. Of the sinning classes, indeed, we should say that she was far better than the Mademoiselle d'Ettes, the Madame Jullys, the Madame Versels, the Madame d'Houdelots, *y tutti quanti*, of whom she makes mention in her memoirs. To

her friendship with Franceuil, as it was called, succeeded a friendship with the German, Grimm, who had originally come to Paris as travelling tutor to the Count of Schoenberg, and who subsequently became the intimate friend of the encyclopedists, and one of the most original and judicious critics of the era of which we write.

Through Grimm, Madame d'Epinay, who had previously known Rousseau, became acquainted with Duclos, Didérot, D'Holbach, Voltaire, the Abbé Galiani, and various others of the *beaux esprits*, wits, and men of letters of the eighteenth century. It is this which makes her three volumes unique in point of literary interest, and gives to them a real value as *tableaux*, not merely of social and financial, but of literary, philosophical, and artistical life. There is a great deal about Madame d'Epinay and her sister-in-law, Madame d'Houdelot, in the Confessions of Rousseau. She is also mentioned in the correspondence of the Abbé Galiani, of the Baron d'Holbach, of Duclos, of Saint Lambert, of Voltaire, of Tronchin, and of many other celebrated men of the time. With most of them she lived in familiar and friendly intercourse. They sat at her fire-side, they partook of her dinners, they ate her suppers, they lived on her good cheer—more especially did Duclos and Rousseau do so; and the latter accepted a house, La Chevrette, rent-free, and various presents at her hands, with every expression of gratitude and contentment. Yet there never were two men, perhaps, who behaved to a woman of whose salt they had eaten, with blacker ingratitude than this pair of philosophers. We must confess we rise from reading the memoirs of Madame d'Epinay, and the letters of these very men in exculpation of their own conduct, with feelings far different from those of satisfaction. It must be admitted by all reflecting persons, that the most eloquent prose-writer in the French language, the Swiss Rousseau, was, in many, indeed in most respects, as sneaking, double-dealing, and insincere a caitiff as ever existed. The more charitable way to consider his conduct is to regard him as a scarcely accountable being—as one often hallucinated, and, more especially when he allowed his passions or his morbid sensibility to have play, as one perfectly *non compos*.

There is infinitely less excuse for Duclos than for Jean Jacques. Rousseau was a morbid, diseased creature, with the temperament of genius. Suspicious, jealous, irritable, envious, mistrustful of his best and kindest friends, remorselessly vain, and unforgiving when he suffered, or fancied he suffered, a slight at their hands. He was provided with hats and coats; to use the words of Sydney Smith, he borrowed, begged, and be-

trayed, and never paid, for he was a crazy madman. But Duclos, with all his occasional vehemence, was a man cool and caustic at one and the same time; cynical, sensible, and, with all his rudeness and brutality, distinguished by strong sense and Norman subtlety and finesse. When, therefore, we find a person of such a character conducting himself after the fashion of Duclos, we must pronounce him, in the language of Molière, to be "*fourbe fourbissime*." It should be remembered that when Duclos played the gallant towards Madame d'Epinay and sought to succeed, if not to supplant, his friend Franceuil in the lady's good graces, he was twenty years her senior, was a member of the French Academy, deputy to the States of Brittany, and historiographer of France. Duclos was entirely and altogether a man of the world, had lived from his earliest years with men of the world; whereas Rousseau, with the eloquence of an inspired and the genius of a gifted mind, was always a wayward child in conduct, claiming an exemption from all moral duties. Duclos and Rousseau emerge, we repeat, with no credit from this correspondence. Grimm, on the contrary, without speaking of the immorality of his conduct, which ought to be reprobated, appears in other respects as a man of good feeling and good sense, though somewhat hard, dry, rigid, selfish, and impassive. Grimm was thirty-three years old when he first became acquainted with Madame d'Epinay, and their intimacy continued for seven-and-twenty years—in fact, till the period of the lady's death, in 1783. During all that long period from 1756 till 1783, Grimm was occupied in literature, and in a correspondence with some of the northern courts, which brought him in a considerable yearly revenue; and when he was either ill or absent from Paris, it was Madame d'Epinay who held the pen for him. It may be asked how these memoirs of Madame d'Epinay first saw the light? The answer is, that the memoirs were commenced for Grimm in 1757, during a period when he was absent on a campaign with Marshal d'Estrées, in Westphalia. The MS. was then in the form of a journal, in which the authoress revealed her thoughts, her feelings, her pleasures, her chagrins, her sorrows, &c. Grimm, an excellent critical judge, was so pleased and delighted with the work, that he could not cease from devouring it with his eyes till he had finished outright 2500 pages of MS., and he prayed Madame d'Epinay to continue the journal, whenever she felt inclined to do so. The lady followed the advice. The MS. was never published in the lifetime of Grimm, who, it may be added, survived till 1807, when he expired at Gotha, in his 89th year. It was not till eleven years after this period, namely, in 1818, and five-and-thirty years after the death of Madame

d'Epinay, that Mr. Brunet, a Parisian publisher, purchased the MS. from, we believe, Grimm's clerk or secretary. In so doing he certainly exhibited a keen commercial judgment on a literary undertaking, for there has seldom appeared a work that caused more interest or excitement. Some affected to be scandalized at the disclosures, and the partisans of Rousseau, who were numerous five and thirty years ago, in Paris, raised a great cry against Madame d'Epinay, but the verdict, nevertheless, passed against the author of the *Nouvelle Heloise*, in favour of Madame d'Epinay. Few there were to defend the memory of Duclos, for it appeared from the memoirs that he had obtruded his gallant attentions on Madame d'Epinay, and that it was not until she had turned a deaf ear to his criminal solicitations that he went about sowing imputations on her conduct and her fame. Nothing can paint better than these volumes the time and the men. It is a living and speaking picture, such as only a lively and clever woman, equally acute and solid-minded, could write. There was Madame Jully with her *cher ami*, Jelyotte, the singer; there was Madame d'Houdelot with her *cher ami*, the Marquis de Saint Lambert; there was Duclos carrying on a too free conversation with Mademoiselle Quinault; there was Franceuil, a man of fashion, living with the Polignacs and men of fashion about court; all these doings and meetings took place at the château of a young, rich, and distinguished woman, whose father was a man of condition, whose father-in-law was one of the richest farmers-general in France, and whose husband still enjoyed considerable fortune notwithstanding his extravagant and profligate squanderings.

No one can read these memoirs, extending in the thirty-eight years from 1745 to 1783, and be surprised that in six years afterwards France was in the throes of a revolution. Considering the morals and the manners that generally prevailed from the time of the Regency down to the epoch painted by Madame d'Epinay, one only wonders that a revolution had not broken out in the time of Louis XV., and not in the time of his successor.

In the tenth book of the Confessions of Rousseau, there are many revelations touching the society of Madame d'Epinay; but in endeavouring eloquently to excuse himself, the citizen of Geneva does not better his position. It may be, indeed, that in his intercourse with Grimm, Rousseau was blameless, but nobody can acquit him of ingratitude towards Madame d'Epinay. In the long defence of himself, Rousseau introduces the names of Diderot and Duclos, but all he says does not contribute to raise their moral and social character, or to elevate his own. In closing our remarks on the D'Epinay correspondence, we may observe,

that had it been the lot of this lady to have married an honourable and upright and moral man, who had shown her good example, and given her good advice, and not thrown her into the company of so-called philosophers, she might have fulfilled all her domestic duties, and been spared all the shame and all the suffering ever incident to the course which, in other circumstances, she followed. In her latter years, Madame d'Épinay, it ought to be stated, devoted herself in an exemplary manner to the education of her children and her grandchild, Mademoiselle Belzunce. The *Conversations d'Emilie*, written for the latter, obtained the Monthyon prize of the French Academy, as a useful, moral work. It is curious that the competitor of Madame d'Épinay for this prize was Madame de Genlis, a woman of the worst character and most slippery reputation, moral, personal, and political. That Madame d'Épinay was a woman of more than ordinary talent there can be no doubt. Her style is clear and flowing, and her delineation of character admirable, indeed, intuitive.

The memoirs of General Dumouriez were first published at Hamburgh in 1795, and attracted at that time, and indeed for a considerable period afterwards—we might say till 1814 or 1815—very considerable attention. That they are little read in our own day is very certain, albeit they contain much profitable matter, and a great deal that throws light on events from 1760 to 1793. Few men have been more adventurous or ambitious than Dumouriez. He received a good education at the college of Louis le Grand at Paris, and his mind was still further improved by the instructions of his father, a man of ability and learning. Young Dumouriez entered the service as cornet in the regiment of Escars in 1757. In 1759 and 1760, he was wounded several times. In 1761, he obtained the rank of captain and the cross of St. Louis, and in 1762, was *reformé*, or, as we say in England, put on half-pay. But inactivity was quite incompatible with the disposition of Dumouriez. He travelled into Italy on foot, and offered his services to Paoli against the Genoese, and to the Genoese against Paoli. Both parties rejected his offer. He ultimately joined an enemy of Paoli. Returning to France, he presented to the minister, Choiseul, several memoirs on the conquest of Corsica, for which he received a payment in money, which enabled him to travel in Spain and Portugal in 1766. When the conquest of Corsica was decided on in 1768, Dumouriez was called into active service, and advanced to the rank of colonel. Subsequently he was employed by the Minister of Foreign Affairs, with the approbation of Louis XV., in Poland in 1770, and in several foreign missions down to 1777. But a

mission relative to the Swedish Revolution got him into a scrape. The king had not confided this mission to the Duke d'Aiguillon, Minister for Foreign Affairs, and the duke caused Dumouriez to be arrested at Hamburgh in 1773. He was placed in the Bastille, in which he remained six months. He gives a full and interesting account, admirably told, of his sojourn in this prison, and of the interrogatories he underwent. But the most curious part of his memoirs, beyond all question, more especially at this particular moment, are his plans for an invasion of England, and a descent upon Jersey, Guernsey, Portsmouth, Plymouth, or the Isle of Wight.

The second volume of Dumouriez's memoirs are chiefly occupied with an account of his efforts to create the now magnificent port of Cherbourg, and to appease the troubles of Normandy. In the latter chapters of this volume, he enters into an account of his negotiations and plans of campaign. The third embraces military details, in which the talents of a very clever writer are well exercised in justification of his movements as a general. Dumouriez spent his latter years in England. He received from our government a pension, and communicated many useful notes to the War-office on the conduct of the campaign in Spain and Portugal from 1809 to 1814. On the return of Louis XVIII., he expected to have received the baton of Marshal of France, but his only reward was a pension of 20,000 francs as a retired general officer. No one can thoroughly understand the history of France from 1760 to 1800 without reading the memoirs of Dumouriez. To use the words of the Prince de Montbarey, in speaking of him, he was '*petillant d'esprit et rempli des connaissances.*' We fear there is also a great deal of truth in M. de Montbarey's concluding sentence, '*le sujet le plus propre à l'intrigue que j'ai jamais connu.*' Dumouriez lived at Ealing till 1822. Thence he removed to Turville Park, Buckinghamshire, now the abode of Lord Lyndhurst, at which residence he died in 1823.

There is no work among the modern memoirs of France that will disappoint the reader more than the memoirs of Rivarol, edited by Berville, and published by Baudoin in 1824. Rivarol left behind him the repute of being one of the cleverest and wittiest men of his day, and a diner-out of the first magnitude; yet a more stupid book than his memoirs it has not been our fate to encounter.

The memoirs of Bouillé, which first appeared in London in 1797, and which were then published by Cadell and Davies, in the Strand, were reprinted in Paris in 1801, and subsequently in the collection of Berville and Barrière in 1821. We know no work written by a soldier which more clearly and lucidly explains

the causes of the French Revolution. Mallet du Pan, whose memoirs have been recently published, declares that this volume is written with the straightforwardness of a soldier, and the truth of an honest man. It must be remembered that Bouillé was an actor in all the grand scenes that he essays to paint. A monarchist by conviction, he was moderate and well-disposed towards the people, and did not, like many hot-headed men, reject everything that savoured of change. In early life, de Bouillé had served in the French West Indies, and witnessed the progress of the American war of Independence. There can be little doubt that if M. de Bouillé had succeeded in covering Louis XVI.'s retreat from Paris, he would have suggested to the monarch the necessity of frankly governing by constitutional principles. But as the flight of Louis was checked at Varennes, de Bouillé was forced to change the plans which he had matured at Dun-sur-Meuse. Quickly assembling all the troops he had in hand, he directed them to march on Varennes, and placed himself at the head of the royal German regiment; but when he arrived at this town, the monarch had already departed. Compromised by this move, de Bouillé was obliged to emigrate. He proceeded to Coblenz, where he was well received by the legitimate princes. De Bouillé had strong prejudices against Philippe Egalité, Duke of Orleans. He describes him as the most atrocious and the meanest of villains, and tells us in 1797, what has since become notorious, that Mirabeau had within a short time received from the king 600,000 livres, besides a monthly allowance of 50,000 livres. It is [generally supposed that the simple and easy tactics of the French were invented by Napoleon, but whoever reads the memoirs of de Bouillé and Dumouriez, will find that these and other generals had invented a new system of tactics and manœuvres, to which the nation was indebted for a great part of its victories.

We would pause but a single moment on the memory of the Prince of Montbarey, minister of war under Louis XVI. These volumes, published simultaneously in Paris and in London in 1826, containing a number of details relative to the courts of Louis XV. and XVI., and the personages who figured therein, are, though agreeably enough written, neither so remarkable by their contents or their revelations as to justify us in dwelling on them at any length.

One of the most interesting series of memoirs in the French language are those of Madame Roland, published in 1820 by MM. Berville and Barrière. The sufferings of this lady as wife, as mother, as woman, have become matter of history. Her memoirs, written in six weeks, were composed during the period

of her captivity, when she was environed by everything that could render life loathsome, and imprisonment almost unendurable; yet they breathe an admirable air of serenity and fortitude, and of that purity and stainlessness of character which she exhibited during the whole of her thirty-nine years of a short and troubled existence. Before we enter on any critical remarks on the memoirs, it may be necessary to say a little as to the character and history of this unfortunate woman.

Towards the close of the eighteenth century, there lived, in the most crowded part of the old city of Paris, a man of the name of Gratian Phlipon, an engraver and painter, distinguished by more feeling than judgment, who married a pretty and amiable woman, whose maiden name was Margaret Bimont. Seven children were the fruit of these nuptials, but they every one died in early childhood, excepting one, a daughter, Manon Phlipon, who was born into this world of sorrow in 1756. It may be supposed that the one surviving child was idolized by its mother, a mourner over so many early tombs. Manon's earliest love was for flowers, and the fond mother indulged the infant with all she could procure in the market or elsewhere.

Nor was the father less indulgent than the mother. His pictures and his engravings were at the child's service; they were strewn in her path; and amidst the caresses of father and mother, and pleasant and agreeable objects both of nature and of art, the child attained her fourth year. Without any serious trouble or application, but quite in playing and amusing herself, Manon learned to read. We learn from her own memoirs and autobiography, that the more she read, the more she desired to read. Her curiosity was insatiable and unbounded, and she soon found means of gratifying it. At the side of her father's studio or workshop there was a vacant room, in a press in which she discovered a shelf, in which one of the pupils of her father kept a number of books concealed, no doubt with a view to while away his time when he ought to have been working. Manon took one of these books at random, which turned out to be Dacier's translation of *Plutarch's Lives*. The work, which she read in her seventh or eighth year, pleased her amazingly; and she tells us that from this time she became a Republican. That Plutarch produced a great impression on her mind is clear from another circumstance. Her mother was a serious and devout woman, as these things are understood in the Roman-catholic church; and she herself, in her earlier years, felt a species of enthusiasm in the pompous rites and gorgeous ceremonies of the Romish religion; yet she tells us that, in the Lent of 1763, when she was only seven or eight years old, she carried her *Plutarch* with

her to church, and read it during the service, as though it had been the *Semaine Sainte*, a book of devotion then, and we believe still, in vogue during Lent on the Continent, and in England and Ireland, under the title of the *Holy Week*. When about to make her first communion some time afterwards, Manon appears to have been struck with her profanity on this occasion, for she implored her parents to send her to a convent, in order that she might more profitably approach what devout Romanists call the Holy Sacrament. As she imploringly threw herself on her knees, her mother yielded to her request, and she was sent to the establishment, Rue Neuve St. Etienne, Faubourg St. Marceau. Though Mademoiselle Phlipon grew out of the religious ecstasies of which she gives an account in her memoirs, and which she practised at the convent—albeit she was philosophical at sixteen, and sceptical at twenty—yet she acquired, totally irrespective of dogmas, doctrines, or creeds, certain moral and religious convictions which she never lost, and which were a lasting consolation to her in the days of suffering and sorrow. The young novice remained but a year at the convent; but at the expiration of that period, she did not return home to her parents, but went to the house of her paternal grandmother. There, though she encountered many priests, and read the works of St. Francis de Sales, and other burning and shining lights, confessors, and doctors of the Romish church, yet her mind was unconvinced, and those very books of devotion which were thrust into her hands augmented her doubts; these doubts were fortified by the conversation of a friend of her grandmother, one M. de Boismorel, who, whether a professing Roman-catholic or not, was a Puritan and a reformer at heart. After a considerable sojourn with her grandmother, Manon returned to the parental roof. She resumed her singing and dancing-master, and gave up all idea of a cloistered life. Her days were now passed in study; she read Fenelon and Tasso, and every book that fell in her way, and, among others, Pascal and the Port-Royalists. On these she meditated and reflected, for their severe and rigid principles, their stoicism and self-denial, had an attraction for her mind. With the modern French philosophy she was disgusted or saddened. Admitting that Helvetius might be a guide in the depraved circles of Paris, she, in the abstract, rejected his doctrines, and maintained that they could not either guide or govern a people in a virtuous state of society.

The accomplishments and knowledge of Mademoiselle Phlipon soon became the talk of her circle and quarter. These attainments and this knowledge placed her, intellectually, far above the class in which she was born and educated, and, indeed, ele-

vated her above the petty noblesse, who, nevertheless, indulged in airs of superiority. This chafed the haughty spirit of Manon; and she tells us herself that it caused her to look on the doctrines and principles of the revolution with favour. At seventeen years of age Manon was a fine girl, and as it was supposed her father was a prosperous man, there was no want of suitors: some of these were of the half-ruined *gentilhommerie* of the provinces; some of them were well-to-do tradesmen in the quarter in which the family lived. Among the rest, there was a wealthy butcher who served them, who used to way-lay mother and daughter on high days and holidays in their walks, dressed in a shining suit of black. The amorous sheep-slayer respectfully saluted them, offering them a bouquet; and further sought to win his way to the heart of the young girl by directing his shopman to send, now and again, such delicacies as his *boucherie* afforded, in the shape of a *ris de veau*, or a lamb's fry; but vain were these efforts of the man of meat. A man of medicine—a full-blown doctor—next proposed, in whom Manon expected to find refinement and knowledge; but he turned out a pedantic prig; and as the girl's heart was untouched, he too was summarily rejected. It were needless to pass in review the many who proposed for Mademoiselle Phlipon. Those who are curious on the subject we would refer to the memoirs, which give a picture of the French system in reference to marriages in that day. The father occasionally made the daughter answer the proposals of marriage in his name. While affairs were in this position, Manon was attacked with the smallpox, but it did not in anywise affect her beauty. Her anxious mother watched over her bed with a mother's solicitude; and on the girl's recovery, tried to induce her to accept the offer of a young jeweller, of good looks and excellent character; but as the man was without culture, the daughter declined to unite herself with a person whom she could not respect. That mother whom she fondly loved Mademoiselle Phlipon was destined soon to lose. While she was out visiting some friends in a distant part of Paris, her mother was seized with paralysis, and died on the very night of the seizure. This made a deep impression on the young girl; for a long while she was prostrated with grief, and reduced to the brink of the grave. But time, the great healer, at length poured balm into her wounds. She was aroused, too, from her grief and melancholy by the conduct of her father. After the death of her mother, Phlipon, the father, sought relief abroad, and in dissipation, wasting his substance and the patrimony of his daughter in frivolous pleasures and on a mistress. His business grew daily worse; and it was under these circumstances,

and to save herself from pecuniary ruin, that she secured to herself, from the remnant of her father's fortune, a small income of 500 francs a year, with which she retired to a convent. While preparing to accomplish this step, books were her resource. She studied, she reflected, she observed; she put her observations on paper; and some men of letters who had become acquainted with her, and took pleasure in her society, pronounced that she would distinguish herself in the world of letters. But Manon had at this period no such views, for an authoress, said she, loses more than she gains. Her object in these literary employments was her own happiness, and she truly says the public never interfere in that without spoiling it. The plan of life she now adopted required great resolution and self-denial; she exhibited both. Her food was simple, was prepared by herself, and consisted of rice, vegetables, and bread. As her habits, however, were simple, her mind contented, and her time chiefly engrossed in study, she gave no thought to her homely, if not coarse, fare. Through a schoolfellow with whom she corresponded, she became about this time acquainted with Roland de Platière, who was two-and-twenty years her senior. This respectable man was a native of Villefranche, near Lyons; his family was an ancient one connected with the magistracy, or, as the French say, *la robe*. Roland had been born to competency — nay to riches; but while yet in infancy, sudden misfortunes had fallen on his family; and at nineteen years of age he was forced to seek his fortune. His family wished him at this period to enter the church, but he had too independent a spirit to do so. At the time he became acquainted with Mademoiselle Phlipon, he was employed in the administration of manufactures at Rouen and Amiens. He also was a man of simple and frugal habits, a great reader, a thinker, and a person of somewhat cold and austere habits. Whenever he came to Paris, he visited Mademoiselle Phlipon, having been on the first occasion struck with her beauty and her strong and simple character. There was much community of feeling already between the parties when Roland was obliged to set out for Italy. To his brother, who was prior of the college of Cluny, at Paris, he had addressed letters describing his journey. The prior, doubtless by the direction of the writer, communicated the letters to Mademoiselle Phlipon, who found them clever and observant, but deficient in grace of style. This species of intercourse, literary and social, had lasted for five years, when Roland made a direct proposition of marriage. The young woman answered that she 'was highly honoured by his preference, but was obliged to refuse him.' 'I have nothing,' said she, 'but 500 livres of

rent and my wardrobe, and how shall we live? I should be a bad match for you, and I think no more of it.' Roland, nevertheless persisted, and wrote to the father from Amiens, but the disorderly and free-living artist did not like the staid and austere character of his future son-in-law, and his answer, which he read to his daughter, was dry if not offensive. It was on this occasion that she left the paternal residence and took up her abode in the convent. The letter of her father to Roland grieved and wounded her; for though she did not love Roland enthusiastically, she respected and esteemed him in the highest degree. Six months after the father's letter Roland came to Paris, and proceeded to the convent grate to see Mademoiselle Phlipon. The sight of the lady revived his feelings and renewed his hopes, and when he sent his brother, the Benedictine, on the following day, to persuade her to marry, Manon, on consideration, thought it was better she should exert her abilities and courage in the honourable state of marriage than in the solitude of a convent. With these praiseworthy feelings she consented to become Roland's wife in 1780, being then of the mature age of four or five and twenty, while her husband was on the shady side of six or seven and forty. In the fulfilment of her duty she hoped for happiness. She was her husband's friend, companion, and amanuensis, giving herself wholly up to the calls of labour and duty. 'I became,' says she, the 'wife of a truly good man, who, as he grew to know me more, loved me better. Married in the full force of reason, I was not the victim of any illusion. In considering the felicity of my partner I perceived that there wanted something to my own.' It would appear from these words that this ardent and enthusiastic woman was well aware that she had made a sacrifice. There was a need, says Lacretelle, that she should love something, and for that reason, perhaps, it was that her love of liberty was somewhat exaggerated. When she appeared in society after her marriage, men of her own age wondered at seeing a young and pretty woman leaning on the arm of a grave and serious looking man, so much older than herself. I felt, says Madame Roland, that I might love some one of these men, and I shuddered at the thought. To avoid and struggle with any feelings of this kind, to vanquish temptations, as it were, she gave herself up to labour; with every study and occupation of her husband she bound herself up. Our misfortune was, she writes, that he (meaning Roland) accustomed himself only to think and write by me. In this the reflective reader will not agree with Madame Roland. Probably it was the absorbing nature of these occupations which ever kept her steadily to the path of duty. The first year of their marriage was passed in Paris. There Madame Roland was the

correctress of her husband's proofs. For a long time she was not permitted to change an iota in the text. She never contradicted her husband. She persuaded herself to think that he knew more and saw things better. This feeling must have arisen from real humility of heart, for there can be no doubt that she was superior in intellect, if not in attainment, to her husband. Roland was soon after this period named inspector at Amiens. In that town they passed four years, and it was there Madame Roland became a mother. These four years may be said to have been her only years of happiness. In 1784 the husband was transferred to the district, or as it was then called '*la généralité*' de Lyon. For two of the winter months she inhabited the city of Lyons, but the rest of his time was spent at Villefranche and Thesée, where his family had property. In her memoirs she admirably describes the kind of life she led in this remote district, gardening and gathering fruit, visiting, consoling, and physicking the poor, superintending the labours of rustic and domestic economy, reading, writing, and correcting proofs. These homely occupations were diversified by occasional trips and travels.

In 1784, she, with her husband, visited England, where his *Mémoires sur l'Education des Troupeaux et de la Culture des Laines*, published between 1779 and 1783, had excited some attention, and where other works of his on the fabric and manufacture of woollen and cotton velvet, and, above all, his *Dictionary of Arts and Manufactures*, had made him even better known. During their sojourn here, husband and wife were received at the parties and conversaziones of Sir Joseph Banks, then president of the Royal Society. It is evident, from her memoirs, that Madame Roland formed a high estimate of our system and institutions, and was penetrated with respect for the people. In 1787, she also visited, with her husband, Switzerland; but of this journey she tells us little or nothing in her memoirs. It is very evident, however, that the contrast between countries enjoying an ample measure of freedom and France, made a deep impression on her, and also on her husband. About this period, Madame Roland entered into correspondence with Brissot, one of the most ardent of the men professing the doctrines which contributed to produce the Revolution. With these doctrines both she and her husband became familiar; and so friendly were they to them, that the pair had serious thoughts of emigrating to America: but the age of the husband interposed an obstacle to the plan. This was in 1786, when Madame Roland was at least two and thirty, and when Roland had attained his fifty-fourth year, and when, though the mind of France was fermenting, people had no idea that an outbreak was so near at hand. In that year Madame Roland

had certainly no presentiment of what was to occur in 1789. 'Seated in my chimney corner,' she writes, 'at eleven o'clock in the morning, my husband at his desk, and my little daughter knitting. I am conversing with Roland, and overlooking the work of the child; enjoying the comfort of being warmly sheltered in the bosom of my family, and writing to a friend, while the snow is falling on so many poor wretches.' In the midst of this peaceful existence it was that the Revolution came to give vigour to opinions she had long deeply felt, which had silently smouldered in her breast, and to which she only gave expression before her husband. With what beaming joy she witnessed the dawn of the new opinions we are eloquently told in her memoirs. Yet all is not gold that glitters. Nor do Liberty and Fraternity become practical truths in any nation, though noisily bellowed through the throats of 100,000 men. It is very evident Madame Roland thought the popular party had grown somewhat overbearing and despotic. 'Is the question to be,' she asks, 'whether we are to have one tyrant or a hundred?' On the breaking out of the Revolution, her husband was elected into the municipality of Lyons. His integrity, his firmness, his attachment to the popular party, excited many enemies. Lyons was, at this period, 40,000,000 livres in debt, and 20,000 men were thrown out of employment. It was necessary to represent these things to the National Assembly, and Roland was chosen for the task.

In 1791, they both arrived in Paris, from which they had been absent since 1786. Madame Roland was now in the meridian of beauty, full of ardour and vivacity, and enthusiastic in the cause of what was called liberty and philosophy. Their house became the place of meeting of the Girondists, for four days in the week, during the seven months they remained in Paris. At these re-unions, Brissot was a constant, and Robespierre and Danton occasional, visitors. They were, indeed, eventful months. To her friend Henry Brancal, who was then in London, she discloses her hopes, her fears, her wishes as to public events. On these letters, and the events they allude to, we cannot pause. Suffice it to say, that Madame Roland had caused herself to be received in several fraternal associations, and agreed in opinion with those who looked upon the dethronement of Louis XVI. as the salvation of France.

When the mission of Roland was finished, he returned to Lyons; but as the Assembly had suppressed the inspectors of manufactures, his administrative career was altogether at an end. Madame Roland, it is clear, regretted the obscurity of her life, and her absence from the scene of action. 'This discontent was natura,

to an ardent disposition, to a mind desirating a career of activity and usefulness both for herself and her husband. The course of the Revolution led husband and wife back to Paris. In December of 1792, they arrived in the capital, and found the Ministry of Delessert and Bertrand de Moleville *in extremis*. The probity and administrative talents of Roland were now generally known, and Brissot was not slow to proclaim them at every corner. Propositions were made to him to become Minister of the Interior; and, having taken the advice of his wife, he answered, that he was ready to devote himself to the public interests, or, as in the slang of that day it was called, '*la chose publique*.'

Dumouriez—the clever and versatile Dumouriez—was at this time Minister of Foreign Affairs. Roland at first believed in the good intentions and good disposition of the king, but he had not been long in office before his wife did everything that in her lay to create a contrary impression on her husband's mind. In fact, she openly proclaimed herself the adversary of the king; and when Louis refused his sanction to the decree against the priests, and for the camp of 20,000 men, hers was the hand which drew up the letter to the sovereign, signed with the name of Roland. This ill-advised letter is given in the appendix to the second volume of her memoirs, and anything less civil and ceremonious in expression it is impossible to conceive. As Roland received no answer to this discourteous, if not insulting, communication, openly rebuking the monarch, he read it in full council. The king listened to the reproofs with admirable temper. Two days after, Roland, with the three colleagues who had signed the document, received their dismissal, and Dumouriez, whom Madame Roland, in her first volume, describes as having '*l'esprit délié et le regard faux*,' and whom she speaks of in another place as possessing '*ce qu'on appelle de l'esprit et moins qu'aucun moralité*,'—Dumouriez, we say, kept his portfolio. Madame Roland, in our minds, imprudently sent her letter to the Assembly, and the applause which it there excited sufficiently avenged the affront which her husband had received from the court. Whether the letter was, as is stated by Lacretelle, the occasion of the event of the 20th June, we do not undertake to say, but the 20th June was, at all events, the prelude to the events of the 10th August; and after that sanguinary day, the Girondin ministry was re-appointed, and Roland again entered power, with great hopes for liberty. Between the first and second ministries of which Citizen Roland formed a part, there is, however, a great distinction.

During the period of the first ministry of her husband, Madame Roland appeared to have been actuated by a blind and

unreasoning hatred to all institutions, to the royal family of France, and to everything connected with aristocracy. Her conduct, we must say, exhibited passion and prejudice, however much she may have wished to have been just. In the second ministry of her husband, however, when, as Lacroix says, she had to struggle with crime, with anarchical and with sanguinary principles, her courage was sublime as long as the combat was possible, and calm and resigned when that struggle was useless. One of the first miseries of Roland in his second ministry was to find Danton his colleague. The one, as is well known, was corrupt and venal, whereas the other was of a purity and puritanism almost cynical. It is, therefore, not wonderful, that Danton did everything that in him lay to get rid of Roland—that he calumniated Madame Roland and caused her to be run down in the clubs. The days of September were now advancing, and Marat, Robespierre, and Danton were beginning the Reign of Terror. Roland and his wife were threatened, and an attempt made to arrest the former. At this period Madame Roland wrote to her friend Brancal, in London:—‘My friend: Danton leads all; Robespierre is his puppet; Marat holds the torch and dagger; this ferocious demagogue reigns, and we are his slaves until the moment when we shall become his victims.’ Of that revolution of which she was once so enthusiastic an admirer, Madame Roland was now ashamed. She proclaimed it hideous and deformed by monsters, and used all her efforts to overthrow the Jacobins. During the massacres her husband displayed an energy and heroism very remarkable. He addressed a letter to the Assembly, in which he denounced the crimes of the people. He called on the authorities to stop the massacres, offering his own head as a sacrifice. On the 23rd September, Roland reported on the state of the capital and of France. He energetically described the disorders of Paris, and insisted on the necessity of preventing a recurrence of them. This vigour elevated his character with his own party, but as he was not seconded sufficiently he offered his resignation. The Girondists entreated him to remain in the ministry, and he remained till the 22nd of January, 1793, fruitlessly struggling against the anarchical Mountain. No sooner had he resigned than sinister reports were spread against him. His friends now gathered round him and advised him to escape from the vengeance of the faction. He resolved to retire to the neighbourhood of Rouen, when the opportunity offered. His wife intended to depart for Villefranche, and had asked for passports, which she obtained with difficulty. Just as she was about to set out on her journey she was seized with nervous colics, to which she was very subject. For six days she was con-

fined to her bed, and when, on the 31st May, 1793, she proposed to set out on her journey, it was already too late. Six armed men presented themselves at the house of Roland, and signified to him an order of the Committee of Public Safety. The ex-minister denied the competence and the legality of the committee. While her husband was reasoning this question with the myrmidons of power, Madame Roland, just recovered from the illness we have mentioned, determined to proceed in person to denounce to the Convention the arbitrary measure of which her husband had been the victim. Clothed in a mourning robe, and a black shawl, she penetrated through the soldiers who guarded the entrance of the Convention, but was stopped at the door by the huissiers. She then asked for Vergniaud, but Vergniaud, pale, exhausted, and absorbed, knew not what to say to her, and advised her nothing. Returning home after this fruitless day to her house in the Rue de la Harpe, she perceived her husband was not in his room. He had concealed himself in the house of his landlord, having got rid of the men who came to arrest him. Madame Roland might at this period have escaped from her dwelling, but she disdained to do so. Retiring to bed, she was awoken at 12 o'clock by men, who presented an order for the arrest of her husband. At 6 o'clock in the morning a new band made its appearance, presenting an order for her own arrest. All her papers were seized, and seals affixed upon every portion of the furniture in which anything might be concealed. One of the commissaries of police was desirous of even sealing up a piano, not knowing to what use a conspirator might turn that instrument. At the sight of their unhappy mistress thus in trouble, the servants burst into tears. 'So there are, then, people who love you in your establishment,' said one of the sbirri. 'I have never been surrounded by any other,' was her reply. A hackney-coach now advanced amidst cries of *à la guillotine*. It was in the midst of this sinister and menacing cortège that the commissaries and Madame Roland arrived at the prison of the Abbaye. The walls of this place were still red with the blood of the September massacres, and the wife of the keeper, who had a heart within her bosom, provided for Madame Roland a separate chamber. Into this narrow and solitary spot the captive entered, but as she possessed fortitude of soul and tranquillity of mind, the result of a pure conscience, she was neither agitated by terrors nor by fears. Her first care was to arrange her cell in the most orderly manner. This done, she had recourse to Thomson's *Seasons*, a book which she loved to read in happier years. Resigned, in so far as regarded her fate, her only anxiety was for her husband

and child. A friend now induced her to write an energetic letter to the Convention, but though she complied with his request she expected nothing from these men. It was after her letter had been despatched that she learned the arrest of twenty-two Girondins, whose fate, like her own, might be said to be sealed. Writing on the latter event to a friend, she expressed herself in a few lines remarkable for their beauty and truth. 'Liberty, said I to myself,' she remarks, 'has two sources: good moral principles which produce wise laws, and that intelligence which unites men together by a knowledge of their rights.' Madame Roland then went on to say that 'she was formerly of opinion that the human species would improve, and that happiness would be the portion of all; brilliant chimeras,' she adds, 'seductions which had charmed me, all, all had vanished in the frightful corruption of this city of Paris?' Then she exclaims: 'What do you seek, ye brigand band of anarchists? You proscribe virtue. Shed then the blood of those that are virtuous. *Ce sang répandu sur la terre il la rendra dévorante, et la fera s'entr'ouvrir sous vos pas.*'

While in the prison of the Abbaye, the compassionate heart of Madame Roland was open to every tale of woe. On entering the prison, the wife of the ex-minister of the Interior was possessed of some money. Her habits were those of a person, if not accustomed to luxury, at least accustomed to an easy, if not a liberal expenditure. Day by day she diminished her personal expenses, and ended by breakfasting on bread and water, with a dinner of a few vegetables. The sum thus retrenched from her usual enjoyments was distributed to the poorer prisoners. Whilst thus practically performing acts of charity and benevolence, Madame Roland occupied her solitary moments in study, in composition, in drawing, or in music.

When she had been a little more than three weeks in prison, she was told that she was at liberty, and that there was no charge against her. At first she doubted of this good news; but reflecting that she had a child, an only daughter, she bethought it would be wrong in her to remain in prison a day longer than she was forcibly detained. A hackney coach was therefore called, which she entered, directing it to drive to her home. She had scarcely bounded out of the coach, on the staircase, when two men addressing her, said, 'You are the citoyenne Roland, and in the name of the law we arrest you.' She, trembling, read the *mandat d'arret*, and, resigning herself to her fate, accompanied the officers to St. Pélagie. Thus, with a refinement of cruelty, the woman who was discharged in the morning was arrested again in the same day. At St. Pélagie, by paying for it, she obtained the

privilege of a separate room. Even in that room she was surrounded by horrible neighbours. Next her were placed women of the town, and opposite to her murderers and assassins. Yet it was midst the obscenities of the reckless and degraded, midst the blasphemies of malefactors and murderers, that she composed her memoirs; in which there is much of imaginative eloquence, and grace of style. It was surrounded by such horrible neighbours that she read Shaftesbury and Thomson, and wrote her notes on the Revolution—so full of profound remarks and striking portraits.

The separate cell of Madame Roland was about six feet wide, and as it was in the month of July, the hot sun rendered such a dwelling intolerable. The prison-keeper's wife, a kindly woman, obtained for Madame Roland an isolated apartment on the ground floor, in which there was a piano. An inspector one day passing heard the sound of music. Abruptly opening the door, he found the accomplished prisoner seated at the instrument, and severely blamed the keeper for granting her this indulgence. Madame Roland was forced to return to the infamous neighbourhood she had left. To add to her grief, she learned that all her friends were proscribed. She was not sure of the safety of her husband, and trembled for the fate of her child, left without protectors in the midst of a revolution which was swallowing up everything.

These were considerations calculated to unnerve the stoutest male heart; but whatever Madame Roland felt, she preserved outwardly a stoical courage. At one time the thought of suicide entered her mind, and the poison was at hand, ready to put an end to her sufferings; but as the trial of the Girondins was advancing, and she was to be called as a witness for them, she resolved to raise her voice in their favour. 'Minds,' said she (in writing to a friend), 'of any elevation know how to forget themselves. They feel that there is a debt to the whole species, and that it must be paid to posterity. It is necessary that I should in my turn perish, because it is inherent in the principles of tyranny to sacrifice as victims those whom it has violently oppressed, and to annihilate even the witnesses of its excesses.' It was not long before Madame Roland was herself called before the revolutionary tribunal. The accusations against her were vague and contradictory. Nothing was positive or tangible in the depositions. Notwithstanding the eloquent pleading of her advocate, M. Chauveau-Lagarde, Madame Roland was condemned. From the day she separated from Danton and Robespierre, nothing could save her. At the beginning of October, she writes in her last journal: 'Two months ago, I aspired to the honour of ascending the scaffold. Victims were then allowed

‘ to speak. Now all is lost. To live, is to submit to a ferocious rule, and to afford such rule the opportunity of committing fresh atrocities.’

On the day of her execution, the 10th of November, 1793, Madame Roland proceeded to the scaffold dressed in white, her fine black hair falling down negligently on the garment. Twice did she rally a shrinking victim who preceded her, and whose fortitude failed him in the last moment. In passing she saluted the statue of Liberty, exclaiming loudly—‘ Que de crimes on commet en ton nom.’ Or, as we have it in English—‘ Alas! O Liberty! how many crimes are committed in thy name.’ She now bade the companion whose fortitude had failed him, to ascend first, that he might be spared the additional pain of seeing her die. She next mounted the scaffold herself with unfaltering step, and laid her head on the block, almost warm with the blood of Marie Antoinette. Thus perished, at the early age of thirty-nine, a woman of great genius, enthusiasm, honesty, sincerity, and courage; but a woman not calculated to be a political leader or adviser.

Even in France, as everywhere else, women, however strong-minded and instructed, had far better remain in their quiet, domestic sphere, than engage in the contentions and struggles of public life. In leading her husband, Madame Roland thought in some sort to guide the nation, and to influence and moderate parties. But the task was beyond any woman’s strength. Albeit Madame Roland was a person of great sweetness and tenderness of disposition, as well as learned and strong-minded, yet she was not without a large infusion of stoicism and pride, and a share of female vanity. To say that she was without fault, would be to say that she was not human. Her husband did not long survive his partner. When he heard of her death, he resolved to put an end to himself, in the interests of his only child, inasmuch as his public execution would have caused his fortune to have been confiscated.

In the whole series of historical memoirs with which the French language abounds, there are no more interesting passages than are to be found in Madame Roland’s *dernières pensées*. Her adieus to her husband, to her child, to her faithful servant, are among the most tender and the most touching things to be found in modern history. These were written a short time before her execution, and, it is evident, were composed by a person under the influence of a strong religious feeling.

There are considerable materials for history in these volumes of Madame Roland. There are sketches of Brissot, Robespierre, Buzot, Dumouriez, Luckner, Danton, Monge, Thomas Payne,

David Williams, and others. As we before observed, Madame Roland had a high esteem for the English nation. 'Believe me,' she says, 'that any one who does not feel esteem for the English, and an interest mingled with admiration for the women of England, is either a pitiful or a hairbrained being.'

It may not be amiss to state, that we are ourselves in possession of the Emperor Napoleon's copy of Madame Roland's memoirs, stamped with his arms, which was presented to Lady Augusta Murray (Duchess of Sussex), by Lady Guilford. It is strange, but nevertheless true, that this copy remained uncut, and therefore unread, by any of the three personages to whom it belonged. With one quotation from these memoirs, we will conclude what we have to say of them. 'In every country, and in every epoch,' says Madame Roland, 'the good are unsuccessful, or succumb. There must, then, be another world in which they shall live again, or it would not be worth the while of any human being to be born in the planet which we all inhabit.'

So long as courage, honesty, and sincerity, fill us with admiration and respect, the memory of Madame Roland must be respected, and tenderly treated, even in relation to its faults.

The memoirs of Baron Besenval, which were published in 1805, by A. J. de Segur, treat of a number of remarkable personages; among others, Marie Antoinette, the Count d'Artois, the Polignacs, the Count de Provence, (afterwards Louis XVIII.); and also of events sufficiently important; but as Besenval was courtier, intriguer, and somewhat of a romancer, these memoirs should be read with caution.

The memoirs of the Abbé Morellet, first published by Ladvocat in 1821, are very readable and instructive, distinguished as they are by information and sound sense. The Abbé, born in 1727, at Lyons, where his father was a stationer, received his earliest education at the seminary of Trente Trois, whence he was transferred to the Sorbonne. In this college he studied with Turgot and Lomenil, distinguishing himself by assiduity and talent. But though he graduated in philosophy with high honour, yet, from his total want of fortune, he was so hard put to it at the age of five-and-twenty, that he was glad to accept the place of private tutor to the son of the chancellor of the king of Poland, with whom he travelled in Italy. On his return from this journey, the Abbé entirely dedicated himself to letters, and to the sustaining and propagating those opinions called at that era philosophical. In his memoirs, he gives us an account of his early college life, and of the character and progress of his *condisciples* Turgot, Lomenil, and Brienne. Next, he introduces us to Madame Geoffrin, Madame de Boufflers, Buffon, D'Holbach,

J. J. Rousseau, Marmontel and his wife, (who was a niece of Morellet), to M. and Madame Necker, and the society with whom he had lived. His account of the dinners of D'Holbach and Helvetius, who received their friends twice a week, show us the easy and agreeable footing on which French literary men lived with each other. The character of Rousseau drawn by Morellet shows his penetration. He calls him *défiant jusqu'à la déraison, et ingrat jusqu'à la haine, envers ses bienfaiteurs et ses amis*. Among the foreigners with whom Morellet was particularly intimate in Paris, were the Italians, Galiani, Beccaria, Caraccioli, Veri, and Frezzi; the hereditary Prince of Brunswick, the Baron d'Alberg, subsequently elector of Mayence; the Count de Creuzte, Dr. Franklin, and the Englishmen, Hume, Adam Smith, Wilkes, Priestley, Sterne, Garrick, Colonel Barré, and Lord Shelburne, subsequently minister. Of most of these celebrated men we find interesting anecdotes, and more especially touching the treaty of 1783, for which Lord Shelburne assiduously laboured. Efforts were then made, of which many of the free-traders of the present day are little aware, to introduce a perfect freedom of commerce between the two countries. It was one of the great and favourite measures of Lord Shelburne—a measure always supported in his economical works by the Abbé Morellet. So thoroughly convinced was the Earl of Shelburne of the good service done by Morellet in this regard; that he recommended him to M. de Vergennes, and the French monarch, for a pension, which he subsequently obtained from Louis XVI. Morellet twice came to England on visits to his friend Shelburne. His descriptions of the country, and the people he encountered, are well worth a perusal now, after an interval of seventy years.

It was with difficulty that this worthy and excellent man escaped proscription during the Reign of Terror. He tells us, in his second volume, the dangers and risks he ran, and the efforts he was obliged to make to gain a subsistence as a writer and a translator, from his seventieth almost to his eightieth year, at a time when, be it observed, most men repose from their labours. In 1799, however, better prospects gleamed on him. He was named Professor of Political Economy to the central schools, and the revolution of the 18th Brumaire restored him to his ancient position. Joseph Buonaparte, who esteemed his talents and his character, exerted his influence in his favour. In his eighty-first year he was named a member of the Corps Législatif, in which he sat till 1815. He died in 1817, in his ninetieth year, from the effects of a fall which he had three years previously in coming out of a theatre.

The memoirs of the Marquis de Ferrieres, in three volumes,

published by Berville and Barrière, in 1820, give an interesting account of the events from 1789 to the period of the Reign of Terror, and may be profitably looked into after a perusal of the volumes of Madame Roland. The Marquis was born in 1741, and was of the mature age of forty-eight when the Revolution broke out. Though, as deputy of the noblesse to the *Etats Généraux*, he sat on the *côté droit*, and professed that his objects were to give to the throne more power, and to religion greater empire, yet he was not a blind or furious royalist, but a man of sound and solid sense, and of respectable and moderate character. Any one who wishes to have events very much in detail, as well as sketches of many of the important characters and coteries, will recur to these volumes. The third volume was published from a MS. left to the marquis's daughter, Madame Messliere.

There are no better-known modern memoirs in the French language than those of the Duke de Lauzun, which were published, we believe, by Talleyrand, in 1822. Enjoying all the advantages of birth and fortune, joined to a handsome person, a ready wit, a mind accomplished by reading, agreeable, and elegant manners, and a generous and prodigal nature, the Marquis de Lauzun early entered into one of these *mariages de convenance*, in which the inclinations of the parties were seldom at that day consulted in France. Frivolous, light, and *volage*, the young bridegroom soon left his partner, and for some years travelled in England, in Russia, and in Poland, as a kind of gay Lothario, formed to make married women false. The result was a number of triumphs over female hearts and duped husbands, and an interminable load of debt. In 1777, having exhausted everything that he could turn into ready money, the profligate and scampish Duke de Lauzun conveyed his estates to the Prince de Guemenée on the condition that the latter should pay his debts, and allow him a life annuity of 80,000 francs, or 3200*l.* per annum. These conditions were agreed to, and Lauzun embarked for America, where his gallantry and bravery were remarkable on more than one occasion.

A few years afterwards he was elected, on his return to France, deputy of the nobles at the *Etats Généraux*, when he embraced with ardour, the principles of the Revolution of 1789. From the army of Flanders, in which he was employed in 1792, he passed to the army of La Vendée. After serving awhile in this latter corps, he resigned the command, to avoid a dismissal with which, as a born noble, he was threatened by the *Sans-Culottes*. Soon after his resignation, Lauzun was imprisoned, and ultimately brought before a revolutionary tribunal, which condemned him to death on the 31st December, 1793. He preserved till his

last moments the *sang-froid* and impassibility which had always distinguished him. When the executioner entered to announce to him his fate, he was at table, with a dish of oysters and a bottle of white wine before him. Addressing the Calcraft of France, he said, 'I shall be at your service in a moment—let me finish my oysters.' Saying this, he called for a glass, that the headsman—or, as they phrase it in France, that the *bourreau* might taste the liquor; and after having filled to him and drunk, he exclaimed, '*Partons,*' and immediately after mounted the scaffold with a firm step. A moment afterwards he ceased to live.

The memoirs which he left behind him, and which were published thirty years after his death, finish with the American war. These memoirs obtained a great success at the time of their appearance, but, to say the truth, there is not a more vicious and unprincipled book in the French language. He scandalously reveals all his amours, and possibly boasts of triumphs and successes which he never obtained. To believe his own account, no woman could resist him, and he vaingloriously records that Madame d'Esparbelle, Madame de Grammont, Madame de Stannille, Lady Sarah Bunbury (sister of the Duke of Richmond), Madame Charden, the Princess Chartoriska, Miss Mary Anne Harland, Mademoiselle de Hartfeld, Lady Barrymore, Mrs. Browne, and Miss Staunton, were among his victims. Not content with scandalizing these ladies of high degree, and with hinting that the Queen of France (Marie Antoinette) on more than one occasion exhibited a partiality for him, he must needs also proclaim that he was the favoured swain of *Perdita*, Mrs. Robinson, the first mistress of the Prince of Wales (afterwards George IV.), and that he travelled with her from Paris to Calais on her departure from France. The authenticity of these memoirs was at first doubted, and many of the relatives and friends of persons whose names are unwarrantably introduced into these pages propagated the idea that they were spurious; but it is now well ascertained that they were written by Lauzun, a man who, notwithstanding these shameful revelations, was said by Talleyrand, in the Chamber of Peers, to have had '*tous les genres d'éclats : beau, brave, généreux, et spirituel.*'

There are no memoirs in the French language which represent the spirit of the eighteenth century more than those of Pierre Caron de Beaumarchais. His life was a troubled, an active, and an agitated existence. The son of a watchmaker, he was brought up at first to the trade of his father, but afterwards became a professor of music, and taught the guitar to the daughters of Louis XV. The transition from musician to courtier seemed natural to a man who was a comedian by nature, who was

‘everything by fits and nothing long.’ From courtier he deviated into political intriguer and partisan. To-day he was hand and glove with the minister, on the morrow he was in disgrace and shut up in St. Lazare. This week, as speculator and *armateur*, he was shipping arms to the insurgents against the English government in America, and next week he was writing pamphlets and *factums* for parties who had causes before the parliaments, or getting up the representation of his own *Figaro*. In fact, there was nothing too hot or too heavy for this voracious and versatile man, always bustling, if not always busy, and ever exhibiting that which in France generally secures success, a quick wit, and a will prompt and decided. This is not the place or the time to give an analysis of Beaumarchais’ comedies, but it may be said that so thoroughly penetrated was he with a dramatic spirit, that he introduced into his memoirs all the machinery, gaiety, ambuscades, and surprises which we find in the lively dramatic pieces that bear his name. The first matter that brought Beaumarchais prominently before the public, was his law-suit with the executor of his first benefactor, Paris Duvernay. The executor demanded of Beaumarchais 150,000 francs, which the latter refused to pay. Then a suit, of which Goëtzmann was what in the *terme du palais* is called *rapporteur*. To the wife of Goëtzmann, Beaumarchais, through the instrumentality of one Le Jay, a bookseller, handed 115 louis, with a watch set in brilliants. Goëtzmann, however, reported against Beaumarchais, and 100 louis and the watch were returned. But as this sum was fifteen louis short of the sum given, Beaumarchais published his memoir or his *factum* attacking Goëtzmann; and the celebrity of this writing extended not only from one corner of France to the other, but throughout the whole of Europe. The cleverness and brilliancy with which the facts were stated, the dramatic style in which the incidents of the process were exposed, the admirable manner in which the parties were brought on the scene, and the amusing, droll, and ridiculous peculiarities evolved, were all worthy of the hand of that master who had produced the *Marriage of Figaro*. Lively, bitter, and stinging epigrams and epithets appear in every page, showing the writer to be not only a great master in the art of dialectical fence, but also a profound and penetrating observer of men and of events.

After the affair of Goëtzmann, Beaumarchais, at the solicitation of persons of high rank, interested himself in the affairs of Madame Kornman, the wife of a banker, who had been cruelly used by her husband, and published a memoir, or *factum* on the subject. This led to a law-suit with the husband, who had enlisted in his service the talents of the celebrated Bergasse. But though this celebrated advocate was a more formidable rival

than any Beaumarchais had hitherto met with, yet the *mémoires* published by the writer of *Figaro* on the subject must ever be cited as models of clearness, neatness, and skill, the more remarkable as Beaumarchais was without the advantage of a lawyerly or professional education. Contemptuous bitterness, venomous satire, a sound logic, and an admirable distribution and arrangement of the subject, all appear in this publication.

In the memoir intituled *Mes Six Epoques*, addressed to Lecomte, at Versailles, Beaumarchais relates, with pregnant brevity, the risks he ran in a revolution during the progress of which celebrity, talents, and wealth were titles of proscription.

We have a good deal that is interesting on the Bastille in the memoirs of Linguet, but it must be admitted that his details are not always to be depended on. The character of the man was distinguished by levity and recklessness, by eccentricity, malevolence, lying, and gasconades, and though there is unquestionably considerable truth in some of his representations, yet others are wholly false; and, where they are not contradicted, remain unsupported by other testimony.

The writer who pronounced a panegyric on Nero and Tiberius, who wrote in favour of despotism and the Jesuits, is not to be generally trusted. Let it be remembered, too, that Linguet had a scandalous tongue, a perfect itch for libel, and that he was struck off the roll of barristers for an attack on his brother advocate Gerbier, one of the most distinguished of the profession; and after well weighing these circumstances, the reader will come to the conclusion that his statements must be received *cum grano salis*. In many important statements, Linguet is contradicted by Marmontel and Dumouriez, either of whom is much more entitled to credit than himself. The frivolous pretexts on which persons were put into the Bastille sufficiently appear, however, from the registers of that celebrated prison. We extract a few.

1664. Charles Mauconduit, écrivain, colporteur de livres prohibés, et Janséniste.

1627. Le Marquis d'O. pour avoir un esprit turbulent.

1751. Le Sieur Serre de Montredieu, pour des lettres impertinentes.

1735. L'Abbé de Sardine, il était Janséniste ou passait pour l'être.

1738. Le Sieur Dupéré, pour insulte faite à la demoiselle Julie, de l'Opéra.

From Mirabeau's work on *Lettres de Cachet*, we know that he was obliged, when in the Bastille, to tear his meat asunder with his fingers. We therefore can well believe, that neither scissors, knives, nor razors were allowed to certain prisoners; but Linguet states that these necessities were denied to all—that the turnkey

cut up the victuals; and that when the nails and hair of the victims of tyranny grew to a certain length, they had to solicit a turnkey to lend a scissors to cut them. As to shaving, it was performed by the surgeon of the prison.

On the taking of the Bastille, the most interesting memoirs are those of Dusaulx, *Représentant de la Commune de Paris*. They are published in the collection of Berville and Barrière, immediately after the memoirs of Linguet.

On proscriptions, the best-known work is probably the Memoirs of Jean Baptiste Louvet, one of the representatives proscribed in 1793. Louvet was born in 1760, in Paris, and was the son of a paper-maker. Between his sixteenth and eighteenth year, he published the well-known and licentious work, *Les Aventures de Faublas*; but though this indecent and immoral publication had considerable success, Louvet was in no higher position than a bookseller's clerk at the breaking out of the Revolution. He adopted the reigning opinions of the day with fervour, and apologized even for the excesses of the 5th and 6th October, in a pamphlet intituled *Paris Justifié*. But it is to the credit of Louvet, that when the Legislative Assembly succeeded the Constituent, he became a Girondist. During the ministry of Roland, he was one of the paid writers of the Government, and edited a journal called *La Sentinelle*. It is no mean proof of the discrimination of Louvet, that he was one of the first to accuse Robespierre of aspiring to the dictatorship. The speech delivered on this occasion produced so much impression, that Robespierre asked a week to answer it.

The memoirs which Louvet has published on his own sufferings and risks, is after all a poor book, though it should be skimmed over by any one who wishes to form a correct idea of what occurred between 1793 and the ending of 1794, or the beginning of 1795. By little less than a miracle it was that the author escaped the guillotine. In May, 1797, he set up a bookseller's shop in the Palais Royal, in which his wife, who bore the name of *Lodoiska*, one of the heroines of the romance of *Faublas*, served the customers. But he did not long live to sell his own productions, or those of others, for in the autumn of the very year in which he opened this shop in the Palace Egalité, behind the Theatre of the Republic, at No. 24, he died somewhat suddenly, a few days after he had been named Consul at Palermo. His wife, Lodoiska, who was tenderly attached to him, took poison, with a view not to survive him; but she was saved by medical aid, and lived several years afterwards.

The memoirs of Barbaroux are imperfect, the first part having been lost. They are also published in the collection of Berville

and Barrière, and are chiefly valuable from containing some personal details as to Robespierre. The vanity of this monster must have been great. Barbaroux tells us, that in his private cabinet, his likeness was perpetuated in every possible form of the graver's and the limner's art. He was painted on the wall on the right, engraved on the left; his bust was in an alcove, opposite to which was a *bas-relief* of the same hideous features; and there were on the tables half-a-dozen resemblances of the man in smaller engravings. Helen Maria Williams had already revealed to us that Robespierre was a *petit maitre*, who had his hair curled and powdered in the most elegant fashion—in a word, that he was a *muscadin*, as a vain coxcomb was then called. This is borne out by the statement of Barbaroux.

The memoirs of Buzot, published by Gaudet in 1823, containing as they do historical researches on the Girondins, are fuller than some other works in personal details. No one can have an idea of the miseries Gaudet, Petion, Buzot, Barbaroux, Salles, and Valady suffered, without reading these pages. For days, weeks, and months, they wandered through the provinces with few clothes and little money, expecting every moment to be denounced and executed. With the exception of Salles and Gaudet, a kindly and generous woman, Madame Bouquey, gave the wanderers a refuge at St. Emilion; Louvet, Valady, and Barbaroux then sought an asylum at the house of the parish priest of Pomerol, near Libourne, who soon grew tired of his charge. Petion and Buzot thence proceeded to Castillon, to the house of Queysal and Guepin. Thence they were received by a poor hair-dresser and barber of the name of Iroquart, who concealed, sheltered, and fed them for five months, when he was threatened with a domiciliary visit. Buzot, Petion, and Barbaroux then left his hospitable roof, and proceeding towards St. Magne, were surprised at meeting a crowd, whom they mistook for *sans culottes*. The first impulse of Barbaroux was to fire a pistol into his mouth, in order that he might not fall alive into the hands of men whom he conceived to be his enemies. He was transported to Castellan in a dying state, and two days afterwards the dead bodies of Buzot and Petion were found in a corn field half devoured by dogs and wolves. Buzot was born at Evreux, in 1760, and was bred an advocate. A republican in theory, he was in practice a man of humanity and moderation. Of all the Girondists his memoirs are probably the most complete, and his volume, to his credit be it said, is neither disfigured by intemperance nor by egotism. The memoirs of Buzot and Barbaroux were placed in a tin box, and thrown for greater security into the *fosses d'aisance* at the house of Madame Bouquey. It

was from this unsavoury abode they were disinterred in 1795, and placed among the MSS. in the National Library.

We have now gone over some twenty of the principal memoirs of the Regency, and the reign of Louis XV., XVI, and the Revolution, yet we are aware that there are many which we have left unnoticed, and that well might demand attention at our hands. We allude principally to the memoirs of Segur, of Rochambeau, of Philippeau, of La Rochejacquelin, and of Beauchamp, in La Vendée; of de Marcillac, and de Puisaye, and de Montesquieu, in the Emigration of Bailly, Mayor of Paris, and of de Mounier in the Assemblée Constitutionale. But to notice every remarkable work that has appeared in the form of memoirs from 1700 to 1799 in France, would require, not three articles, but three volumes of a goodly size. There is one other writer, so remarkable, however, though not as a memoir writer, that we must allude to ere we conclude.

The best work of Madame de Stael, whether we regard style or simplicity, is one that must be considered in the light of personal memoir; we allude to her *Dix Années d'Exil*. This production describes in glowing language, and with great felicity of diction and illustration, the persecutions to which this illustrious woman was subjected, at the close of the last and the beginning of the present century,—mean, petty, and revengeful persecutions, which exhibit the Consul and Emperor in a light equally unworthy, vindictive, malevolent, and tyrannous. On this theme we might enlarge through many pages, but we have already exceeded the limits accorded to us, and we must now bid to the reader, and to the Memoirs of France, ancient and modern, a respectful farewell.*

* Such of our readers as have felt interested in the vigorous pencillings of our contributor, will be gratified to learn, that the French Memoirs of the present century will form the subject of a series of papers from the same pen in *Fraser's Magazine*—the first of which appeared in the April number of that able and right-hearted periodical.—EDITOR.

- ART. VI.—(1.) *Parliamentary Report on the Government of India.*
 (2.) *Modern India.* By GEORGE CAMPBELL, Esq.
 (3.) *India as it may be.* By GEORGE CAMPBELL, Esq.
 (4.) *The Administration of Justice in India.* By BRUCE NORTON, Esq.

THE pending upon discussion India presents an opportunity, of which we gladly avail ourselves, for considering the principles upon which our Indian empire should be governed, and for directing attention to some of the great measures which its government is now in a position, and ought to feel itself under an obligation, to undertake. It would have been inopportune to have entertained considerations of this kind at the time when we were fighting our way to supremacy in India; but now that we have reached, and secured ourselves in, that position, having extended our empire on all sides to the natural boundaries of India, it is necessary that we should determine upon what principles, and for what objects, this empire is to be governed.

Now it arises from the peculiar character and circumstances, not less of the government than of the people of India, that more can be done by our Indian government towards alleviating the burdens, and improving the condition of the people, than was ever in the power of any other government to effect for its subjects.

In the first place, our rule is purely autocratic. This is so entirely the case, that those subject to it are even incapable of forming any other conception of it. With the exception of what may be called natural rights, and of certain Hindoo prejudices, with which no reasonable person would wish to interfere, and respect for which does not in the least limit the extent of the field that is open to us for the introduction of the several important ameliorations we wish to see carried out, there is a perfectly clear stage for doing in the most effectual manner all that ought to be done.

It is most essential that we should understand the peculiar character and position of the government of India. In the United States of America the government has little or no initiative power; it is merely the agent of the wishes of the people. The people, in their previous meetings and discussions, decide upon what is to be done: the duty of the government, as is thoroughly understood by all parties, is merely to give effect to these decisions. Our own government is evidently approximating towards this type. All the governments of the European

continent are more or less constitutional, or more or less fettered by fundamental laws, by traditional practices, by the spirit of their respective subjects, and by various necessities of state. The government, however, of our Indian empire, the sway of which extends over a population, including the inhabitants of the subject and dependent territories, probably five times as numerous as that of France, and almost three times as numerous as that of the whole Russian empire, is unrestrained by any one constitutional, traditional, or popular limitation. It has no traditions, for it is a government of the sword and of yesterday. The very idea of popular agitation, and of demonstrations of the strength and wishes of the people, is rendered utterly impossible by the character of the Hindoo, and of the social institutions under which he lives. Such methods of procedure could never have presented themselves to his mind. No government—and this results not from the success of any aggressions on the rights of the governed, but from the mere spontaneous necessities of the case—was ever so purely autocratic. There is a difficulty in bringing an Englishman to a clear understanding of the completeness of its character in this respect. It would be a similar case if the inhabitants of this island were subject to the rule of a race of beings belonging to some other planet, whose language we did not understand, whose feelings and manners were so different from our own that we could have no desire for union with them, and the superiority of whose strength it never occurred to us to question. We must suppose that we saw them coming and going, and acting on every occasion, just as if they were by the constitution of nature our rightful lords. If we saw all this without any greater degree of emotion than we feel at the changes of the seasons; if no Englishman had ever been led to remark to his intimates or neighbours that such a state of things was a degradation to their country, nor had ever felt that it was so in the recesses of his heart, then we should be standing towards our government in a relation similar to that which characterizes the relation of our Indian subjects to their present government.

Another fact, to which it is necessary to draw the attention of those who are personally unacquainted with the administration of our Indian empire, is, that not only is our government of India autocratic, but that its details are entirely administered, or rigidly supervised, by ourselves. One can hardly understand how completely this is the case without having oneself taken a part in its work. We do ourselves govern our provinces in India. We have not merely occupied the country with an armed force, sufficient to repress all possible opposition, and to

enforce the payment, raised we care not how, of a certain amount of tribute, but we have taken the whole machinery of government into our own hands. Throughout the three presidencies, and in the north-west provinces, the judges of circuit and the local magistrates are Englishmen. Not only are the laws, and the processes of law, such as we determine that they shall be, but those laws are also everywhere administered by ourselves. Our government is as completely organized, and is administered as much by ourselves, in Bengal as in Kent. If a native of Delhi is suspected of having burglariously entered his neighbour's house in the night, or if he has defrauded the revenue, or if he has refused to pay a debt, the case is brought before, and is adjudicated upon by, an Englishman. These are the duties performed by the men whom in this country we call the civil servants of the East India Company. They are in reality the tax-collectors, the police officers, the magistrates, and the judges of our Indian empire.

A glance at the circumstances and causes which have enabled us to acquire this vast empire upon the opposite side of the globe, will, by throwing much light upon the nature of our position, and upon the means and resources which are at our disposal for enabling us to maintain and strengthen it, indicate the ways which are open to us for benefiting, and what are the advantages which we may ourselves hope to derive from our connexion with, India. We have only done in India what any other people in Europe, or perhaps even in Asia, would be able to do to-morrow, were we to retire from the peninsula. The Moguls subdued India as completely and as effectually as we have. No one thinks of denying to our Indian generals the merit of great gallantry and daring, but, nevertheless, it is a fact, that India has ever submitted to every invader. This is a necessity which arises out of the character and social institutions of the Hindoo. The extent of India, and the density of its population, contribute only to strengthen this necessity. It is impossible for the inhabitants of one part of the peninsula to interest themselves about what may be befalling the inhabitants of another part some thousand miles off, with whom, for such is the nature of the country, they have never had any kind of communication. Invaders have thus always been enabled to deal with India in detail, and to play off their first conquests against what remained to be conquered. Had nature given to India but half its present extent, its subjection and permanent occupation would probably have been attended with greater difficulties than its invaders have hitherto had to encounter.

In India there are no traces of those feelings of patriotism, or

nationality, which animate and unite the inhabitants of European kingdoms. This is one of the master-differences between the Hindoo and the European. The inhabitants of England or of France are by these feelings compacted into one body. They become capable of acting as one man. One spirit pervades the whole population. This absence of all national feeling in the breast of the Hindoo, which to us appears so strange a phenomenon, results from the peculiar character of the country he inhabits, and from the social institutions which have obtained in that part of the world from immemorial time; the permanency, and perhaps the origination, of the latter having doubtless been mainly due to the former.

A comparison of India, in respect of this point, with our own country, will readily show the manner in which these causes operate. Upon whatever locality in England we may fix our attention, we shall find it in close connexion with, and dependent upon, other parts of the kingdom, for many of the necessities and comforts of life, and even for the means of carrying on those occupations in which it may have some pre-eminence. One district produces fuel, another corn, another copper and tin, another lead, another iron. The manufactures of earthenware, of hardware, and of the fabrics required for clothing, are not carried on in the same district, each of these again is subdivided, each subdivision having a tendency to establish itself in a locality of its own: this is seen in the manufactures of cotton, wool, and flax. Districts which are suitable for the production of corn are not always suitable for the production of stock. Or even to follow the minuter subdivisions—for nature appears to have aimed at diversifying as much as possible the productions of the different parts of this country—of those districts which produce corn, one produces wheat, another oats, and another barley; while in some districts are bred sheep, and in others cattle, both to be sold into other districts for fattening, and to be moved once more into other districts in order that a market may be found for them. It is instructive to observe how with us even those manufactures for which the demand is as great in one part of the country as another, and for the production of which no one place has any natural advantage over other places, such, for instance, as straw-plait, pillow-lace, gloves, and even to some extent shoes, succeed in localizing themselves, so that for these articles the whole of the country should become tributary to particular districts. Our institutions are upon this point in perfect harmony with nature. No institution could contribute more to this effect than our representative form of government. It obliges us all to be interested in the condition of, and in what

is taking place in, every part of the kingdom: it makes us all feel that our actions have an effect upon the rest of our countrymen, and theirs upon us. All understand that they have a personal concern in the commonwealth. Our religion, also, by having established as its great characteristic a regard for others, leads us to extend our ken and our sympathies beyond our own neighbourhood, and in this way operates powerfully in the same direction: it, too, is a great bond of union. To these causes we may add the vast influence which the metropolis, through many different channels, exerts over us all. From it we derive the greater part of our intellectual food. In such a state, too, of society as ours, in which capital plays so important a part, almost every one engaged in business finds that he is more or less connected with, and dependent on, the metropolis, as the great money-market and centre of business for the whole kingdom. It would not be trivial upon this subject even to mark the manner in which our ideas and practices with respect to what we call fashion,—a matter exclusively European, and which combines the two apparently incompatible obligations of perpetual change and perpetual uniformity,—contributes, and in no insignificant degree, towards the same result. The fact also that a great many of what we consider the necessities, and a still greater number of the comforts, of life are not indigenous productions, obliges all the inland parts of the country to feel a dependence upon the outports. Even the trifling circumstance that fish is an object of luxury with the upper classes, is a connecting link between the coasts and the interior. We might add considerably to the above list of facts bearing upon this point; those, however, which we have adduced are amply sufficient to establish it. A little consideration will show the reader that in no other part of the world are the inhabitants of any other country brought under the influence of so many, and of such a variety of, influences, all contributing to produce the effect of national unity and the feelings of patriotism. The character of European civilization and the physical character of this portion of the globe, which everywhere gives rise to a variety of wants and tastes, only a few of which can be supplied by the natural productions of any one locality, have impressed these feelings, though in unequal degrees, upon the inhabitants of every European state; but upon the inhabitants of Britain in a higher degree than upon the inhabitants of any other.

Now if we turn our eyes towards India, we shall be met by a total absence of these sentiments, evidently resting upon an all but equally total absence of every circumstance at all calculated to produce them. Nature, everywhere desirous of producing,

within certain limits, new and endlessly-diversified arrangements of the materials upon which she works, has ordained that that part of the world should in this respect stand in marked contrast to our own: and man, as he ever must, until knowledge, and art, and the development of his own mental power elevate him above nature, and make her thenceforth not his mistress but his servant, has submitted himself in India just as he does elsewhere, to be moulded by these circumstances, and has devised institutions and a manner of life in harmony with them; and these together have by their combined influence impressed upon the Hindoo a distinct and permanent character, the very distinguishing feature of which is the entire absence of these feelings.

It is not that the inhabitants of India are devoid of courage; many of the races we are now holding in subjection are possessed of quite as unquestionable gallantry as ourselves: some indeed are notoriously distinguished in a far greater degree than is observable in any European race for contempt of danger, and recklessness of life. Nor can it be said of India, which was perhaps the cradle of the useful arts—certainly was well acquainted with them at a period when the primæval forest was still overshadowing far the greater part of Europe—that its inhabitants have no talent for mechanical inventions and for the applications of science. Nor, when compared with Europeans, do they show any decided deficiency in intellectual endowments. The cause of the great difference between them and ourselves is not to be looked for in any of these quarters, but in that which we have already indicated, and in that only. They possess the most ancient civilization, an ancient literature, all the arts of civilized life; several gallant races are among them; they have much intellectual acuteness, much patient industry, many social virtues, a most orderly political system; but having no trace of those sentiments by which the communities of Europe are compacted together, and enabled to bring their united energies to bear upon whatever may interest them, and are even impelled by the force of sympathy to act with vigour and to good purpose, the inevitable result is, that they have politically no more strength than a heap of sand has architecturally.

The physical conditions which have moulded the character of the Hindoo are the two facts, that the climate of India is such that the wants of its inhabitants are few, and that the productions of the country are such that these few wants can generally be supplied on the spot. His slightly-constructed house may be built, the cotton from which his scanty clothing is formed may have

been grown, and afterwards manufactured, everything required for his frugal, it being chiefly a vegetable, diet, may have been produced, all the fuel he requires may have been collected—within the precincts of the village in which he resides. This, speaking broadly, is the case throughout the whole of India. In no part of the civilized world are a man's wants fewer, and those few wants are supplied more exclusively from the spot of ground upon which he resides than is the case in any other civilized country.

The village communities of India are the natural result of this. The Hindoo has no need, and consequently no idea, of country: his native village supplies him with everything that he requires. That village is independent of all the world. Were it to be suddenly surrounded, and cut off from all external communication, by Bishop Berkeley's wall of brass, everything in it would still go on much as it has done from the commencement of history. To the Hindoo's apprehension, the village, the corporate and private rights of every member of which have been immemorially settled, with minuter detail, and as it strikes the European with greater complication than was, perhaps, ever done in any other part of the world, is, to him, the alpha and the omega of political union. One village will readily engage in conflict with another in defence of its boundaries, and of such other rights as cause disputes between neighbours; but in the case of the invasion of their common country—if such a word can be applied to Indian districts—neither would exhibit any hostility, nor would, probably, feel any hostile emotions, towards the invader. They feel that they will have to pay much about the same amount of taxes, and that they will be collected in much the same sort of way, whether the government be Hindoo, Mahomedan, Christian, or Sikh; and whether the district from which they are collected—and this is almost the only idea of country an Indian can have—be a territory of a few square miles, or the whole of India. He knows that no alterations in political boundaries will in any way affect his supply of the necessaries and conveniences of life.

Even their religion, strange as the statement may sound to European ears, has not the slightest tendency to develop common feeling. It is not a religion which suggests to the intelligence or to the sentiment of the believer anything beyond the character of the Deity, and the relation in which the believer himself stands towards the Deity. It makes no appeal to his compassionate feelings, for the purpose of impelling him to endeavour to rescue his distant fellow-mortals from a future of everlasting misery. The effort, therefore, of looking beyond himself, whether it be for the purpose of quieting the compas-

sionate emotions of his own breast, or whether it be for the purpose of benefiting himself through the medium of having previously benefited others, is utterly unfelt by the Hindoo. The idea, too, of a church, and all the feelings which have connected themselves with that idea, and with which we are so familiar, are to him totally unknown. The combined efforts, the comprehensive sympathies, all the union and communion of feeling which in our minds go to make up what we call the church, and which have had a large effect upon the very character of our civilization, would, to him, be simply incomprehensible.

In perfect harmony with their minutely-organized village system, and with their religious system, so entirely devoid of all influences of a social tendency, or of any which might be productive of general goodwill and sympathy, is their institution of castes. This institution would have been impossible, on either of the two following suppositions:—had either their social development resulted, instead of in making the village community a complete and self-dependent body politic, in placing the village, by some machinery analogous to that of our tithings, hundreds, and counties, or parishes, deaneries, dioceses, and provinces, in connexion with its neighbours, and, by ever-widening relations, with the whole community; or had their religion assumed, as a basis, the brotherhood of mankind, and made regard for others its great test. The probability, indeed, is, that their village communities, their religion, and their institution of castes, were simultaneously developed, the progress of each helping on, and, in turn, helped on by, the progress of the other two. Or if the reader were to prefer to speculate upon some order of precedence among them, we should not be indisposed to hazard the conjecture that the village system had the priority, having originated in causes connected with the physical characteristics of India; and that out of this grew the system of castes, for the village system had already, to speak generally, fixed the home and *status* of every one, giving no opening to a young man except the vacancy which would be made for him by his father's death; this at once rendered castes easy, and almost natural. These facts, we might suppose, suggested the peculiar features and character of their religion.

Now, this institution, also, of castes, contributed to prevent the growth of those feelings, whose absence among the people of India we have been noticing. By breaking up society into a number of orders or classes, which it was impossible for their respective members ever to quit, certain occupations and rights being assigned to each, it impressed upon each distinctive manners and distinctive sentiments. Each order became disposed to regard those belonging to other orders rather with repulsion than

with indifference. No sympathy, nothing like union or communion of feeling, could exist. The sentiments, therefore, of patriotism and of nationality became impossible.

This, then, is the great peculiarity of the Hindoo character, and it is upon it, ultimately, that our vast Indian empire rests. Were it not for this peculiarity it must at once be evident that the whole available resources of England would not enable us to retain in subjection, at such a distance, and under such a climate, one-tenth part of its population. Availing ourselves, however, of the weakness caused by this peculiarity, we find no difficulty in maintaining our authority over its one hundred and sixty millions of inhabitants. Nor should we find it a more difficult task to subdue and govern the whole of Asia, or, indeed, the whole world, were it inhabited by races of men as devoid as the Hindoo of the idea of nationality, and of the inspirations of patriotism. All history shows that the existence of these ideas and sentiments renders, we might almost say, any country, however small, capable of repelling the attacks and exhausting the resources of invaders, however powerful. This made Greece, or even Athens alone, more than a match for the myriads which Xerxes, but not without the aid of the whip, was able to bring into the field. Animated and sustained by these feelings, the low countries wearied out the Spanish, and the Spaniards, in their turn, would, even unassisted, have wearied out the French empire. The result of our struggle with America ought to teach us what it is to which we are indebted for India.

We hear upon all sides that our rule in India rests upon opinion. By this is meant, that the natives submit to us, because they deliberately think that our rule is more conducive to their interests than any other. Those who assume this have, among other points, to explain how it happened that, after having been so long known in India, we had, to the last, to fight our way to every new acquisition. Upon this theory the Sikhs, we having for a long time been well known in India, ought to have received us with open arms. It is true that our government does not wantonly do violence to the religious feelings of the natives, and that it has not reduced the cultivators of the soil to the condition of the Irish peasantry, or of the Egyptian fellahs, but that so vast and varied a population as that of India has voluntarily remained quiet under our rule, on a calm and enlightened calculation of self-interest, is utterly incredible. We are retaining in subjection 160 millions of men, with a smaller number of English troops than would be required in France to keep a second-rate town in order. If these millions were united, and animated by patriotic feelings, our army would not be able to hold a single province. India is composed of several different nations, each

speaking its own language; and it is nothing short of a monstrous absurdity to suppose that each of these different nations submitted to us, in its turn, out of considerations of what was for its interest—that all of them, one after another, whatever their circumstances, and whatever the complexion of their previous intercourse with us may have been, came to the same conclusion, and one so flattering and so advantageous to us, and so humiliating to themselves. The only opinion, if opinion it can be called, which has been of service to us, is that about which we have been speaking, the entire absence of those feelings which would enable them and impel them to unite against us. They have never debated or thought about the matter. And, as long as this remains the case, unless we ourselves should fall from our present position in Europe, our Indian empire must go on from year to year gaining in strength and stability.

All the phenomena of Hindoo civilization, and of Hindoo sentiment and intellect, harmonize with this master-feature of their character; all having, doubtlessly, originated in the same causes. Now, when on any subject all the facts that have been observed are concordant among themselves, and are all explicable by the same supposition, there is a strong presumption—so strong, indeed, that it amounts to a certainty—both that the facts have been correctly observed, and that the supposed is the true cause. This is not more true of purely physical investigations than of those very mixed questions which fall within the domain of history, or of morals. Foremost among these Indian phenomena we would place the fact of their civilization never having advanced one step in the memory of history. In the arts of life, in feelings, and in ideas, the Hindoo is exactly where he was when history first becomes acquainted with him. There can be but one reason for this; and this reason is to be found in the account we have given of their village communities. Each village, with its circumjacent fields, has ever been to the community to which it belongs, the world itself. The few simple wants of its inhabitants have ever been supplied by their own united labour. The inhabitants of the whole of Great Britain form a community in the sense in which an Indian village forms one; and, besides this, to supply our ever-multiplying wants, every sea and every land is ransacked; our ships are in every harbour, for the purpose of providing us with the productions of every clime. Our minds having been enlarged and invigorated by the diversified and comprehensive views we are obliged to take, and having made the discovery that our wants are innumerable, but that they are all such as may be supplied by our exertions, every man's wits are incessantly at work for the purpose of

bettering his condition; every one is endeavouring to make some useful discovery, or to find some method of producing some one of the necessities or luxuries of life more expeditiously or more economically than others. These innumerable efforts of individual thought, incessantly continued from generation to generation, are ever improving and advancing all the departments of art and production, of inquiry and of science, the general aggregate going far towards constituting what we call civilization.

The Hindoo, although possessed of the most ancient civilization in the world, has not, nor has he ever had, during the thousands of years that he has been living in the light of this civilization, any idea of history. The reason is patent: it is because he has no idea of country, and no idea of progress; without these two ideas, that of history is impossible. A history cannot be written of a people which never either advances or retrogrades, but is always the same—always doing the same things in the same way, and with the same feelings. In such a state of society there are no tendencies, no efforts; no events occur which inaugurate new eras, and to which distant generations will trace back long trains of consequences. No great men arise to repair, or add to, the social fabric, whose memories a grateful posterity will love to cherish. The present is not the child of the past, nor will it be the parent of the future. Nothing is lost by the oblivion of the past, because all that is past is faithfully reproduced in the present; and there will be nothing omitted, and nothing new, in the future. For similar reasons India has no modern literature. A current literature is merely the expression of our thoughts and feelings, when our hearts are interested about, and our minds are directed to the attainment of, certain objects; in short, it belongs to a progressive state of society. If we can imagine ourselves falling into a state in which we should cease to take an interest about anything, and in which every one felt that no further advances could be made in any matter in which man is concerned, that no effort of mind or combination of thought could lead to any further discovery, or in any way improve any science, art, production, political organization, or anything affecting man's estate, a moment's reflection will make us aware that, under such conditions, the pen would, even in Europe, be laid aside. We see indications of this in the dismal period of the middle ages, notwithstanding that the state of men's minds was, even at that time, very different from the case we have been imagining, inasmuch as the glorious memories of the past, and the native and irrepressible energy of the European character, never allowed our ancestors, even when

the evils that were overwhelming them appeared most irremediable, to abandon themselves to despair.

Europeans resident in India are struck with what appears to them the inexplicable fact, that among Hindoos there is no effort made for, indeed no wish or thought about, the intercommunication of ideas. The remarks we have just been making explain why this is so. The character of their civilization is such that it could not be otherwise.

Those who judge of the inhabitants of India by European standards find it difficult to account for the late behaviour of the Sikhs. Only the other day they were throwing themselves upon us with reckless fury, and with bitter and apparently inextinguishable hatred; we inflict upon them some sanguinary defeats: immediately after this, scarcely allowing themselves time to bury the remains of their comrades, they quietly and contentedly enter into our service, and are perhaps, at this moment, having crossed India and the Bay of Bengal, fighting by the side of English troops in the heart of the Burmese empire. But this has been done, not by the Sikhs only, but by every race we have conquered in—that is, by every race to be found within the boundaries of—India. We have conquered India, and hold it in subjection mainly by the aid of its own inhabitants. Perhaps there is not a man in India who would feel more reluctant to take service with us than with a native prince. This could not be the case had they any idea of country, or any feelings of patriotism.

In India it was customary, as it had formerly been among other oriental people, to make grants to favourites, or to members of the royal family, of so many villages, or of a district, and no difficulties attended the proceeding. Had any feelings of nationality, or of national unity, existed, transactions of this kind would never have been endured or imagined.

There is one fact in the history of our government of India which, when compared with what takes place among European populations, is alone decisive upon the point we have been considering. The interest felt in political questions is an inseparable element of the character of the European. This interest was felt as strongly in the old republics of Greece and Italy as it is at the present day in Paris and London. All look upon these questions as important; many appear to live for hardly anything else. They form the zest and the object of their lives; they will even hazard life in the pursuit of them. Among subject populations the greatest difficulty, even after centuries of subjection, as in Ireland and in Northern Italy, is experienced in repressing them: they are inextinguishable. The overwhelming superiority

of the dominant power cannot prevent their ebullition. Contrast with this the complete apathy felt in India upon these subjects: we there subdue and annex kingdom after kingdom; but we do not find, either in those long subject to our rule or in those lately subdued, any trace of this leaven. We have entirely extinguished the national governments of one hundred millions of men, and have placed half as many more in a position of dependency, but have not yet had occasion to put one man to death in India for a political offence.

At the risk of becoming tedious, we have dwelt at some length on this part of our subject. It was, however, quite necessary that we should give to these peculiarities of the Hindoo character the prominence which belongs to them. We are not aware that this has yet been done elsewhere, although we flatter ourselves that our readers will not now be indisposed to agree with us, when we lay down the position, that these peculiarities supply the conditions which render our rule in India possible.

Having, then, ascertained the nature of the ground upon which we are standing, we will proceed to consider what it is that we have to do.

At present, our Indian empire is menaced by no impending danger. The path of those who guide its destinies is unobstructed by any difficulty. Looking at the state of India itself, and at the omnipotence of its government, everything appears within our reach: everything that is desirable appears practicable. Still there is one fact which at present darkens every prospect, and almost forbids us to hope; it is, that while the people of India acquiesce in their actual condition, as if it were an eternal ordinance of nature, their rulers are incapable of seeing what may be done for their advantage. The governors of India are not enlightened statesmen, but a body of men who, though we may concede to them to the fullest extent the merit of good intentions and integrity, are incapable, on account of their traditions, interests, and training, of governing in any other spirit than that of traders and merchants. The antipathy which such men have to war, now that we have secured the possession of the whole of India, is a negative virtue. The mischief is, that the affairs of India cannot be administered with a view to the advancement of the general good (in the sense in which these terms are now understood in Europe) of India and of the empire, but must continue to be administered with a view to patronage, to securing a yearly dividend upon the sum which these merchants and traders spent in conquering the country. Until the government of India shall be transferred to different hands, and until its administration shall be directed to the accomplishment of what are

now the recognised objects of government, it never can become to us, or be in itself, what history will one day proclaim that it was in our power to have made it.

At the present day it is more than ever before necessary to turn our thoughts to the consideration of what the future may bring forth. Events, which formerly would have appeared utterly impossible, may not now be very improbable, or even very distant. Many of those who read these pages may live to see the day when they shall expect with breathless interest the fortune of combats in the heart of the Chinese empire, or at the gates of India, between ourselves and the hardy races of the north. Or we may have to contend upon the ocean with our own descendants for the possession of our Indian dominions. Or, on the other hand, a state of things may now be establishing itself, and we believe it to be within our power to secure such an event, which may in a few years render the chances of any contingencies of this kind overwhelming in our favour. But whatever the future may conceal, our true policy with respect to India is honestly to endeavour to carry out those measures, without being startled at their extent, which we know would benefit its inhabitants, resting upon the conviction that the conscientious discharge of this high duty towards them will strengthen our hands both in India and at home against the day of trial, whatever may be the form in which the trial may come; while nothing, we may be sure, will have the effect, in any crisis which may arise, of weakening us so much, as the fact of our having adopted towards so large and important a part of our empire as India, a selfish, narrow, and insincere line of policy. Misgovernment on so large a scale, and the mismanagement of so large a part of the empire, may involve us in inextricable difficulties.

We will, then, at once discard the supposition that the destinies of the seventh part of the human race have been placed in the hands of the people of England for the purpose of enabling us to secure a dividend for the holders of East India stock, and the patronage of an empire for four-and-twenty directors.

If there is one fact upon which our own experience and the evidence of all history are entirely in accordance, it is, that no government ever can derive any permanent advantage from the direct pursuit of its own immediate and separate interests. This was the cause of the ruin of all the old empires: their thrones were raised and supported by iniquity and oppression. The monarchies of Asia have ever been incapable of forming any other conception of dominion: with them dominion ever meant tribute and service at any cost, and it never meant anything more. Inevitably, therefore, their dominion was ever unprofit-

able, insecure, and transitory. For the same reason the Athenian empire contained in itself the causes of its own overthrow: it had, indeed, hardly been constructed, before, as might have been expected from the superior activity and sensitiveness of the Greek mind, it was broken in pieces. It would be a derogation to the justice, wisdom, and goodness of the Moral Governor of the world, to suppose that stability could characterize a government whose first aim was its own aggrandizement. The comparative stability of the Roman empire is to be attributed to the fact of its having from the first acted upon the principle which was inaugurated at its first conquest over a petty neighbouring town, and which was eventually applied to the whole civilized world, of admitting the vanquished to the rights of citizenship; so that, though the degradation into which mankind fell might be traced to the existence of the empire, yet because it met the wants of the age, and protected as far as it could the interests of its subjects, it had not to struggle against, whatever other evils it may have engendered, discontent and exasperation. We have ourselves, as a nation, suffered in the loss of America, and in the alienation of Ireland, as we deserved, the penalty of acting on the supposition that a government may be benefited directly at the cost, instead of mediately through the well-being, of its subjects, looking all the while for its highest reward, not in self-aggrandizement, but in the contemplation of the prosperity and progress of those over whom it rules, and in the reflection that this prosperity and progress have resulted from its own well-intentioned and well-directed counsels.

We have now just completed the conquest of India. We are surveying our conquest, and considering in what way it may be turned to the best account. The present, therefore, is the time to proclaim as distinctly and as emphatically as possible, that there is but one way of governing this empire. There, on the opposite side of the globe, we are holding in subjection a population six times as great as that of the United Kingdom. This is a mighty venture. If managed well, it may contribute incalculably to our strength and prosperity; if managed badly, it is evidently of such a magnitude, and of such a character, that it may, in our inability to relinquish it, and in the struggle to maintain it against such adverse circumstances as mismanagement will inevitably create, drag us down to ruin.

Fortunately, the magnitude and importance of the work which our Indian government is called upon to accomplish, are equalled by the simplicity of that work, and by the facilities which the character of the government and of its subjects, and their relation to each other, supply for its speedy and effectual accomplish-

ment. We have it in our power to do much to lighten the burdens and to ameliorate the condition of the people of India. We are also able to do for them what they would never have been able to do for themselves, to introduce circumstances which may lead to the rise of a middle and of a moneyed class—classes which would soon feel the wants and the instincts, and would not be slow to avail themselves of the advantages, of European civilization. But we will advert in order to the several objects, towards the attainment of which our efforts should be mainly directed.

I. At the present juncture of Indian affairs, the question which rises to the surface, and which will be first discussed and first settled, has reference, not to any administrative reform, but to the reform, or rather the reconstruction, of the government itself. Upon this important question much light has been thrown during the last month or two; and it is now pretty clearly understood that parliament will enter upon this part of its Indian labours entirely unfettered, no promises on its part, either direct or implied, existing to limit the fullest and freest exercise of its power and wisdom; nor can any plea of obligation be urged against it: on the contrary, it has hitherto practised in everything connected with the government and patronage of our Indian empire a most unusual degree of self-denial, having up to this time allowed the now-expiring Court of Directors to dispose of all but the whole of the numerous and valuable appointments of both the civil and military services. Much indeed of what ought to be done upon this particular head has already been laid before the public, amongst others by Mr. Campbell, with many of whose suggestions for the future constitution of the government of India we concur, though in some of the main features of his plan, his views, and opinions, as we propose to show before we lay down our pen, diverge very widely from our own.

For these reasons we shall refrain at present from entering ourselves with any minuteness into this part of the subject, feeling certain that every one who observes what is passing must be aware, that this is precisely the part of it which will be most fully and ably discussed in parliament; and shall therefore content ourselves with a mere indication of what we conceive ought to be the constitution of our Indian government. It appears to us that the President of the Board of Control should become our Indian minister, and that, the Court of Directors having been entirely abolished, he should be supplied with a council—to this we shall again recur—composed of all the most eminent Indian officials residing in England. Such an assembly,

every member of which would be well acquainted with and much interested in India, and whose position would be a guarantee for his ability, might safely be trusted with no inconsiderable powers. We would place the supreme government in India, locally, in some central position, giving the governor-general a cabinet of as many ministers as the nature of the Indian government required; and we would render the governors of the minor presidencies completely subordinate to him. This would, practically, do away with the present distinctions between the different presidencies, and would render the whole one compact empire, with one administrative body, and one army. Such an arrangement would possess the two advantages of economy and efficiency; for the greater part of the cost of several separate establishments would be saved, and the ablest men being collected around the governor of the whole of India, every part of the empire would be benefited by the vigour and wisdom of their counsels.

Upon the subject of the home patronage, or that exercised by the directors, we shall have a better opportunity of speaking in a later part of this paper. With respect, however, to those appointments which must be filled up in India we will here observe, that we should be disposed to limit as much as possible the present system of promoting according to routine and seniority. With certain limitations we would allow the lieutenant-governors to appoint in their own districts the fittest persons, their appointments being always subject to the approval of the governor-general. All the higher appointments throughout the empire, which it might be considered desirable to fill up from the Indian services, we would place in the hands of the governor-general, making his nominations subject to the approval of the India Minister in Council at home. There would be many places, the duties of which would be best discharged by persons of English training and experience; these, of course, ought to be at the disposal of the home government, which would alone be qualified to make proper selections: some of the higher judicial appointments would be of this kind. We would abolish entirely the mischievous distinction between covenanted and uncovenanted servants: the object of this distinction is merely to enhance to the nominees of the directors the value of their appointments: we doubt whether, even under the present system, it would be possible to maintain it much longer. Efficiency, fitness, and merit should, as far as possible, constitute the grounds of each appointment.

It is a fact which cannot but arrest the attention of the philosophical observer, that the possession of such an empire as that

of India should have so little effect upon the intellect of England. We are there administering the government of a population several times as large as the population, and officering an army two or three times as large as the army, of the United Kingdom. But when we, who are here at home, look around us for the intellectual results of this, we find that they are absolutely inappreciable. The government of this country proves to be a nursery for a large body of the ablest statesmen in the world, and our own little army produces a large proportion of useful practical men, who turn out to be capable of doing, in one way or another, some good service to the state. But who in England ever hears anything about an Indian official? For what men of eminence now in England, are we indebted to the services of our Indian empire? It would, indeed, be a marvel if a system which laboured under the double disadvantage of resting upon a narrow, exclusive basis—the patronage of twenty-four directors, and of being worked on the principle of routine and seniority, could produce anything great or good. Even at the present crisis in the fortunes of India, we do not find, with the single exception of Mr. Campbell, one Indian really enlightening and influencing public opinion. This alone would condemn the system. India ought to be to us, what for two or three centuries after the death of Alexander, Asia was to the Greeks, an additional field for the employment and development of educated talent. It ought now to be supplying us with a multitude of able men possessed of much knowledge, and of very enlarged views upon all commercial and administrative questions; a class of men, who, though they would not have had the advantage of the close conflict, perpetual competition, and rigid scrutiny which attend every step of public life in England, would still have had the counterbalancing advantages of large opportunities for estimating correctly many of the wants of the empire, of much useful training, and of a combination of Indian and European experience. We cannot imagine anything which would add so largely to the higher intellectual life of England as the creation of such a class of men, for which the government and administration of India supply the opportunity and the means.

II. The reforms and measures which we shall now proceed to discuss will be chiefly of an administrative character; and we trust to be able to show that our recommendations in reference to them rest upon such broad and obvious grounds of utility and justice, that whatever may be the form of the future government of India, whether, for instance, the Court of Directors be continued, modified, or abolished, they must sooner or later be entertained. First among these we place the consolidation of

the empire. In India we possess an imperial supremacy. The first and most necessary incident of this position is, that the duty of protecting the whole of India from external aggression, and of everywhere securing its internal tranquillity, devolves upon us. For the purpose of enabling us to do this, we ought to have at our disposal the resources of the whole country. This, however, is not the case. We dispose of two-thirds only of the revenue, and command the services of two-thirds only of the population. It would be a parallel case, if a government were charged with the defence and general internal superintendence of Great Britain, but were to have no share in the management of the affairs of, or in the revenue derivable from Aberdeenshire, Lanarkshire, Yorkshire, Lancashire, Devonshire, Kent, Norfolk, and Wales. It would be impossible to maintain such an arrangement. While the cost of the defence and of the superintendence of the whole would be cast upon a part of the country, the several independent districts would not gain any reduction of their own burdens, each having to maintain a government and establishments of its own. There would exist a great injustice, accompanied by much weakness and many evils, and unaccompanied by any advantage to any party.

This is a measure of paramount importance, and must be carried out, not so much as a matter of policy as a matter of justice. But were the rulers of India to have the courage and the wisdom to attempt this consolidation of the empire, they would doubtless be assailed by many of those who are incapable of balancing considerations, who can only see one point in a question, and can never decide upon anything as a whole. Whenever any reform is advocated, a host of declaimers of this calibre are always found to start up—some actuated by motives of self-interest, and others by the convictions of honest narrow-mindedness. The invariable manner, however, in which, during the last five-and-twenty years, those who have adopted these views on the great questions which have been discussed in this country, have been defeated, gives us reason for hoping that we shall eventually act in India also upon just and comprehensive principles of policy. A generation that has brought the vested and legalized rights of the boroughmonger, the slaveowner, the established Church, the colonist, the shipowner, and the landlord, into harmony with the general good, will readily understand the true character and the justice of this proposal. Every argument and appeal that can be adduced against this great measure, so evidently due to the people of India, has of late years already been answered and disposed of by the people of England, again and again, in the administration of their own affairs.

When our position was that of one among several independent powers among whom India was divided, the question of these rights and duties could have had no existence. This will be illustrated by considering that it has at this moment no existence in Europe taken as a whole, but that it had an existence formerly in the Roman empire. We are lords of the whole peninsula, and are bound by the clearest obligations (it is indeed our first and highest duty) to see that the hundred millions whom we directly govern are not oppressed and injured by the manner in which we are leaving a mock independence to their fifty millions of fellow subjects; an arrangement which is so far from being of any advantage to the latter, that it even ensures their being oppressed and injured in a still greater degree. No one can be deceived by the show of independence with which we have invested what we call the protected states. The supreme government always interferes in their affairs whenever its own immediate interests are concerned. All the liberty allowed them is that of oppressing their own subjects, and, by intercepting one third of the revenue of the empire, of depressing its prosperity and retarding its progress to that extent. Our residents at Lucknow or Hyderabad are omnipotent in any matter which may affect the dignity or convenience of the supreme government; but no provision is made for securing the general advantage of its subjects, as far as it is involved, and it is greatly so, in the matter we are considering.

By these remarks, we have no intention of implying that the government of India is distinguished from other governments by disregard for the interests of its subjects. Far from it. Both its objects and its circumstances prevent this. Its objects being merely patronage and dividend, it has no interest in any other than protective and defensive wars. It cannot feel any of those passions, or motives for war, which touch so nearly the rulers and the people of independent states; such as national or religious antipathies, or the desire to obtain extension of territory, or to avenge supposed insults. It is placed also in circumstances which cannot but prove highly favourable to the exercise of moderation and integrity, for it is amenable to the public opinion of a great and enlightened nation, and subject to the checks which the imperial government may at any time deem it right to interpose. This, however, does not in the least ensure its being carried on upon broad, enlightened, and philanthropical principles, such as have now been accepted by all real statesmen, and, as the dominion of right reason and of right feeling spreads, are constantly commending themselves to greater numbers. The best school in the world for the acquisition of these principles is

doubtless our English House of Commons; while for the conduct of Indian affairs is claimed the honour of producing clever and able administrators: be that as it may; it is now very evident that there is something in the administration of the empire, as carried on in Leadenhall-street, calculated to obscure the perception of those higher objects and principles, in comparison with which able administration is a matter of very secondary importance.

But how is this consolidation to be effected? Those only can properly answer this question who rightly understand our position in India, and the circumstances of the people of India. No Englishman will deny that every people has a right to remove from the administration of its affairs those who hopelessly mismanage them. If a nation finds itself misgoverned, oppressed, and degraded, the evil, affecting the whole detail of the life of the whole people, is so enormous, that the right to redress this evil must be recognised. Our ancestors justly conceived that this right rested with themselves. In India, however, where all popular privileges and liberties are impossible, it is evident that what would otherwise have existed in the shape of a right in the hands of the people becomes changed into an additional duty laid upon the government. When we assumed the supremacy, we assumed together with it this duty. By the right of the sword we have disposed of everything throughout India as we pleased. Among our other arrangements we have placed the people of these so-called independent states in such a position that they are incapable, however misgoverned, of asserting their right to redress. Through our supremacy it has come to pass, that whatever their misery or degradation, they must remain utterly helpless. The necessities, therefore, of our supremacy, have constituted us the guardians of their rights. We act, however, as if it were an obligation of our position to place fifty millions of men under rulers who must needs be so circumstanced as that they should have no motives to rule well; for while the only position we can allow them is one of real degradation, the hands of their subjects must be held.

It cannot be alleged that these are independent states, and that their independence must be respected. No act of ours, but the omnipotence of events, annulled their independence at the time when it established our supremacy. Up to that time they were as free as we were to manage their affairs as they deemed best. But after that time, whatever treaties may previously have existed, and even whatever stipulations may have been subsequently entered into before we understood the duties of our position, and the claims of our subjects, must, now that India has fallen into the hands of a lord paramount, be recon-

sidered. We admit this as far as we are ourselves concerned. We never hesitate to violate their so-called independence whenever it comes into collision with our interests, or the exigencies of our rule. It will be very discreditable to us, and very unjust to our subjects, if we now refuse to act upon the same principles when their interests, the interests both of those in our own and of those in the protected territories, are at stake.

The independent rights of the barons over their vassals were only on a small scale analogous to the rights over their subjects which we have conferred upon these native princes—who, by the way, are all descended from usurpers and adventurers of the last century; and as no one doubts but that the state was fully justified in extinguishing all the feudal rights, or rather relieving the people from the oppressions, of the former, we trust that the same views will be taken of the manner in which the latter ought to be dealt with.

It is, then, our duty—a duty which we assumed together with the supremacy, to address ourselves at once to the consolidation of our Indian empire. This must be done in the name, and for the sake, of the inhabitants of India. And though, from want of information upon such subjects, and from a general apathy upon everything connected with politics, neither those who are directly subject to our rule, nor those who are subject, under the name of protection, to our constant superintendence and interference, should be able to see what is their interest in a question of this kind, still we, who, from our greater enlightenment, know what ought to be done, are in conscience bound to carry it out. A parent must do what he knows is for the good of his children, although they may not have urged it upon him, or even have pointed it out to him. We must not here be misled by our familiarity with our own English constitution. A representative government may, to some extent, be compared to a steward, or agent, whose duty it is to carry out to the best of his ability the wishes of those who employ him. The character, however, and position of our Indian government are just the very contrary of this. It must originate everything: it is one of the purest instances of the paternal type. The only question, then, in the matter we are considering is, as to the method of procedure; not whether the thing ought to be done? that must be conceded upon all sides, but how it ought to be done?

Of course, it is always better for all parties that changes of this kind should be effected in a summary manner. We should not be unwilling to rest the case upon the analogy of a recent transaction to which we have already alluded. The landlords of this country were, previously to the repeal of the corn-laws, in a

position very similar to that in which the native ~~protected states~~ of India now are. Their privileges were prejudicial to themselves, and to the rest of the community. Every one now acknowledges the wisdom and the justice of the summary and total abrogation of the privileges of the former: it was a measure which the interests of all parties alike required: the sooner, therefore, it was effectually carried out, and the debate for ever closed, the better would it be for all parties. Just so if we had a great man, with ability to arrange, and courage to effect, this necessary consolidation of our Indian empire in a summary manner, there can be little doubt but that this would be the best way of effecting it. A middle course, however, would naturally receive the readiest and most general acceptance.

With this view, it might at once be laid down as a rule of the imperial government, that oppression and mismanagement on the part of the native governments would invariably entail forfeiture of all claims upon our forbearance; and this upon the distinctly understood ground, that we, having now become, in the course of events, the protectors and guardians of the interests and rights of all the inhabitants of India, were virtually and ultimately as responsible for the maintenance of those rights in the protected territories as in those administered directly by ourselves.

It ought also to be intimated, that no adoptions into any royal family would be allowed, nor any succession permitted except in the direct line; and that where there was a failure of issue, the government would escheat to the supreme government.

Our residents also might be empowered to enter into negotiations with the several princes, whom they have been sent to superintend, with a view to purchasing their abdication, not for perpetual annuities to themselves and to their descendants, which would for ever remain a charge upon the inhabitants of India, but for terminable pensions, or for fixed sums, or certain estates; or for some combination of these methods of compensation.

In these various ways we might extinguish all these mock governments quietly; and give to the inhabitants of all India the advantage of living under one government, and that a just, humane, and enlightened one. This would also enable us to lighten the burden of taxation throughout the Peninsula.

III. Kindred to the evil we have just been considering is that of the assignments of the revenue of India we have allowed, and of the perpetual pensions with which we have charged it. Here, too, as far as is possible, we must proceed in the same manner, and upon the same grounds. In our ignorance and precipitancy we have made very bad arrangements for the interests of those

for whom we were trustees; and now that we have discovered our errors, and have become well aware of their ill effects, we must do all in our power to rectify them. If these arrangements of ours had laid upon ourselves the burdens they impose, this question would long ago have attracted attention, and would have been very differently regarded. The truth is, that we have made their whole weight press upon the shoulders of those, the protection of whose interests and rights had devolved upon us. It is a hard necessity that they should have to maintain, entirely at their cost, our credit for what, after all, is a very false generosity and culpable carelessness.

The amount of these assignments and charges renders this a question of great importance to the inhabitants of India. Those who are unacquainted with Indian finance will be surprised at their amount: the total almost reaches the sum of 2,500,000*l.*, which equals a charge of 10 per cent. on the whole net revenue of India; this is equivalent to what would constitute a charge of 6,000,000*l.* on the revenue of the United Kingdom, or more than is raised by our income tax, or as much as is required for the maintenance of our navy. In the Presidency of Bombay, where the evil of which we are speaking has been allowed to rise to a greater height than elsewhere, these charges are so considerable as to have rendered its government bankrupt, its income not equalling its expenditure by nearly 1,000,000*l.* This, of course, obliges us to tax more highly than would otherwise have been necessary the industry of Bengal and Madras. Nothing is more easy than to remark, that having once made these assignments, we must continue to allow them. But we must remember that we are acting for the people of India. As soon as we familiarize ourselves with this view of the question, we shall find very weighty considerations of honour and justice urging us to cancel the greater part of, or perhaps all, these grants and concessions.

Many of these assignments, as it now appears, were allowed on fraudulent representations: these, of course, might fairly be cancelled. There may be grounds for limiting others to the lives of the present holders. And a period ought at once to be fixed for the determination of the rest. With respect to the pensions allowed to the families and descendants of the various chiefs and princes we conquered and deposed, we must proceed with more deliberation. Still we must remember that the people of India have a right to insist that we should not make these families perpetual burdens upon the country. As we have already remarked, the founders of these families were perhaps, in every instance, adventurers and usurpers. They are all of

recent and questionable origin, and the fortune of war having decided against them, and installed us in the government of the country, we are obliging the people to maintain the old as well as the new government. Neither these adventurers themselves nor any other conquerors ever acted in this manner. We have, however, often merely for the purpose of saving ourselves a little trouble, made the mistake, and the least we can do is to acknowledge our error, and to give ourselves the trouble of looking into each case, with a view of ascertaining whether some arrangements may not be made which will be better for the general interest. Our honour is not at all concerned in upholding the perpetuity of these concessions, the burden of which is laid, not upon ourselves, but upon our helpless subjects. As was suggested with respect to the existing native governments, it may be found possible to commute some of these pensions for certain sums of money, and others for estates procurable by government. All should be confined to the direct line. Some, or all, may be made to diminish gradually, a reduction being effected at each step in the succession. For instance, they may be diminished one-fourth on the demise of the present holders; another fourth on the demise of their successors; and so on, till in the fifth generation they would become extinct. The extinction of those pensions to which this method might be applied, would thus be extended over more than a century, so that even generations still unborn would be benefited by them, and no hardship whatever would be inflicted on the present holders. What we have in view may be effected in various ways: what is required of us is, that we should at once admit, and act upon the admission, that justice to India necessitates our attempting to remove these burdens as speedily and as effectually as possible.

IV. We now come to the consideration of the still more important subject of what we call the Indian debt. Our chance of being able to address ourselves successfully to the two measures to which we have already adverted, depends mainly upon what we show our intentions to be with respect to this; because, if we do not make it evident, that with respect to the debt we are desirous of doing what is best for the interests of India, it will be felt that we can have none but selfish motives in any attempts which we may make to consolidate the empire, and to relieve its finances from unnecessary deductions. Those who undertake these measures ought themselves to stand clear of suspicion: there ought to be no grounds for allegations of their being personally interested in the absorption of the dependent governments, and in the productiveness of the revenue.

As we have already remarked, the debt represents the sums of

money we have spent for the two purposes of carrying on our trade during the time that the company was a commercial association, and of conquering the country. Speaking generally, though, of course, not with strict correctness, for the former of these two objects we appear to have spent a sum, redeemable at 12,000,000*l.*, and for the latter we have incurred liabilities now amounting to 48,000,000*l.*, of which a part was spent beyond the boundaries of India in our late attempt to anticipate the influence of Russia in Central Asia, and some also, we suppose, in our first Burmese war. With respect to the former of these two items of the debt, we must not forget that in the year 1834, by an act of the imperial parliament, a sum of 2,000,000*l.* was placed in the hands of the commissioners for the reduction of the national debt, to accumulate at compound interest, till the year 1874, when it will be competent for the then government of this country to effect its redemption. Upon this we may observe, that in these days, when all the world appears in motion, and such extensive commercial changes are taking place, the delay of the regeneration of India for one and twenty years may be irreparable. We should like to see the redemption of this stock, as well as of the debt, completely effected long before the year 1874. The event contemplated by the act of 1834 is too remote, and is besides, after all, contingent on what may, at the date fixed, be the pleasure of parliament, and, we may add, on what may then be the position of affairs in this country. But in whatever way this may be decided when 1874 comes, we are now obliging the inhabitants of India to pay interest upon the stock and upon the debt we have just mentioned. This interest amounts annually to 3,000,000*l.*

Now, this is a proceeding which, we maintain, cannot be justified. We acknowledge our inability to see how it differs in principle from the proconsular exactions of the Roman empire. It is true that a few new names have been introduced, together with the new machinery of funds and stock, but this constitutes no essential difference. We do not send a Verres to a conquered province, to exact with a high hand what he can for the imperial treasury and for himself. This would shock our nice modern sense of propriety. But we do what comes to much the same sort of thing. We capitalize the money that we have spent in conquering India. To secure interest upon this, we impose taxes upon India, the proceeds of which are to be remitted to England; and for the purpose of gathering in these taxes, we send to India so many hundred collectors, and so many thousand troops. Our American colonists acted very properly when they declined being treated in this way. Let us hope that an age which has become

very sensitive about slavery, monopolies, disabilities, and generally upon all wrongs inflicted by governments, and maintained by laws, will not allow this taxing of India for the benefit of England to remain much longer unnoticed.

When men live under a despotism, or are subject to the rule of a privileged order, the moral sentiments of all classes, as much of those who are unfairly elevated as of those who are unfairly depressed, become, in various ways, deadened and perverted. They almost become incapable of admiring generosity, and of sympathizing with the efforts of those who wish to see what is right done, and the happiness of the species advanced. It is only when society has reached such a point that a numerous and intelligent middle class has been called into existence, capable of forming opinions upon social and political questions, and sufficiently strong to give predominance to its opinions, that mankind begin to feel uneasy at the contemplation of many of those unjust and oppressive arrangements, which in other stages of society are unavoidably sanctioned by laws, and upheld by governments. Our late social and political history is little more than the history of the manner in which these sentiments have now for some time been manifesting themselves in the breasts of the people of this country, and of the manner in which the people have struggled, with more or less success, generally with very signal success, to carry them out, and embody them in our institutions. These indications of a strong love of justice, and of the existence, generally, of right moral feelings, among the great mass of mankind, is after all the only sure ground upon which we can rest any reasonable hopes for the future of our civilization. As power gradually descends, we see that the ever enlarging circle of those who are summoned to its exercise is characterized, not by violence, or by blind selfishness, as was too much the case at other epochs, but by a sure, though at times perhaps rudely expressed, sense of what is just and right. We willingly, therefore, and we think reasonably, indulge the hope, that the time is not distant when the vast importance of all that concerns the welfare of the millions of India will be acknowledged; when the public will feel, what even statesmen can hardly be said to have felt hitherto, an interest in promoting their prosperity; and appeals to our sense of justice and duty will be made on their behalf. If so, we shall soon find public opinion pointing out what ought to be the aims and principles of our Indian administration, and even insisting upon the measures by which effect may be given to those principles. And foremost among these measures we doubt not but that a just and enlightened public opinion will place the extinction of our

Indian debt, which not only lays a heavy burden upon the population of India, but also prevents our undertaking those internal improvements upon which the development of the resources of India depends.

Whenever the state of our Indian finances may allow us to commence the liquidation of this debt, it will indeed be monstrous if we show any inclination to retain it as Indian stock upon which dividends are to be paid in London by means of taxes imposed upon India. Not only ought every pound of surplus to be devoted to this object, but our policy also ought to be directed to the creation of a surplus to be so appropriated. Last year we were just beginning to catch a glimpse of a little balance in our favour, though the Burmese war may perhaps by this time have brought back the too familiar deficiency. If, however, the two measures to which we have already adverted were carried out—the consolidation of the empire, and the extinction of assignments and pensions—we should then be in a position to pay off the whole debt in at most fifteen years. A *bonâ fide* intention to extinguish the debt would justify our undertaking, or rather would oblige us to undertake, these measures. As we have already said, we do not think it possible to effect either of them summarily, but we speak of them in this way, for the purpose of showing that India, if its affairs are administered in a conscientious and enlightened manner, possesses within herself ample resources for relieving her industry from this load which we have placed upon it; and of becoming the most lightly taxed country in the world.

There is no inconsistency in recommending, while we protest against India being saddled with the perpetual payment of the interest of this debt, that she should be called upon to pay the capital. Our object is twofold: first, we wish to relieve the minds of the governors of India from the degrading consciousness of mean and selfish motives; and, in the next place, to lighten the burdens and lay foundations for the permanent promotion of the prosperity of India, to the extent and in the manner which present circumstances render practicable. When men are called upon to act, they must consider what, under the circumstances before them, can be done. It would be an enormous advantage to India that this debt with its consequent remittances to the other side of the globe should be got rid of, so that for the future her resources should be kept at home for the construction of works of utility, and for the enrichment of her own population. India possesses means for enabling her to effect this desirable riddance, and it can only be effected by her employing those means for this purpose. The imperial legisla-

ture is not likely to impose this debt upon the people of England, or to insist upon its abandonment. There remains no other course than that which we have pointed out. We know not what portion of this debt is held by natives, chiefly of course resident in the Europeanized capitals of the different presidencies: it can hardly, however, be worth observing, that even if the proportion so held is great, it can lessen but in a very slight degree the pressure of the debt upon the industry of the country, especially as the revenue of India is raised almost entirely from the land.

V. The next point to which we will advert depends for its adequate accomplishment upon the carrying out of the measures of which we have already spoken. If the affairs of India should ever be administered in the spirit and with the views we have recommended, the result would be a large yearly disposable surplus, amply sufficient for enabling her to provide out of her own resources such a system of railways as would place the whole of the interior in ready communication with the coast. This is the most pressing, in an industrial and economical point of view, of all the wants of India.

There is no other large portion of the world, inhabited by civilized men, so badly provided with means for the transit of goods, or for any kind of communication. This ever has been, and is now in a greater degree than it ever was before, the great clog upon the prosperity and advance of the Hindoo. It is more so than it was before, because, in the present state of the commercial world, the articles which India is required to produce, and for the production of which nature has adapted her soil and climate, such as sugar and cotton, are exceedingly bulky, and must in India be produced in districts which are generally situated at considerable distances from the coast. Now this is an obstacle which, if she alone produced these articles, would not much affect her prosperity: its only effect would then be to enhance the price of the articles to the consumers, and to some extent to deteriorate their quality, and to limit their consumption. But as she now has to compete in the production of these articles with Islands such as the Mauritius, and Cuba, and with the valley of the Mississippi, which possesses the most extensive natural system of water communication in the world, she is beaten out of the market by this one disadvantage. Her natural advantages of soil, climate, and cheapness of labour—her labour being so cheap that it will bear the cost of transportation to the Mauritius and to the West Indies—are all overbalanced by this one great want. If she had to compete with these countries in the articles which formed the staples of her ancient commerce, such

as spices, precious stones, ivory, and the finest textile fabrics, the price of which as compared with their bulk was great, the want of which we are speaking would be but little felt. Commerce in such articles was capable of sustaining not only the difficulties of Indian transit, but all the risks also and expenses of land-carriage across the continent of Asia. But now every condition of the question is altered. Such are the changes which time, art, discovery, in a word, the progress of civilization, effect in the circumstances and fortunes of nations. India has now to rest her chance of prosperity upon her ability to sustain competition with distant parts of the world in a class of articles entirely different from those upon which her wealth rested in former days, and which we almost deem for ever associated with her name. And this new competition, on account of the natural advantages possessed by the islands and countries which are her competitors in the production of these bulky articles, railroads alone, an invention of yesterday, can enable her to sustain.

There is another subject, and it is one of the deepest interest, which the foregoing remarks will enable our readers to connect, as it has long been connected in our own mind, with the development of the capabilities of India. It is the subject of American slavery. In India, we are persuaded, may be found the easy and natural and irresistible solution of this great difficulty—the opprobrium of our modern civilization. All history demonstrates the impossibility of annulling by force, however favourable circumstances may be for its application, any of the general laws of commerce. The failure of Napoleon's continental system and of our African squadron are conclusive upon this point. But it is upon this very impossibility that our hopes are founded. Only let India be enabled—and a complete system of railways, and the other encouragements which we should then have an apparatus for applying, will enable her—to produce sugar and cotton cheaper than Cuba and Louisiana, and then the motive for maintaining the slave-trade, and slavery itself, will no longer exist. What will no longer pay will no longer be maintained. And so, and so only, may we hope to witness the euthanasia of slavery. Slavery rests upon the fact that, under present circumstances, there are certain regions in which alone sugar and cotton can be produced in sufficient quantities to supply the markets of Europe, and that in these regions the negro slave is the only labourer that can be procured. Only, however, supply India with the conditions requisite for enabling her to turn to account her cheap and skilled labour, and no one who reflects for a moment can doubt what the result will be. She will undersell in Europe, and, we doubt not, also at the Havannah,

at Rio Janeiro, and at New Orleans, the slave produce of the West India Islands, Brazil, and of the Southern States of the American Union. And then the work which we have been attempting to do by blockading squadrons, treaties, and abolition agitation, and which can never be effected by such means, will be done. It will have been effected by the simple operation of the first law of commerce, which gives the command of the market to those who can produce the cheapest.

If the millions which have been spent in vain on the coast of Africa had been spent in giving railways to India, and perhaps in some instances in aiding, by means of advances, in the establishment of cotton plantations and sugar factories, we should probably have already begun to see some effect produced upon American slavery. Our aim ought to be to make slavery unprofitable. As we are in possession of India we can do this. It is childish to suppose that we can obtain our object in Cuba, Brazil, and the United States, in any other way.

A reason why railways in India should be constructed by the government, and with the surplus revenue of the country, is, that they would be made not so much for the purpose of accommodating existing traffic, as for the purpose of developing the industry and the capabilities of the country. That the government is a military despotism, though of the very mildest kind, is another reason. Under such a form of government it may be found very inconvenient that what will become practically the only means of communication—and, too, such means of communication as railways supply—should be in the hands of companies of speculators.

It is difficult for us in England to imagine the extent of the advantage which railways would confer upon India. Previous to their introduction here, the means of communication which Great Britain possessed were the most complete which the world had ever seen. Not only did the extent of our coast line, with its numerous harbours, give our island, no part of which is at any very great distance from the sea, natural advantages for communication elsewhere unknown, but to this we had added many thousand miles of canal and of river navigation, and such a universally extended network of high-roads and by-roads, that perhaps not a field, certainly not a homestead in England was half a mile distant from some good practicable public thoroughfare; while, of course, all our thousand factories were placed each upon some road or canal, so that goods were at once forwarded from their warehouses, without any impediment, to any part of the kingdom or of the world. Not one of these advantages, however, does India yet possess. Its vast extent places

the greater number of its inhabitants at impracticable distances from the coast. Besides, the coast itself, from its singular want of harbours, is not adapted for facilitating communication or traffic. It possesses no canals, and hardly a road in our sense of the word. To confer railroads, therefore, upon India would not be, what it was in our case, giving increased power to a principle of life and activity which was already in vigorous operation, but it would be setting in operation for the first time the most powerful principle of industrial life and activity. Our means of communication were already so good that enormous facilities had been thereby offered for the development of our resources. The Hindoo can hardly be said to have yet felt in the slightest degree the stimulus which these facilities supply. In considering what the commerce of India is capable of becoming, we must not allow ourselves to be misled by any references to what it is at present. In large inland districts the commerce of bulky goods cannot exist without suitable means of communication. Without these the germ of future greatness may exist, as that of the oak exists in the acorn which may have fallen on a rock, until, however, certain conditions be presented to it, that germ will lie dormant. A general system of railways would give to India the conditions for the germination and growth of her commercial prosperity.

But a consideration of the state of the means of communication which a country previously possessed, is not the only way of estimating the value of railroads in any particular case; their value is also in proportion to the extent of the country which adopts them. In considering the case of India this ought to be much insisted upon. In a small kingdom they are of considerable importance; but in an extensive empire their importance is more than proportionably great. Their value increases in a greater ratio than that of the increase of the distance they traverse. If railroads had only been extended to a distance of twenty miles from London they would still have been of much use, but when extended to Kent, Cornwall, Yorkshire, Lancashire, Wales, and Scotland, they become useful for a great variety of purposes, which, had their radius been less, they would not have subserved at all. They now connect with the seats of all our different manufactures those who consume their produce, in many instances those who supply their respective materials. They connect with their customers in different parts of the country the districts from which we draw the different articles of agricultural produce. They carry our foreign mails to the ports of shipment. They enable us in a few hours to change our climate. They facilitate the transmission of military

stores and the movement of troops. They enable all classes to transfer themselves, in the transaction of business or in the pursuit of employment, to any part of the country. And as greater distances are annihilated, and remoter districts connected, so do these advantages multiply; they are multiplied by every extension of the radius of the circle embraced. Judged of in this way, who can estimate the value of railways to India—to a great continent, subject to one government, and inhabited by one hundred and fifty millions of industrious and civilized men? The resources of the whole would be made available for all, and any portion of their resources might be transferred to or concentrated upon, any point where they might be needed. From the nature of the country no approach to anything of the kind has yet been thought about. This would at once, and as its first-fruit, enable us, and nothing else that we can imagine would have the same effect, to prevent for the future the recurrence of the heretofore periodical famines of India, the horrors of which can hardly be pictured to the mind of the more fortunately circumstanced European. It would enable us to concentrate upon any point, at a few days' notice, the military resources of a hundred and sixty millions of men, which would at once render all ideas of invading India from across the deserts of Asia too great an absurdity to be entertained for a moment. The means which we should thus obtain of concentrating and wielding the power of the empire would render India, as long as we retained our place upon the ocean, completely impregnable.

Such a system of communications would also render possible, for the first time in India, a general interchange of ideas, and a vast enlargement of the field from which men receive impressions and sensations. Intellectually, and morally too, inasmuch as the moral is closely connected with the intellectual condition, this has ever been the great want of the Hindoo. Everywhere in India, with the partial exceptions of the Punjaub and of the north-west provinces, mind, uninfluenced by any except the most strictly local impressions, has vegetated in one form, so similar everywhere, and so peculiar, as to constitute a distinct type of human character, and has never appeared as—what mind has ever asserted its right to in Europe—an independent power, the interpreter and lord, within certain limits, of the material world, and the arbiter and architect of the destinies of man. This difference has sprung out of the greater variety of our experience, and from the extent and character of the field which is submitted to our observation. With us nature is more varied in its aspects, and of a sturdier character; the daily wants of our lives have

come to be far more numerous, and can only be supplied from a great variety of fields, and now, indeed, require for their supply the whole world. It is in this that the foundations of our moral and intellectual differences rest. Now railways would be the first step, and a very great one, towards altering the circumstances which have hitherto depressed and enervated the mind of the Hindoo. They would not assimilate his mental condition in these matters to our own. That this should ever be done, most probably forms no part of the Great Design, which we find everywhere characterized by endless variety. They would, however, effect much; they would create new circumstances, which could act upon the Hindoo only by enlarging, quickening, and invigorating his intellectual faculties. They would contribute something towards setting in motion his stagnant mind.

This is a very fruitful topic. All the measures which we have hitherto recommended would contribute to the moral and intellectual advancement of the Hindoo only secondarily; their primary and direct object being the promotion and development of the material prosperity of the country. Their claim to be considered wise, just, and beneficial measures must mainly rest upon the degree in which they would secure this latter object. Inasmuch, however, as among the mass of mankind, that is to say, among those who derive the means of their subsistence from the fruits of thought and labour, nothing appears to contribute more to intellectual activity, and even to an improved state of moral feeling, than a state of progressive material well-being, we may recommend all these measures upon the former and higher grounds. Once shake the contented acquiescence of the Hindoo in his present scantily provided mode of life, by placing within his reach new comforts and enjoyments, which, notwithstanding all the ignorant declamation which we so frequently hear against luxury, elevate those who can secure them to a higher position—for they form the foundation of the differences which distinguish the civilized man from the savage; and let him, through his new wants, and the means he must use to supply them, feel his connexion with his distant countrymen, and even with the other families of the human race, and who can doubt but that his mind will be roused from its present torpidity, and that it will be enlarged and strengthened; and that moral sentiments, now dormant, or feebly exercised, will be called into action, and that others, now perverted, will assume what we should deem their more natural character. Take, for instance, the most marked peculiarity of Hindoo feeling. We can hardly suppose that if society in India were, to any considerable degree, to become animated with the instincts of trade and commerce,

which would inevitably result from any such developments of its resources as we have been contemplating, the sentiments which arise out of the institution of castes would maintain their ground much longer. This institution, and the feelings which guard it, can only exist in a stationary state of society; as soon as its state begins to be one of progression, they become impossible. In such a state there would be a constant pressure against their maintenance at every point, which would eventually overwhelm them. At such periods everything is in a state of fermentation. Individuals and classes are constantly changing places. Men are on all sides moving, and are ceaselessly coming in contact with each other. The attainment of the object of which all are in pursuit, becomes, with all, the paramount consideration. By tacit, but universal consent, all obstructions that hinder its attainment are removed.

VI. We now pass to the consideration of that department of administration which aims, primarily, at the moral improvement of the people; or perhaps we might say, with more propriety, which aims at securing, against the assaults of crime, their material well-being, and of promoting it through the enforcement of habits of moral rectitude. Here we have to direct our attention to the laws themselves, to the forms of legal procedure, and to the machinery we have provided for the execution of the laws.

With respect to the whole of this subject, we would first observe, that it would very much contribute to the consolidation of our Indian empire, were we to render uniform, throughout the different presidencies, the law, and all that is connected with its administration. The more extensive the internal commercial relations of India become, and the greater, in consequence, the amount of personal intercourse between the inhabitants of different parts of the country, the more strongly will the want of such uniformity be felt. The union of the seven Saxon kingdoms into which England had been divided, possessed, only on a very much smaller scale, analogous advantages. It would be a great advantage to our Indian subjects to know, that to whatever part of the empire business might carry them, they would find the laws, and the method of their administration, the same as what they had been accustomed to respectively in their native provinces. This would contribute much towards creating the feeling that India was a common country, in which a native of any part might everywhere find himself at home; and thus would be removed a very serious obstacle to the growth of habits of greater locomotiveness among the general population, without which any very great development of Indian prosperity can hardly be expected. To the government, also, of course, it would very much simplify the

details of administration, that the same system was in force over the whole empire. Any servant of the government might then be transferred to any part of the empire in which his services might be required; and would still find himself, wherever he might be, acquainted with the laws he was called on to administer, and with the forms of procedure.

Nothing could possibly have been more unsuitable to the character and circumstances of the people of India than our method of administering law. Ours is a highly complicated system of technicalities. It can only be explained, not by any references to the dictates of reason and of common sense, but by tracing back the history of its peculiarities to their various sources. They are the fruits of ancient traditions and of ancient liberties, shaped and coloured by the jealousies, the encroachments, and the compromises of a long course of subsequent centuries. Our English system of law has grown out of a civilization which, having derived its first principles of life from the institutions and sentiments of the Roman empire, superadded to these the spirit and practices of the barbarians of Germany, was then modified by a church which aimed at establishing a theocracy, afterwards passed through the metamorphosis of feudalism, and was subsequently distracted, for a long period, by the struggle between the prerogatives of the crown and the liberties of the people. Some of our most important legal maxims and rules are solely attributable to this struggle, and were devised as safeguards to the subject against the vindictive and unscrupulous proceedings of a too powerful government. Our system is the composite result of these often antagonistic, and all strictly European influences. In India there is nothing analogous to anything of this kind. Hindoo civilization is without traditions and without history. There have never existed in India, as with us, rival orders and co-ordinate powers in the state. The political organization of society is there of the simplest description. Everything indicates that we are dealing with a part of the world in which a technical system of law will be grievously inappropriate. What is wanted is evidently a simple, summary, and rational system; one which will naturally admit of every man's pleading his own cause; which shall rather aim at securing the ends of justice, than be ingenious in devising forms; at all events, which shall not delight in encumbering itself with an apparatus of forms, for the purpose of protecting the accused against undue exercise of the power of government, which, from the nature of the government, the character of the people and of the offences committed by them, can scarcely be needed, but shall be effectual for the expeditious discovery of

truth, the speedy punishment of guilt, and adequate redress of wrongs. We have, however, in this matter, done exactly what we ought not to have done. We have given to India our cumbrous, technical, and historically-descended method of administering justice; a system which we now acknowledge to be galling even to ourselves, and which we are beginning to find is, in many particulars, no longer necessary.

We will particularize three of our blunders:—1. The encouragement we have given to counsel; 2. The manner in which we have multiplied, and the importance we have attached to, forms; 3. The attempt we have made to introduce the English jury. To argue that because the structure and antecedents of European civilization, together with the past political history of our own country, have hitherto made the mode of administering justice, to which these aids belong, acceptable or advantageous to ourselves, that therefore it will continue to be so for ever in this country, would, particularly at the present time, when we are engaged in reviewing our judicial system, be a sufficiently bold, ignorant, and prejudiced assertion. But that it is, upon the above grounds, the very thing which is most needed for that part of the world in which the opposite or Asiatic type of civilization has been most purely and completely developed, has been the singularly foolish and mischievous assumption of our Indian government. The result is exactly what might have been expected. The great natural subtlety of the Hindoo, and, when judged by an European standard, his unscrupulousness as to truth, and disregard of what we consider the point of honour, have been conspicuously encouraged. Perjury has enormously increased; in a very large proportion of cases convictions are not obtained. Comparative impunity acts as a stimulus to crime, which has become far more abundant in the neighbourhood of Calcutta, and in our oldest provinces, than it is found to be in our latest acquisitions. In petty cases, the trouble and cost of legal proceedings is so great in comparison with the point in litigation, that in them our system amounts substantially to a denial of justice; and yet these cases ought, on account of their importance to the bulk of the population, and of the vast amount of injury they in the aggregate represent, to meet with peculiar attention.

It is very instructive, and so far satisfactory, to observe how signally the attempt to introduce the English jury has failed.

We have been endeavouring to graft upon the institutions of India the institutions of Europe. It would be quite as likely to be an effective and successful reform were we to endeavour to incorporate with the institutions of England those of India.

Ours is a progressive form of civilization; let us, therefore, imagine that, while we retain the causes which produce this progressiveness, we superadd those institutions which belong to and characterize the fixed and immovable form of orientalism. For instance, let us incorporate into our system their abnegation of all legislation, their principle of immutable law, their institution of castes, their village communities, and their peculiar laws for the regulation of property in land. We have only to put the case as it would be felt if applied to ourselves, in order to show how ignorantly we have legislated for India. The man who attempts to force upon India, in its present state, European institutions, would, if consistent, manage in the same way, and employ for the same purposes, a punch and a barb, because they were both horses, or a French poodle and a Spanish bloodhound, because they were both dogs.

Our proposals and arguments throughout this paper have been in favour of the introduction of such elements as would themselves spontaneously work the changes which we desire, instead of forcing incompatible institutions upon the Hindoo system, with which they can never any more amalgamate than vinegar can with oil.

We forbear, upon this part of our subject, as we have forborne throughout, to introduce an array of facts, and of statistical tables, in support of our views, our object not being to write a treatise upon India, but to indicate, as distinctly as we can in a small space, the principles upon which India ought to be governed, and the leading measures to which the attention and efforts of its government ought to be directed. In doing this, some repetitions, and frequent recurrence to those considerations which form the *mère-pensées* of our view of the subject, have been unavoidable. The necessity of this we trust our readers will accept as its apology.

And now it may be asked why, if we are to draw no dividends from India, should we give ourselves such a world of trouble about the administration of her government, and the improvement of the condition of her people? For several sufficient reasons.

First, because it is our duty. If we choose to retain the government of India, these must become our aims. A pure despotism is, of all forms of government, that which ought to feel most deeply the responsibilities which attach to government. Our Indian subjects are utterly unable to attempt or suggest anything for the benefit of their common country. Upon us rests the whole weight, not only of carrying out, but also of discovering what is for their good. Our whole system may be mis-

directed, our taxes may be needlessly oppressive, our laws may be inapplicable to the social character and primary institutions of the people, and our mistakes of this kind may be effecting, as they have frequently effected, and are now effecting, incalculable evil and misery; and yet, such is the character of Hindoo civilization, we may not get one particle of information, or hear one word of complaint from the sufferers themselves. As we said at the outset of this paper, the very idea of political agitation, or of the various means by which, in Europe, those who suffer from the injustice or the mistakes of their rulers endeavour to secure redress, has never occurred to the Indian mind. The probability, indeed, is—so completely ignorant is the Hindoo upon subjects of political and economical import—that he would not even be aware of the cause of his misery. It is not merely that such trains of thought would be difficult or distasteful, but that they are thoroughly alien to the mental idiosyncrasy of the Asiatic; he would not make the attempt to enter upon them, or to comprehend them: his thoughts run in other channels. If national distress was forced upon his attention, in all probability the only solution he would ever hazard would be, that God was great, and that it was his will; or perhaps he might get as far as the confession of indifferent ignorance implied in his stereotyped remark of, *who knows?* His only practical conclusion would be—resignation. The conjuncture of circumstances that would lead to any popular outbreak is, under our government, not worth considering; these facts multiply our responsibility a thousandfold. We have studied the science, and have some familiarity with the art, of government; and though we may be far enough from having perfected the science, yet we have deduced from our acquaintance with a long range of history many principles. The Hindoo cannot do this, not having yet arrived at the idea of history; and our own experience has taught us the advantage of acting upon these principles, and we are bound to give to India the benefit of this knowledge, applying our knowledge in such degrees and modes as the circumstances and character of India prescribe.

The weapon with which the advocates of an enlightened policy towards India will be fought will be, the good intentions and the integrity of the East India Company. With the multitude this argument, if it can be called an argument, is conclusive of the whole matter. Only let this integrity and these good intentions be once proved, and they have nothing further to say. The issue, however, of this point is so utterly irrelevant at the present day, when there is a moral certainty that whoever may compose the government of India will be in

the main honourable men, that we should not be at all indisposed to concede that the present government possesses these merits. This concession would not in the least forward the discussion of the principles and measures we have been considering. Those who have reached the eminence from whence they are able to descry the goal, and the various courses by which it may be reached, adapted to the various capacities and circumstances of different travellers, will not deem of much importance the intentions of those who have not yet escaped from the tangled woods which darken the opposite side of the hill.

Another consideration is, that it will be far more easy, and far less costly, to govern the people of India upon the enlightened and conscientious principles we have been recommending, than upon the present system. Let the millions of India feel that their advantage is our object—that taxes are no longer to be imposed upon their industry for supplying the means out of which dividends may be paid in London; let them see that we are always anxious to lighten the burden of taxation, and that whatever surplus may accrue will be scrupulously employed in developing their own resources; let them feel that through our rule industry is encouraged, and prosperity ensured;—we shall then find, as a matter of course, the cares and expenses of government diminished. An advancing and prosperous population is a contented one, and is easily governed.

England, however, would not be without her reward. The consciousness of the integrity of his conduct, and the contemplation of the good he has done, is sufficient encouragement for the philosopher and for the Christian: we all, however, know that the virtue of the bulk of mankind is not of this heroic cast. It is not that these motives are inoperative with the multitude: to affirm this would be to libel our nature even as it exists in the breasts of those whose lot it is to toil hard, and to receive but a scanty share of this world's good things, and who are supposed to come very little within the range of those influences which purify and elevate the feelings: so far, indeed, are they from being inoperative, that they become irresistible when backed by hopes of present recompence and of material advantages, which, if alone presented to the mind, would have awakened no earnestness or enthusiasm, and might even have been neglected. These additional motives the regeneration of India would amply supply. The industry of India would no longer be taxed for large annual remittances to England, but the increase of the value of our commercial intercourse with India, consequent upon the development of her incalculable resources, would far more than compensate for even the loss of

the whole of our India stock and debt. But as the whole of this stock and debt would have been repaid, the entire increase would be just so much gain unbalanced by any losses.

It is evident that many of the leading features of the Hindoo system are ultimately referable to that peculiarity we have already noticed in the physical character of their vast peninsula, which has hitherto deprived it of adequate means of communication. Only let any one endeavour for a few moments to picture to himself what would have been the character of the inhabitants of India, if its coasts had everywhere been indented with bays and harbours, and its interior traversed from north to south with a chain of connected lakes, or a narrow Mediterranean sea. They would inevitably have been enterprising and commercial, and distinguished for their aptitude for creating wealth. We should not then have heard of the stationary character of Hindoo civilization, or of the fewness of the Hindoo's wants. His civilization would have been a progressive one. Familiarity with the sea, as well as with the land, has hitherto appeared necessary for applying to the mind that stimulus, for giving that enlargement and exercise to the intelligence, and for creating those relations, which are requisite for a progressive civilization. We trace the effects of this in the Ionian and the Athenian, and in the Spartan we see the consequences of the want of it depressing even the Greek. All oriental systems from that of the ancient Egyptian to that of the modern Hindoo have betrayed the instinctive desire to keep their people at home. It is probable, however, in the present age, when commerce is so active, that in a vast country like India, capable of producing much that would be of value in other parts of the world, and inhabited by a dense, orderly, and industrious population, the natural defect of which we are speaking might be obviated or overbalanced by the extensive introduction of railways we have been recommending, and by the removal, as far as possible, of all burdens and regulations which lessen the value of industry, and retard the accumulation of capital. In this way may be created classes, wants, motives, agencies, and circumstances, which will spontaneously, and therefore safely and permanently, operate a change in the character of the Hindoo. This change can never be the result of any rude and direct attempts of ours. The Mahomedan invaders of India had no effect upon the Hindoo, but rather themselves, though lords of the country, became Hindooized. But though the application of inconsiderate force, however powerful our arms may be, or of measures founded upon misapprehensions of the materials upon which we have to work, can lead to nothing less than disappointment, yet are we

thoroughly persuaded that we now possess seed, which the soil of this ancient civilization is thoroughly prepared to receive, and which, if deposited in it, will grow freely, and eventually produce all the fruit that we desire. It is in our power quietly to introduce influences, which will with certainty pervade the whole system, and thoroughly modify it.

At the present day any modification of Indian civilization must be in the way of advancement. In the present state of the world, and considering too the connexion of India with England, and the present position and character of the English race, anything like retrogradation is quite impossible. But advancement in India implies, far more emphatically than among European communities, a variety of new wants, and increased means for supplying them. Many of these wants will be such as to secure for us the monopoly of their supply, no other nation being able to sustain a competition with us. And when we consider that the population of India amounts to two-thirds of that of the whole of Europe, we may imagine how great an advantage it would be to us, as a manufacturing and commercial nation, to be called upon to supply any want felt generally by so large a portion of the human race. We may amuse ourselves by estimating how many furnaces and forges must be added to those we already possess, before we could be enabled to supply so many millions with some simple agricultural implement, or even with some improved mechanical tools; or how many additional spindles and looms must be set at work, if any circumstances of improvement should lead so numerous a population to desire a little more variety and abundance in their clothing than they are at present satisfied with.

Whether, after Indian civilization had begun to change its character, and to advance in consequence of such measures, and such a state of affairs, as we have been speaking of, we should long continue the rulers of India, is a question of not much practical importance. Our end will then have been gained. India will have been launched upon a course of improvement. For this she will be indebted to us, and from it we shall derive ample advantage. But whatever may be our opinions upon this question, we ought, to the extent of our knowledge, and of our power, to be just. Supposing, however, that we should eventually lose our Indian dominions, as a result of these changes, an event which no one now living need contemplate as likely to happen in his time, still the advantages resulting from the regeneration and prosperity of so large a portion of the human race would remain to us. Whether we should govern them, or they themselves, would really be to us very unimportant. We might

cease to send some thousands of troops and some hundreds of civilians to India, but perhaps the time will come when we shall consider that these same men would be employed as profitably for England in founding families in, and in peacefully developing the resources of, our Australian empire. At all events, under the circumstances we are imagining, our Indian trade would be maintaining some hundreds of thousands of those active, intelligent, and enterprising classes who would prove of far more value to us, in consequence of their numbers, their wealth, and their intelligence, than we can suppose that the troops and civilians employed in India now are. There is nothing invidious in such a comparison. The value of the latter may be great; in their peculiar merits they may be unrivalled; and no kind of discredit can attach to them if the value of some other classes, totally different in kind, is estimated more highly in reference to the cause of national advancement and general civilization.

The increase of these classes implies an increase in the value of all fixed property in England. No one can doubt but that our trade with America has largely had this effect. The thousands who have been called into being by the extent of this trade, do of course increase, in a degree proportionate to their numbers and wealth, the demand for all that is possessed and produced in England. They increase the number of those who are desirous of purchasing land, who at all events must purchase its produce, and who must have houses, and who have money to invest in public securities, in mines, docks, railways, and other permanent investments. But while they increase the value of all fixed property, they must also contribute to the same extent to lessen the cost of all those numerous articles, the cost of the production of which is very much affected by the largeness of the demand. The former of these causes renders an acre of land more valuable in England than in Russia; the latter is constantly reducing, or tending to reduce, the price of all manufactured articles. Such an increase, therefore, of our Indian trade as would ensue upon the development of the capabilities of India, would produce these two valuable, though opposite results. It would enhance the value of what it is for our advantage should have a high price; and by adding to our present number of consumers many thousands at home, and many millions in India, would very much contribute to cheapen many articles which it is very desirable that we should be able to procure cheaply.

To these advantages we may yet add one, which would be to this country of peculiar importance. This large traffic would most probably be carried on in large steamers of sufficient

dimensions to be serviceable for the purposes of war. Every one who is now cognizant of what is going on in our mercantile building-yards is aware that steam, even for the most distant voyages, is at no very distant day likely entirely to supersede the sail. When this day shall have arrived, the dominion of the sea will probably belong to that nation which shall possess the greatest amount of distant traffic. If we gauge the probabilities of the future by this consideration, we must at once allow that it is of vast importance to England that our trade with India should be expanded to the largest possible amount.

We now pass to a part of the question in which all the educated classes of this country are much interested—that of the home patronage. When speaking of the government of India, we set this apart for subsequent and separate consideration. Every one is aware that, with a few deductions, all the commissions in the Indian army, and all the appointments to the civil service of India, flow from the Court of Directors. It is this enormous amount of patronage—the patronage of a vast empire—which constitutes the value of a seat in that court; for it is clear that a place in the Direction can neither be regarded as an object of ambition, inasmuch as the Court is subject to the Board of Control, with which, therefore, in reality, rests the responsibility of the government of India; nor can it be sought after on account of its direct emolument, the salary of a director being only 300*l.* a year. Its value plainly consists in the amount of patronage that it confers upon its occupant. We hardly need repeat here, what almost everybody by this time knows, that each director has at his disposal, every year, about a dozen Indian appointments, which of course enables him—the marketable value of these appointments not being far short of 10,000*l.*—to provide very handsomely for his own sons, and for the sons of all his friends. Can anything be more unfair, both to India and to England? India, which we compel to pay so liberally for the services of those whom we send out, is entitled to the best men we can find; and those among ourselves best qualified for serving India ought to be considered as entitled to appointments. Instead of admitting the justice of and endeavouring to act upon this principle, we have made our Indian system rest upon unfair restrictions and mischievous absurdities, which would not be tolerated in the management of a railway company. We begin by a kind of fiction, that this vast empire belongs to the holders, for the time being, of India stock; this is about as reasonable a conclusion as it would be were parliament to decide that the throne and government of the United Kingdom ought to belong to the proprietors of the Consols, and Three-and-a-

Quarters; or, at all events, that they ought to form, exclusively, the constituency of this kingdom. Then, that those whom the holders of India stock have voted into the direction should have the disposal of the patronage of India, might be paralleled by forming the bankers of London into a corporation for the purpose of filling all the sees, chapters, and benefices of the established church with their own and their friends' sons. Judging from our practice, one might suppose that it was of little concern to the millions of India what were the qualifications of those whom we sent to officer and lead her armies, and to administer the law; for if they were drawn by lot from the youth of the upper classes generally, they would be just as likely, as must be evident, to be fitted for the duties they will have to perform, as when taken indiscriminately from one section of those classes. The fact is, that our system of Indian patronage, just like many other matters which have of late years been tried in the balance, has been found wanting. It will not bear inspection. Public opinion will soon oblige us to introduce some new method of distributing these appointments, and the new system must inevitably be a more open and popular one; we are, indeed, strongly of opinion, that it would be the wiser course at once to throw them entirely open, so that the only bar which should henceforth prevent any English youth from entering upon one or the other of these services would be the fact, that there were others better qualified than himself for the work.

The existence of the colleges of Haileybury and Addiscombe is an acknowledgment, on the part of the directors, that the present system, which allows them the privilege of disposing of the commissions in the Indian army, and of the appointments of the civil service, is incapable of working well: it is a confession of the unfitness of the persons they nominate. They are so thoroughly convinced of this, that they are willing to spend a large sum of money yearly in the endeavour to improve the qualifications of their nominees. This shows, unmistakably, what ought to be done. Instead of sending lads to a college in the vain hope of making them fit, those only ought to be selected about whose actual fitness there can be no doubt. If the appointments, civil and military, were all thrown open, we need be under no apprehensions that England would ever fail to supply a sufficient number of such persons.

No one would wish to see this enormous amount of patronage transferred to our own government. In their hands there is no reason why we should suppose that it would be better administered than it is at present by the Court of Directors; and besides, there are special reasons why it should not be at the dis-

posal of a minister of this country. There is no body of persons, however carefully it may be constituted, to whom we would entrust it. It ought to belong to the people of England, or rather, to the educated classes of this country, there being no exclusion but that of unfit persons. A candidate for Indian employment ought not to be allowed to find the slightest advantage from the fact that his friends were possessed of rank or of influence in the world, the whole of the inquiry being restricted to his character, and to the discovery of whether he possessed, in a higher degree than others, those qualifications which would be requisite for the discharge of the duties of the appointment he was seeking. The existence of these qualifications might easily be ascertained by a permanent board of examiners. However numerous or high the qualifications might be made, candidates would be found, were the appointments thrown open, who would come up to the required standard.

There need be no doubts at all as to the fairness of a board of examiners: no one doubts the general fairness of the examinations for honours at our different universities, though the numbers and abilities of the candidates and the extent and depth of their knowledge impose much responsibility upon the examiners. They discharge their work, upon the whole, satisfactorily. Doubtless it would be done better, and still more satisfactorily to all parties, were these examinations conducted by permanent boards of examiners. We hold that persons appointed from year to year may be able, learned, and conscientious, but that they cannot be good examiners. The art of examining, like all other arts, can only be acquired by practice and experience, without which honesty and the completest knowledge of the subject of examination will not save the examiner from making frequent mistakes. He will not be able to distinguish between a mere exercise of the memory and a thorough mastery of a subject; hardly, indeed, between ignorance and timidity. It is very desirable that in this country more attention should be paid to this particular point. The degrees and honours of our universities, admission to the medical profession, and to that of attorneys, and admission to holy orders, are all made to depend upon examinations; and latterly naval and military men have been obliged to submit to examinations. We are not, however, aware that the first step towards securing good and efficient examiners has yet been anywhere taken. That step will consist in appointing *permanent* boards of examiners, composed of men of standing and eminence, who will be sufficiently well paid to enable them to devote their whole time and lives to examining, just as other men do to their professions; who, in fact, will make

it their profession; who will gain tact and skill by experience; who will study their work as a science, and practise it as an art. That this has not been done long ago in our universities, where so much depends upon examinations, we consider a great reproach to them. We would recommend the Horse Guards, if there is any wish at head quarters to make military examinations realities, to set the example of establishing such a board. Its services might be of use to the government for other educational work besides that of ascertaining the attainments of candidates for commissions. The character of the examinations which precede admission to holy orders, as it is one of the weaknesses, so is it by no means the least scandal of the established church. We are glad to see in our body of school inspectors an approach to what we are here recommending.

This method of securing the fittest persons for public appointments has long been practised in France. A young Frenchman can have no higher object of ambition than to become a pupil of the Polytechnic School of France, which would open to him the career of the higher branches of the military profession: admission into this school is consequently sought with proportionate eagerness. But in deciding upon the admissions for each year, no kind of patronage or influence is allowed to have the slightest weight. The college is open equally to all Frenchmen; and examiners are yearly sent throughout the country by the government to select from the candidates in each district those whose qualifications and attainments are the highest. Here is a noble example of abandonment of patronage by a government for the advantage of the public service. But the point to which we are most desirous of directing attention is, that the plan we are recommending is actually in successful operation, under circumstances, too, of greater difficulty than would attend its application to the case of candidates for civil and military service in India. In France there is a great lack of professional employment, and generally of fields for the employment of educated persons; every youth's thoughts, therefore, independently of reasons arising from the strong military feelings of the nation, are naturally turned towards the profession of arms. Their population, too, is 9,000,000 greater than the amount of our own. Now, the vacancies at the Polytechnic being only on an average 130 a year, we can easily imagine how severe must be the competition; still no difficulties are found in making satisfactory selections. It must, then, be evident that we might with the greatest ease select a far larger number of qualified persons from a much smaller and much better employed population.

We take it, then, for granted, that there can be no valid objec-

tion to the plan of allowing appointments to the two Indian services to depend upon examinations instead of upon patronage. This is the only way in which India can be opened to all duly qualified Englishmen; and it is the only way in which India can be enabled to secure the services of those best qualified to serve her. It is just possible that a strong government, earnestly bent on efficient popular reforms, might entertain such a question. If such an alteration were determined on, we should then urge the point upon which we have just been speaking, that nothing of the kind can be satisfactorily carried out without the aid of a *permanent* board of examiners. The confidence which would be essential to such a plan could not be felt in examiners appointed only for each occasion, or for a short term of years. The board required for such a purpose should wear the character of a standing commission, the individual members of which, as long as their efficiency and behaviour were unimpeachable, would be irremovable.

Should the Court of Directors be relieved in this way from the duty of exercising the patronage of India, it is evident that they would together with this be relieved of the chief part of their occupation. It would then be easy and natural to impose the whole of the Indian government on those who are now really responsible to parliament and to the country for what is done. The Board of Control might then become—the apparent division of power with which the public are now mystified being abolished—the Indian department of our government. Its President would become our Indian minister. The secretaries, and junior members of the board would generally be selected from among those who had served with distinction in India, and had acquired a personal knowledge of the wants and character of the people. There can be no advantage in the present double government of India: it is merely maintained for the purpose of enabling the directors to dispense patronage with which parliament would not entrust a minister, and which it knew not how otherwise to dispose of. Were Indian appointments—of course we are only speaking of those appointments which would enable men to enter into the civil and military services of India—thrown open to the public in the manner we have been proposing, we should soon find the directors themselves petitioning to be relieved from what would then remain of their present duties.

Hitherto the people of this country have been justly reproached with their ignorance of the condition of their magnificent empire in the east, and their indifference to everything connected with it. This was the more striking on account of

the strong contrast it presented to the interest which Englishmen are proverbially disposed to take in the domestic affairs of every other nation upon earth. Acts, for instance, of injustice or oppression, perpetrated by foreign governments upon their own subjects, never fail to attract the attention of the British public, and to arouse its indignation: meetings are everywhere held without delay; every mouth condemns the atrocity; ministers are memorialized; something must be done. The injustice, however, and oppression, which English carelessness, ignorance, and precipitancy have, in India, inflicted upon the seventh part of the human race, have hitherto provoked hardly a comment. The incompatibility of our revenue arrangements with the native system of proprietary rights has reduced ancient aristocracies to ruin, and whole populations, greater than that of the United Kingdom, to all but constant destitution; other millions we have subjected to the remorseless and senseless tyranny of native rulers, whose degraded position renders them incapable of entertaining enlightened views upon the subject of government, and almost of having any regard for the welfare of their subjects; and we have instituted a system for the administration of justice, which Lord Campbell lately denounced in the House of Lords as such that no language, however strong, could adequately describe its enormities; and yet, for the remedy of these, to say the least, frightful blunders, nothing is done; no outcry is raised, no one is called to account. The few who have hitherto ventured to hint that all is not exactly as it should be, have been set down as ignorant or disappointed maligners, to answer whom was nobody's duty. There almost appeared to be a kind of general opinion that they could do no wrong who had opened such fields of glory to our arms, and were maintaining by the wisdom of their administration as great an empire as that of Rome.

Happily, however, during the last few months, a great change has been effected in the public mind. Parliament and the country have been suddenly awakened to the magnitude of the interests at stake. Information on all that concerns India is now eagerly demanded; nor, all things considered, ought we to be dissatisfied at the quality and measure of the information with which we are being supplied. In the House of Lords, several Indian authorities, with the Earl of Ellenborough at their head, have spoken very much to the purpose, their views in the main indicating an honest desire to meet the necessities of the case, as those necessities are likely to be estimated at the present day. In the House of Commons we hear loud expressions of an earnest desire for full inquiry and complete information. One can hardly find time for the books and pamphlets which are from

day to day appearing upon the subject. Nor have the daily and the periodical press been at all behindhand in their endeavours to interest the public about the forthcoming measure, to supply information, and, as far as our information goes at present, to guide opinion. The government alone appears uninterested and unmoved. In making this remark, we confine ourselves merely to appearances, because we are unwilling to think ill of a new administration, especially as it combines with many fair promises so large a portion of the experience and ability of the House. We say this the more readily when we see at the Board of Control one from whom we expect so much as we do from the new member for Kidderminster. Mr. Lowe must allow us the pleasure of saying, that his *debüt* in the House of Commons did not go beyond the very high estimation we had formed of his abilities from an attentive observation of his Australian career; which a previous conviction that his name would one day be known in the great world led us to make. The readjustment of the government of India requires not only the faculty, and that too in the highest degree, of mastering details, but pre-eminently a well-informed, unprejudiced, and fearless mind. These qualifications we know that Mr. Lowe will bring to the task; and though at present he occupies only the subordinate position of a secretary to the board, we feel no doubt but that the country will have occasion to thank him for the energy and ability which he will contribute towards the settlement of this question. Having formed so high an opinion of his powers, we congratulate India on the prospective advantages of his services, and himself upon his having been summoned at the very commencement of his parliamentary career to devote himself to what will be the greatest measure of the day, its difficulties being exceeded only by its magnitude and importance.

We must acknowledge that at the commencement of the Session (we are now writing these pages during the Easter holidays), we felt, in consequence of the tone of the ministerial replies to questions upon this subject, very great misgivings as to the character of the forthcoming India bill. It appeared that the government was determined to legislate rather upon foregone conclusions than upon complete information, evidence as yet having been received only upon one of the eight heads of inquiry, under which the subject had been referred to the committees of the two Houses; and this portion, too, of the evidence being in itself most incomplete, as no native of India, or any one indeed excepting persons employed by, or connected with, the Company had been heard. It appeared also that

there was a design of making the new settlement little more than a re-enactment of the old. We now, however, trust that the interest which has been created on all sides, and that the light which is streaming in from all quarters, will lead to legislation of a more satisfactory character, at all events, to the postponement of the great definitive measure until the fullest information has been received, and the amplest consideration given to the subject.

We are totally opposed to the continuance of the system of settling, as has hitherto been done, the government of India for a definite period of years. In the former position of the Company, it having at first been a trading corporation, and in 1834 having large assets to realize, a fixed period was necessary, in order, in the first instance, that its commercial transactions might not be damaged by a feeling of insecurity, and afterwards, in order that it might have sufficient time to withdraw from business. Upon these grounds, the imperial parliament consented, on former occasions, to tie its own hands for terms of twenty years. The last, however, of these terms, has now expired, and, together with it, every reason for such forbearance as respects the future. The Company's commercial affairs have long ago been completely wound up; and with respect to what was originally their stock, parliament has guaranteed its repayment, and in the meantime the payment of the dividend. The question, therefore, comes before us entirely *de novo*. There is now no more reason why parliament should abnegate the power of legislating for India for a period of years than for its doing this with respect to Ireland or Australia. The only plausible objection that can be made must be grounded upon the character of the empire itself: it might be said that perpetual legislation would engender perpetual agitation and uncertainty, which would be dangerous in India. The answer to this is, that the nearest approach which can be made to final legislation would be a large and wise measure, establishing at once all that we now have sufficient knowledge to perceive is required by the empire, a measure which would not render necessary any future remodelling of the government, but merely such minor modifications and adaptations as time ever necessitates in all human institutions; while, on the other hand, nothing can be imagined more likely to unsettle the minds of our Indian subjects than their finding that every ten or twenty years their government is about to undergo such a revision as may amount to a revolution. The fact is, that this permanency has hitherto been sought, not as an advantage to India, but on account of its value to the directors, as it would enable them to feel that their power and patronage

were secure for so many years more. They naturally enough have fought hard, hitherto with success, to obtain 'fixity of tenure.'

At the head of the works which have been recently written with a view to the present juncture in the history of our Indian empire, we are disposed to place Mr. Campbell's *Modern India*, and his *India as it may be*. In the former of these he aims at giving an intelligible account of the empire as it now is, of the actual condition of the people who inhabit it, of its finances, its civil and military establishments, its administration, its laws, its resources, and its commerce. In the latter he details the reforms which he is desirous of seeing introduced into the different departments of the administration of the empire. Both works are very comprehensive, going at the same time into sufficient detail to give serviceable working knowledge upon most parts of the subject. To every one who wishes to understand what we are about in the East we recommend these volumes, to which we are ourselves indebted for several of the facts contained in the foregoing pages. It will hardly be necessary to warn our readers that Mr. Campbell's connexion with the present government of India obliges us, in some respects, to receive his evidence as that of a friendly, almost of an interested, witness. His prepossessions, however, in favour of the present system are not so decided as to lessen to any very great extent the value of his opinions and recommendations; still we think it necessary to remark, both that he does not expose, as much as a writer on India possessing his complete knowledge of the subject, might have done, and we think was bound to do, the grievous enormities of our administration of justice, and that he regards far too favourably, and treats much too leniently, the general shortcomings and inherent inefficiency of our cumbrous Indian government. With these exceptions,—and we may allow that his position forbade his speaking out on these points—he is generally equal to his subject. In saying this we wish it to be understood that we do not everywhere agree with him. For example, Mr. Campbell proposes the amalgamation of the Court of Directors and of the Board of Control, the President of the latter, with very large powers, becoming the President of the amalgamated body: this court he would have composed partly of members elected, as at present, by the holders of India stock, and partly nominated from those who had served the empire well, and had spent a certain number of years in India; he would also allow the members of this court to retain a certain portion of the patronage of India. We, however, would not allow the holders of India stock, whose incompetency to elect the fittest persons has long been proved, to retain this franchise. Besides, the extinction of

this stock itself has been provided for by act of parliament. We would therefore suggest that, the supreme and presidential governments of India having been reformed and constituted in some such manner as we have already proposed, a certain number of offices should, under certain circumstances, be considered curule, or as entitling any person who had held one of them to a seat in the senate of the Indian home government, on his presenting a certificate from the Supreme Indian government that there was nothing to disqualify him, and on a majority of the senate consenting that it should be registered. The effect of this would be to give to our Indian minister a senate, or council, composed of all those who, having risen to eminence in India, had retired to this country with unblemished characters.

We also object to the manner in which he proposes to continue to supply the civil and military services by the patronage of his newly constructed Court of Directors. We say, let the career of India be open to all, and let a youth's own merit be his only patron. We also think it utterly inadmissible that the military service should in any degree be made, as Mr. Campbell proposes, the refuge of those who may prove incapable of coming up to the standard required for the civil service. We are thoroughly persuaded that the peculiar character of the military service of India makes great ability as necessary a qualification for that service as for the civil. And this necessity will be still more urgent should the number of European officers in each regiment be reduced in the wholesale way he proposes, and to the wisdom of which we assent for the reasons adduced by Mr. Campbell.

He very properly recommends that the Supreme Indian government should contain an agrarian department, with what we should call a cabinet minister at its head. Considering how large a portion of the revenue is raised from the land, indeed, that the government occupies throughout India the position of landlord, so that the prosperity of the whole people depends upon the principles upon which this revenue is assessed, we at once acknowledge that something of this kind is imperiously demanded. Mr. Campbell has much to say upon this subject. There remains, however, upon our minds the conviction that it is in this department of administration that we have made the greatest mistakes, and that in it lies the widest and most fertile field for future ameliorations. For ourselves we are disposed to affirm, that wherever the government is the universal landlord, especially in a purely agricultural country, the inhabitants must remain in a depressed condition. The accumulation of wealth by individuals will be almost impossible, as the government will absorb the rent which, under the circumstances, is the only

surplus from which accumulations can be made (of course there are other sources for such accumulations in commercial and manufacturing countries). It must, however, be observed, that if a wealthy landed class were to grow up throughout India, feelings of independence and of impatience at foreign subjection would soon be found among them, which feelings would inevitably be fatal to our rule. We are of opinion that these opposite facts must be duly weighed before we can determine definitively the principles upon which our land revenue is to be raised.

We particularly commend to the attention of our readers all that Mr. Campbell says respecting the transference of the Supreme government to the temperate climate of the hills, and there founding an impregnable European capital in a district capable of European colonization, as the heart and centre of the empire. He indicates a locality which he considers well adapted for such a capital, and which we confess appears to us to possess every advantage.

Mr. Bruce Norton's pamphlet on the administration of Justice in the Presidency of Madras supplies us with a very forcible picture of the disgraceful incompetency of those with whom we have filled the judgment seats of Southern India; and as this department throughout the rest of India is supplied from the same sources and in the same manner, we suppose we may take it for granted that Madras is, in this respect, not much worse off than the other presidencies.

The native petitions from Bombay, and Madras, and Calcutta, are well worthy the attention of those who are desirous of knowing in what way our rule is regarded by our Indian subjects.

But we know of nothing likely to contribute so much towards divesting this question of all irrelevant considerations, and placing it in such a light as shall enable public opinion to arrive at just and practical conclusions respecting what ought to be done, as the fact that it has been well taken up at Manchester. Here, then, at last, we have a large, clear-sighted, and influential portion of the British public directly and strongly interested in securing good government for India, and advancing its prosperity. This has all along been the great want. We may now look forward with confidence to the realization of our hope that parliament would some day legislate for India, not upon the supposition that it was merely a valuable preserve for the patronage of four-and-twenty directors, but that it was in itself a mighty empire, and that its interests were not to be made to subserve to its enormous detriment even those of the United Kingdom; but that the interests of both were to be regarded as absolutely identical, our wants and those of India being strictly reciprocal and correlative.

ART. VII.—*St. Hippolytus and the Church of Rome in the earlier part of the Third Century. From the newly discovered Philosophumena.* By CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, D.D. 8vo. Pp. 319. Rivingtons. 1853.

GENIUS is said to be irritable; but if we take the achievements of a German author according to his own estimate of them, nothing can be imagined as better adapted to minister to the tranquil and complacent, in the experience of its possessor, than genius—especially when it happens to be genius, as it commonly is among our Teutonic neighbours, of a brilliant description. It somehow comes to pass, that when a German puts his hand to a theme, two things may generally be predicated concerning it—nothing done before in relation to it has been at all worthy of the subject, and nothing that may be done afterwards can be other than an impertinence. The field has been left open to the coming man; and it is sure to be cultivated in the highest style of proficiency by the man when he comes. It is in this exalted fashion that our German brethren demean themselves towards each other; and we may be sure that it is much in this fashion that they demean themselves towards those whom they account as aliens in language and training. Among these aliens we poor English have our place, and large is the share of pity that falls to us. Often are we told, and in the calmest manner possible, that we are lamentably ignorant—knowing nothing. But from some cause or other we are generally slow in coming ourselves to that conclusion. Often are we assured, and in tones which bespeak great commiseration, that we are very obtuse, so much so, that it is almost a lost labour to attempt to teach us how to open our eyes. But here again our incredulity comes into play, and we persist in thinking that we do see quite as far as our censors, and, in some cases, a little further. It is now some forty years since Coleridge assured the British public, that nothing was farther from his thoughts than the notion that the mind of Sir James Mackintosh should be found capable of apprehending the higher speculations of his Germanized philosophy. So early did the modest and amiable qualities which have proved so characteristic of this school make their appearance among us. Of course, to reason with people accounted so little susceptible is concluded to be vain; and dogmatism, upon an enormous scale, is put into requisition in the place of reason. But this, also, is without effect. We listen, and look, and wonder, our chief astonishment sometimes being, that the parties who take upon them to tutor us after this manner should ever be found beyond the oversight of a keeper.

We speak of this as the feeling *generally* evinced by Englishmen, when our German doctors attempt to take them in hand; but it is not thus in all cases. The rule has its exceptions. There are men in this country who place themselves so freely under such guidance, that it is difficult to say to what lengths their Anglo-Germanic passion may not lead them. Very soon they learn to shrug the shoulder, and to curl the lip, whenever our English learning or our English thinking is mentioned as a something worth caring about. You are not long in discovering that this goodly land of ours is, in their view, a sorry noodle-dom—a very Bœotia. But the sympathies which these gentlemen lack on a broader surface, they find, and find in a degree proportionately more intense, in a narrower one. Very genial to themselves are the confederations they form for their common protection and their common interest. As the few wise amidst the many foolish, they are very helpful of each other. Never, since literature began to have a history, have men dealt so largely in the ‘splendid traffic’ of praise for praise. To-day, some one is a great man, by reason of some great thing he has done; to-morrow, the eulogist finds that he too is a great man, by reason of some great thing he *means* to do; and men who cannot be praised for what they have done or mean to do, become famous on the ground of what they *could* do, whether they mean to do it or not. So mindful are the members of this guild to reciprocate good offices. Sometimes this is done in published treatises, sometimes anonymously, and through all sorts of channels, from the columns of a provincial newspaper, up to the pages of a quarterly. Nor is it enough that there should be this laudation one of another; it is deemed fitting to bespatter every man, as far as may be, who shall refuse to join in it. The object of the compact—a tacit one it may be, but a real one nevertheless—is manifestly twofold, to help reputations, for special reasons, in some connexions, and to damage reputations, for special reasons, in others. There is hardly a section of our journalism into which this influence is not extending itself, and where the vanity of a coterie may not be gratified at costs which, in our judgment, are of a somewhat grave description. Were it not that there are some serious interests that may be injured by it, the aspect of this business is so unmanly—so utterly childish, that it would be simply amusing.

To this time we have seen no criticism on Dr. Bunsen’s *Hippolytus* that has not borne the appearance of being more or less of this coterie origin. In that work, many points of religious doctrine, and many points of polity and discipline received among us, are directly impugned. But no exception has been taken to any of these matters in quarters where something

of the kind might reasonably have been expected. It has been intimated, indeed, that the volumes contain much that will offend, but the feeling of offence has been passed by as a trivial or bigot affair, to which little heed should be given. If we mistake not, it is not our mood to be soon frightened by symptoms of this nature nor are we much disposed to fret about the mere mint and cumin of orthodoxy; but we must confess that we do not feel at liberty to hold great Christian interests thus lightly. We know what a little plain-speaking will sometimes do, but there is a sort of mischief which one cannot but feel a pleasure in perpetrating—and instances of anger that have an agreeable signification.

Dr. Bunsen, in common with the better class of his countrymen, can write nothing which it will not be well for Englishmen to read. But his learning is greatly in advance of his judgment; his philosophy and criticism, highly as he may prize them, are ever tending to lead him astray; and there is much more trustworthiness in his religious feeling than in his religious opinions. We esteem him highly on many grounds, but we have learnt the necessity of reading him with discrimination, and we naturally wish others to make themselves acquainted with his pages in the same spirit.

We have more than one reason for wishing to call the attention of our readers to the volume at the head of this article, though it must be very briefly done. Dr. Bunsen has said, that notwithstanding the certainty with which certain points have been settled, according to his judgment, by the help of this treatise by Hippolytus, he has no doubt that some of 'the old school doctors' in this country will remain unconvinced, and will be found endeavouring to set forth their case anew. It is even so. Here is Dr. Wordsworth, canon of Westminster, and late fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, a gentleman whose writings are marked by that quiet, unpretending, but thorough scholarship, of which the examples in the history of our theological and ecclesiastical literature are happily not few—sending forth a volume, in which, beside showing the bearing of the Hippolytus treatise on the Romish controversy, he throws much new light on the life and writings of this ancient father, now supplementing the pages of Dr. Bunsen, and now correcting them.

To most English readers, the history, and the name even, of Hippolytus, has been almost as much lost as the treatise *On Heresies*. But it should not be overlooked, that what has now been made familiar to the public, through the pages of Dr. Bunsen, in relation to the general history of this father, has been known, for the most part, to scholars, very long since. The following is Dr. Wordsworth's account of what was done more than a

hundred years ago to settle the point of the relation of St. Hippolytus to the Portus Romanus.

‘Rather more than a century ago, Cardinal Ottoboni was Bishop of Porto—the ancient Portus—a maritime city, which is situated at the northern mouth of the Tiber, about fifteen miles from Rome, and had enjoyed considerable commercial celebrity in former times. He possessed a noble library, and endeavoured to restore the architectural beauty of his Episcopal City, which in the lapse of ages had fallen into decay.

‘In his zeal for the restoration of the ecclesiastical edifices of Portus, he did not forget the names of those among his predecessors who had reflected honour on his see in earlier ages. Of these, one stood pre-eminent; one, whom he numbered in the lineage of his own episcopal ancestry, had shed lustre not only upon the See of Portus, but on the Western Church, and on Christendom at large. He had been celebrated for holiness and orthodoxy, for learning and eloquence; he was reckoned among the Saints and Martyrs of the Western Church. He was also venerable for his antiquity; he had flourished in the second and third centuries of the Christian era. He had been a scholar of St. Irenæus, who, in his youth, had listened to St. Polycarp, the disciple of St. John. This was St. Hippolytus.

‘It was the earnest desire of Cardinal Ottoboni, Bishop of Portus, to do honour to the memory of this great man. We may well sympathize with him in his wish, while we cannot but regret the means to which he resorted for its accomplishment.

‘The Bishop of Porto,—being a Suffragan of Rome, having the oversight of one of the churches anciently called Suburbicarian, from their vicinity to the *Urbs* or city of Rome, and one of those who are now designated ‘Cardinal Bishops,’ and being among those prelates whose office it has been from time immemorial to consecrate the Bishop of Rome, exercises considerable influence in the Roman Conclave. Cardinal Ottoboni endeavoured to obtain a Pontifical brief for the sanction of a special Office in honour of St. Hippolytus; to be used annually in the diocese of Portus, on the 22nd of August, the day in which he is commemorated in the Breviary and Martyrology of Rome. Some circumstances, however, had then recently occurred, which obstructed the execution of his design. Many local traditions, it is true, were known to exist at Portus, connecting the name of St. Hippolytus with that city and see. He was, and is at this day, regarded as the patron of the diocese. And the testimony of those who had applied themselves to the study of ecclesiastical history, since the revival of letters in Europe, to the end of the seventeenth century, had been almost unanimous in favour of the claim of Portus to the possession of that inheritance. That St. Hippolytus, the scholar of St. Irenæus, had been Bishop of Portus Romanus, or the harbour of Rome, two miles to the north of Ostia, had been affirmed by the most celebrated church historians and Divines of Rome, such as Cardinals Baronius and Bellarmine, and had been acknowledged as indubitable by the most learned theologians of other Churches, as, for

example, by Archbishop Ussher, Henry Dodwell, Bishop Beveridge, and Bishop Bull.

‘But in the year 1685, a learned Theologian of Holland, Stephen Le Moyne, published at Leyden his *Varia Sacra*,’ in which he controverted the ancient and generally received tradition concerning St. Hippolytus. He did not deny that Hippolytus was a bishop; he acknowledged him as a martyr; he admitted that he had flourished early in the third century. But he would not allow that he had ever sat in the episcopal see of Portus, near Rome. Relying on certain notices occurring in some ancient writers, Le Moyne would have transferred St. Hippolytus from the genial clime of Italy and the banks of the Tiber, to the stern wilds of Arabia, and to the shores of the Red Sea. He would have made him a Bishop of the Roman Emporium at Aden, near what are called the Straits of Babel Mandev, on the southern coast of Arabia.

‘Le Moyne’s theory, which was defended with ingenuity and learning, found favour in various quarters. Dr. Cave adopted it in England; Dupin and Tillemont in France; Spanheim and Basnage in Holland. Asseman in Italy appeared disposed to do the same. Portus was in danger of being deprived of its most illustrious ornament—the Bishop and Martyr, St. Hippolytus.

‘Errors are not without use, as ministering occasions for the firmer establishment of truth. So it fared in the present case. It happened, fortunately for the honour of Portus, and for the fame of Hippolytus, that the See of that city was filled at the time to which we refer, by a Prelate eminent for his love of literature, and distinguished by zeal and enthusiasm for the past, and by affectionate regard for the memory of his own Predecessors, Cardinal Pietro Ottoboni. It was also a happy circumstance that his rich library was under the judicious care of one of the most accomplished Scholars and laborious Antiquarians that Italy could then boast, Constantino Ruggieri.

‘Ruggieri had been invited from Bologna, to settle at Rome, when he was entrusted with the superintendence of the Press of the Propaganda.

‘Cardinal Ottoboni requested him to explore the archives in his own princely collection, and in other depositories within his reach, for the examination or discovery of documents relating to the see of Portus and to the history of St. Hippolytus; and he commissioned him to communicate the result of his inquiries in a dissertation on that subject. A happier selection could not have been made; a more competent person for such a task could not have been found. Ruggieri undertook the work, and prosecuted it with vigour and assiduity. In the year 1740 his Dissertation was ready for the press, and it was thought worthy of being printed with the types of the Vatican. It was seen and eulogized by Cardinal Lambertini, afterwards Benedict XIV. But unhappily before the entire volume could be printed, Cardinal Ottoboni died. Ruggieri fell into distress, and died also. Eighty pages of the work had been printed, but, unfortunately, there the impression stopped. The edition was dispersed; a great part of it

was consumed in fireworks for the Castel St. Angelo on St. Peter's Day, and, in fine, only five copies were saved. By a fortunate coincidence, one of these five, enriched with manuscript notes, fell into the hands of a learned Abbate of the diocese of Porto, Achille Ruschi. In the year 1771 he had prepared the Dissertation in a complete form for publication, and it appeared at Rome in that year, sanctioned with the approbation of the Maestro di Sagro Palazzo, and inscribed to the reigning pontiff, Clement XIV.

'This Dissertation of Ruggieri is distinguished by elaborate research and critical accuracy; and is composed in a clear and flowing style of terse and elegant Latinity. It would be difficult to specify any work of the same description which surpasses it in these respects. It throws much light incidentally on the history of St. Hippolytus. It also commends itself to the respect and gratitude of Englishmen by the candid spirit and courteous temper with which it appreciates the learned labours of Anglican Divines, especially Bishop Pearson, Dr. Hammond, and Bishop Bull.

'It appeared convenient and requisite to refer in this place to this important work, on account of its intrinsic merits; and because, though much has been recently written concerning the See of St. Hippolytus, little mention, if any, has been made of this Dissertation; and it seems almost to have been regarded as a modern discovery, that St. Hippolytus was Bishop of Portus near Rome. But the fact is, this matter was long since set at rest, and to write more upon it now would only be *actum agere*. The work of Ruggieri, published in 1771, exhausted that subject. It refuted, in the most triumphant manner, the theory of Le Moyne, and established, beyond the possibility of a doubt, that St. Hippolytus, the scholar of St. Irenæus, the Bishop and Martyr of the third century, whose character and works were held in high esteem and veneration by the Christian Church in his own and succeeding generations, and whose memory is revered in a particular manner by the Church of Rome, was Bishop of Portus, at the northern mouth of the Tiber, and was, consequently, one of the suburbicarian bishops of the Roman Church in the third century after Christ, whence he is often called, by ancient authors, not only 'Bishop of Portus, or of the Harbour near Rome,' but is designated frequently as 'a Roman Bishop,' and sometimes as 'Bishop of the City,' and even 'Bishop of Rome: for the ancient Roman province was sometimes called Rome.'—pp. 1—10.

Dr. Wordsworth sustains this statement by ample references. So little, accordingly, was there needing to be done on the point concerning the residence or see of St. Hippolytus.

Furthermore, the treatise *On Heresies*, it must be remembered, is discovered now for the first time only in part. It consists of ten books. The first of these books was discovered and printed nearly two centuries ago, and pertained to the portion of the treatise more particularly comprehended under the title of *Philosophumena*. It was printed, with a Latin translation, and

divided into sixteen chapters, in the best edition of the works of Origen, published in 1733. But it had been printed long before in the *Thesaurus* of Gronovius; and was printed separately in 1706 by Christopher Wolf, with a preface stating his reasons for thinking that the fragment ought not to be ascribed to Origen. We do not find that either Dr. Bunsen or Dr. Wordsworth has seen this publication by Wolf.* But it is worthy of note, that this first book is occupied with an account of the sects of the heathen philosophers, and contains comparatively little that Origen might not be supposed to have written. But that little was enough to excite the suspicion of Wolf; and had he seen the later books, especially the ninth, so full of personal history, the perusal of a few paragraphs would have sufficed to ripen his suspicion into certainty. He would at once have said this treatise could not have been written by Origen.

But if not written by Origen, then by whom was it written? It is at this point that the critical labours of Dr. Bunsen and our moderns begin to possess value. Dr. Wordsworth has assigned many reasons, in addition to those adduced by Dr. Bunsen, for attributing the treatise to St. Hippolytus; and has disposed of many conceivable objections to that conclusion which Dr. Bunsen has not dealt with. The work before us is a very useful supplement, and, in some respects, a material corrective of the work that preceded it. The two should be read together.

Dr. Wordsworth has given a literal translation of passages from the ninth and tenth books of the treatise *On Heresies*, which show that both Zephyrinus and Callistus, who succeeded Victor as bishops of Rome, were denounced by St. Hippolytus as heretics, and the bearing of this fact on the pretence of the popes to either infallibility or supremacy is fairly brought out. Care also is taken to fix attention on the fact, that the errors in doctrine and the dissoluteness in manners found thus among the members and leaders of the church in Rome in the time of Hippolytus, as on a fact serving to explain the purpose of providence in the persecutions that were suffered to come upon the Church in those early ages. Dr. Wordsworth would also have his readers be observant of the short-sightedness of the reasoning which assumes that the great guarantee for Christian purity lies in a severance

* 'Compendium Historiæ Philosophicæ Antiquæ sive Philosophumena, quæ sub Origenis nomine circumferuntur, Editæ primum ex Codice Bibliothecæ Medicæ a Jac. Gronovio, V.CL. in Thesaurο Antiquitatum Græc. Tom. X. jam vero recognita, & notis uberioribus illustrata passimque correctæ, a M. Jo. Christophoro Wolfio, præmissa est præfatio, qua ostenditur, libri Scriptorem incertum esse, adeoque nec Huetii, nec Galei, nec Gronovii, de eo sententias aut Conjecturas firmis rerum argumentis niti.—Accedunt ad calcem CL. Gronovii nota integra. Hamburgi Impensis Christiani Liebezeit.—Imprimebatur Literis Reumannianis 1706.'

of the Church from the worldly influence of a state-alliance—seeing that these flagitious deteriorations were existing thus early, from causes quite apart from such influences. But our author can hardly mean to say, that because the corruption of Christianity may come from many sources quite independent of alliance with the State, that *therefore* the connexion of Church and State should not be numbered among the causes taking such tendencies along with them. To reason thus would be absurd; and not to reason thus, in this case, is not to reason at all.

But while Dr. Wordsworth is concerned that protestantism should not lose the advantage to be derived from the discovery of this Hippolytus treatise, care is taken, and no doubt will be taken, in other quarters, to ensure that Christianity itself shall derive as little aid as possible from that source. One of the most material points in this treatise consists in the evidence it furnishes on the vexed question concerning the date of the fourth gospel. Hippolytus introduces Basilides as commenting on the prologue to John's Gospel, and thus shows that composition to have been in existence, and to have become an authority among Christians, within twenty years of the lifetime of its author. Dr. Bunsen reckons this evidence decisive, and so, we should have supposed, would any man. But exception has been taken to it.*

It is the manner of Hippolytus to give the *history* of the heresies which he undertakes to refute. He traces them from the philosophical heathenism in which they are said to have their source, to the men who, as professed Christians, so elaborated and published them as thereby to have become heresiarchs. The author then descends in his narrative from the heresiarch to his followers. It is in this manner that he treats on the heresy of Basilides, stating the doctrine of the leader as set forth by himself, and also as iterated by his disciples.

But an attempt has been made to confound what is given us as said by the master, as belonging to an earlier period, with what is given us as said by the disciples, at a later period—so as to make it appear, that it is not Basilides who deposes to the existence of John's Gospel as an authority in the first quarter of the second century; but that it is his followers merely, who are found using it an authority, a century later. If this be so, of course the whole controversy as regards the date of the fourth Gospel remains as it was. But the case is not so. The following is a translation of one of the passages which have been thus interpreted:—

‘Now *Basilides*, and *Isidorus his son and disciple*, say that Matthew

* *Westminster Review*, April, 1853, pp. 574—577.

communicated to them secret doctrines, in which he had been privately instructed by the Saviour. Let us see, then, how palpably *Basilides*, and *Isidorus*, and *the whole set of them*, speaks falsely, not merely concerning Matthew, but concerning the Saviour himself. There was a time, *he says*, when nothing was, but even the nothing was not an existing thing, but barely, absolutely, without any sophistical quibbling, was no one thing whatever.'—*Miller*, p. 130.

Now, here, we have three parties mentioned, 'Basilides,' 'Isodorus,' and 'the set;' whose opinions are expressed by a singular verb (*καταψεύδεται*), '*speaks falsely*.' In the same page the other singular verb following—(*φησί*), '*says*,' occurs seven times. It has been said that we should consider *χορὸς*, '*the set*,' as the nominative to all these, and that, therefore, as far as this authority is concerned, we know now no more about the opinions or language of Basilides himself than we did before. But let any one read this whole passage in Hippolytus—considering '*the set*' as the nominative to this seven times repeated *φησί*—'*says*,' the intent being to give the language of an authority,—and the incongruity will strike an unprejudiced reader at once; such reiterated appeals to a certain statement of doctrine obviously indicate allusion, not to the general notions of a party, but to the teaching of an individual. We are persuaded, and we doubt not scholars generally will agree with us, that the reference throughout this whole passage is to Basilides—that the verb (*καταψεύδεται*) is singular, because it is of Basilides Hippolytus speaks, and Isodorus and the set are introduced parenthetically—so much so, that he does not think it worth while to change the verb from singular to plural on that account—and then in the next and following sentences he is occupied altogether with the teaching of Basilides, whose name, which stands at the head of this paragraph, is the natural nominative of every succeeding *φησί*, '*says*.' If Hippolytus had written *καταψεύδονται*, every one would have recognised in Basilides the only proper nominative to the following *φησί*; that he has not so done appears to us to show that so far from merging Basilides in his followers, the heresiarch is uppermost in his thoughts, and the allusion to Isodorus and the party is merely thrown in by the way. The mere proximity of *χορὸς* to *καταψεύδεται* is a circumstance too unimportant to justify an interpretation which would change in a manner so unlikely the whole bearing of the paragraph. On the whole, we feel bound to say, that this selection of *χορὸς*—'*the set*,' as the nominative in this passage, to the exclusion of Isodorus and of Basilides himself, is a piece of wilful and arbitrary criticism, such as would not have occurred to the mind of any unprejudiced scholar.

We give the translation of another passage on which a similar criticism has been founded:—

‘Now *Basilides himself* (Basilides here is in emphatic red letters in the MS.) says that God is non-existent (so in an obscure philosophical sense) and that the world is made out of things non-existent, that a seed is cast like a seed of mustard, which contains within itself the future trunk, leaves, shoots, and fruit; or like the egg of a peacock, which contains within itself the many various colours of the future bird, and this *they call* (*φασί*, plural) the seed of the world, from which all things are produced.’—p. 320.

Here there no doubt seems to be a gliding off from what Basilides had said, to what his followers say, but who, on looking to this passage simply in search of its natural meaning, would fail for a moment to see what there is here as said by Basilides, and also what is said by the Basilidians? It is observable, too, that the form of expression here is in the present tense—‘Basilides himself *says*’ (*λέγει*)—which would be natural to one having the writings of Basilides before him, and giving his account of the sayings of the heresiarch from a source where he was still speaking. Had inverted commas been in use among the Greeks, to mark quotations, we doubt not that these passages would have been given us so marked. The sentences take with them the authority of extract as much as such citations in Greek authors generally do. It should be stated, also, that the text is throughout in a very sorry state, and the editor has very properly suggested in a foot note, that *φασίν*, ‘he calls,’ should probably be inserted here instead of *φασί*, ‘they call.’ But were the reason for such an emendation much less probable than it is, to pretend that we cannot confide in what Basilides is reported to have said in this connexion, because it appears to be supplemented by something that his followers have said, is about as rational as it would be to insist that nothing can be learnt with certainty as to the opinions of Bentham, unless it be given us wholly apart from anything about the iteration of those opinions by the Benthamites. It is enough in such instances that the distinction is kept up between the disciples and the master, and this is done in the case of Basilides and his followers, with a clearness that leaves no room for mistake. We present our readers with one more passage on which this novel sort of criticism has been exercised:—

‘It was not easy, however, to assign any motive cause in consequence whereof anything non-existent should have come into being, by the act of a non-existent God—for *Basilides* avoids with the utmost dread the supposition of subsistences (essences) as the cause produc-

ing the things that are. What need of pretending any such means of supposing any kind of primal matter out of which God was to fashion the world, as a spider spins his web, or as a mortal man takes and works up brass or wood, or any other material? Nay, *says he*, 'He spake, and it was done.' [And this say these men is the meaning of what is said by Moses—let there be light, and there was light.] Whence, *he says*, came the light? From nothing. For it is not written, *says he*, from whence it came, except from the voice of him that spake, but he, *he says*, did not exist, nor was that which was produced existent. The seed of the world sprang, *he says*, from things non-existent—the word spoken, let there be light—and this, *he says*, is what is said in the gospels. *This was the true light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world?*—p. 232.

The two lines in this paragraph that are parenthetical, referring to something said by the disciples of Basilides, we have placed in brackets. This done, the reader will see, that Basilides is the nominative necessarily pervading the whole passage. Nevertheless, because these two lines happen to be in the paragraph, noting something said by the Basilidians, all that is here recorded as said by Basilides himself is to be accounted as said by some one, but by whom no one can hope to know with any certainty. If Greek admits of being construed thus, the sooner all men have done with Greek the better.

By leaving the passages we have translated in their natural significance, it becomes a settled point, that the fourth Gospel must have been written by the close of the first century, and by John himself—by wresting these passages from their obvious and natural meaning, as the critic in this case has done, the point as to the date of the important document in question is untouched by them. It should be remembered, too, that the critic who has taken this course assures us that he had *hoped* to find the evidence as to the early origin of this Gospel as decisive as it was said to be, and that it is a *great disappointment* to him to find that the case is not so—that the passages give us nothing from Basilides at all—nothing beyond a general description of the system bearing his name! We leave it to our readers to determine the interpretation that should be given to such language, as used in such a connexion.

It would be easy to extend corrective strictures of this nature to much beside in the same quarter, had we space at our disposal, and did it appear expedient. But the little we have said will suffice for our present object. The source from which such things have proceeded once, is one from which they are likely to proceed often—and we aim at no more just now than to suggest a little wholesome caution to the unsuspecting.

- ART. VIII.—(1.) *Treatises and Essays on Subjects connected with Economical Policy, with Biographical Sketches of Quesney, Adam Smith, and Ricardo.* By J. R. M'CULLOCH, Esq., Member of the Institute of France. Edinburgh : Adam and Charles Black.
- (2.) *Remarks on the Production of the Precious Metals, and on the Depreciation of Gold.* By MONS. MICHEL CHEVALIER, Member of the Institute of France. Translated by D. FORBES CAMPBELL, Esq. London : Smith, Elder, and Co., Cornhill.
- (3.) *Remarks on the Production of the Precious Metals, and on the Demonitization of Gold in several Countries of Europe.* By M. LEON FAUCHER. Translated by THOMPSON HANKEY, jun. London : Smith, Elder, and Co., Cornhill.

THE discovery of gold in immense quantities, first in California, and afterwards in Australia, is the most important event of modern times. It has instantly attracted the European population of America, the population of Europe, and the population of Asia, in a continuous stream, to the shores and islands of the Pacific. In less than five years a great city, abounding in all the facilities for carrying on a vast trade with Asia and Europe, has risen at San Francisco, and is continually and rapidly increasing. Its fine harbour makes it a natural site for one of the great marts of the world, to rival hereafter New York, or London. In still less time, a great population has been thrown on Australia ; it continues to increase, and is sure to raise a despised or a dreaded penal colony to be a mighty empire. The migrations to these two places from various quarters, equal in point of numbers the hordes which subverted the Roman empire, and the armies which, at the time of the Crusades, rolled back into Asia the tide of population. They are nuclei of amalgamation for the various families of mankind, similar to the United States, and will help to beat down the barriers of separate nationalities. The celerity, too, with which these already great communities have grown up, contrasts with the slow and painful establishment of Europeans in America after its first discovery—like railway motion with the wearisome progress of a caravan of camels. Aggrandized as that event is in our minds by all its subsequent consequences, we are slow to realize in the discoveries of gold on the shores of the Pacific an event of equal magnitude, more suddenly influential, and permanently likely to affect in as great a degree the fate of mankind, though that was the beginning of a vast physical and moral development of society. Our humble purpose, however, is only to trace some of the probable consequences of the gold discoveries over the money of the world,

though these cannot be understood without some slight reference to their more important consequences; and had we not briefly referred to them, we might have degraded an event in the estimation of our readers, that, in our own estimation, stands second to no one in the geographical and physical history of mankind.

The authors, whose works stand at the head of the present article, all of them celebrated men, take very different views of the effect of the gold discoveries on the future value of money. In only one or two passages of Mr. M'Culloch's republication is the subject mentioned, though one of his treatises is on money. He says:—

'The late extraordinary increase in the supply of gold has led many persons to anticipate great inconvenience from the fall which may take place in its value. But supposing that *this fall* should, as appears most probable, *take place in the end*, there is no ground for concluding that it will be brought about otherwise than *by slow degrees*; and if so, it will not occasion any injurious disturbance. About 140 or 150 years elapsed, from the discovery of America, before the influx of bullion from the new into the old world produced its full effect. And it is *doubtful*, considering the *vastly increased field* for the employment of gold and silver, whether the supplies from Siberia, California, and Australia, *will speedily exercise* any very material influence.'—p. 47.

M. Leon Faucher, whose pamphlet has been translated by the late governor of the Bank of England, also takes an encouraging view. After referring to the intercourse already opened between China and the new gold-producing countries, he continues—

'Nothing appears more likely to restore the confidence of those who have taken alarm at the abundance of gold than the consideration of the almost unlimited extent of the market. What people, civilized or uncivilized, agricultural or manufacturing, do not enter into a competition for a supply? What are the millions of francs extracted from the Cordilleras when compared with the capital created by the labour of the inhabitants of the whole globe? The combined washings of the Altai, California, and Australia, during a quarter of a century, would be required to produce a sum *equal to the annual revenue of England alone*. This unexpected harvest of the precious metals is but an addition to a common fund of wealth; it cannot produce a deep or a durable impression on the almost incalculable mass of wealth already existing in the world.' (p. 93.) 'In fact, the change in the relative value of gold and silver, which was so strongly anticipated, appears anything but imminent. If any great change is *now taking place*, it appears to be rather a *simultaneous depreciation* in the value of both metals.'—p. 100.

M. Michel Chevalier, whose researches into the statistics of

the precious metals are the most valuable of any living author, is of a decidedly different opinion from M. Leon Faucher and Mr. M'Culloch. He and his translator both agree—

‘That the supplies of gold now pouring into Europe must, at an early period, occasion an immense rise in the price of all commodities.’ (p. vii.) ‘The depreciation of the precious metals may be checked in consequence of the enhanced demand, counteracting, to some extent, the augmented supply ; but the final result, supposing the production to prove permanent, is, nevertheless, certain.’—p. 61.

These strong, yet contradictory opinions, were expressed before the last arrivals from Australia, which teach us to expect from the province of Victoria alone gold to the amount of 16,000,000*l.* a-year; and before the publication of the inquiries that have been instituted by authority into the diffusion of the precious metals through that continent, which result, in the conviction of scientific men, that its gold-fields ‘extend over its great backbone, far beyond the present limits of investigation,’ and offer to industry a large supply of gold for ages to come. The contradictory conclusions of these gentlemen, high as is their authority, formed as they obviously have been on imperfect information, cannot satisfy us; and we must endeavour to work out from such facts as are before us a fair appreciation of some probable consequences of these great discoveries on the future value of the precious metals.

Let us put in the front of our battle some facts to show the existence of a great want of gold and silver. Our readers are no doubt aware that, about 1819, some rich deposits of gold, extending over an immense surface, were discovered in Eastern Russia and Siberia. Between that time and the end of 1847, it is estimated that gold to the value of 36,000,000*l.*, or, on the average, 1,200,000*l.* per year, was obtained from this source. But the supply, small at first, went on gradually increasing; and by the year 1847, amounted—as M. Chevalier states, but rather under the mark—to 4,000,000*l.* per annum. He gives, too, an elaborate table of the annual produce of the precious metals in 1846, in which the supply of gold from Russia is put down at 3,414,427*l.*; and the supply from all the rest of the world, exclusive of China and Japan, at 2,432,325*l.*, making a total of 5,846,752*l.* For some years, therefore, previous to the Californian discoveries, the quantity of gold annually produced had been considerably more than doubled by the Russian supplies; and no persons, except a few public writers, took any heed of the matter. This is the more remarkable, inasmuch as the discovery was nearly contemporaneous with our return to cash payments, and contributed, though the consequence has hitherto been unnoticed, to the success of that measure. That great increase of gold had

no perceptible effect on prices. Instead of there being a rise of price from 1819 to 1848, there was a great, a continual, and a general fall of price, both previous and subsequent to the alterations in our commercial code in 1842; and therefore, wholly independent of them. That general fall of prices which, in the main, was common to all the commercial world, is a proof that, notwithstanding the great increase in the supply of gold, it was insufficient; and, in relation to all other commodities, was continually increasing in value.

Nor is the supply of Russian gold a mere trifle in comparison to the accumulated gold of the world. According to M. Chevalier, the latest and the best authority—though we must say that we place but little reliance on any of these general calculations, and only use them as the basis of our arguments, because they are the only ones accessible—according, however, to M. Chevalier, the total supply of gold during the whole three centuries, ending in 1848, inclusive of the Russian supply, may be valued at 565,000,000*l*. In about thirty years, therefore, Russia has produced nearly a thirteenth part of the total supply of gold for three centuries. Such a large addition in so short a period, producing no sensible effect on prices, is calculated to dissipate some of the alarm caused by the more recent and larger additions to the supply of gold.

Silver is more at the command of industry than gold, which is occasionally and in a manner different from all other metals showered on man almost like a miraculous gift. By an application of capital and labour, any quantity of silver, lead, iron, and copper, for which there is an effective demand, can be procured. Whatever may be the results of applying machinery to quartz crushing to procure gold, as now proposed, hitherto as the rule the quantity of gold has been almost incapable of increase; but in the process of centuries, the sites where it is deposited one after another, have been, as it were, revealed to man. It is well known that, for several years before the late discoveries of gold, the supply of silver, owing to improvements in the art of extracting it, and to the discovery of new and cheap supplies of quicksilver, was rapidly increasing. Thus, M. Chevalier tells us that, between 1827 and 1839, there was extracted from the lode of *Veta-Grande*, which had previously been considered exhausted, about 150,000,000 francs of silver. Rich mines have been found in Zacatecas, of which, ten years ago, no one surmised the existence. In 1827, the Fresnillo mine was abandoned; it yields now 10,000,000 francs a-year. To the north of the city of Mexico, where the unopened lodes, not known in Humboldt's time, are immense compared to the lodes hitherto worked, mining is now being prosecuted on a greater or less

scale. At the single town of Guanaxuato, from 140,000 to 150,000 dollars are coined weekly; and the coinage in 1852 was 7,300,000 dollars. In 1846, M. Chevalier estimates the total value of the silver produced in North and South America at 5,261,619*l.*; and in 1850, at 7,259,824*l.* or an increase of almost one-half in four years; and we know from the same private sources from which we derive our information of the produce of the mines of Guanaxuato, that the increase is still going on.

Now it is a remarkable but well-known fact, notwithstanding this great additional supply of silver, that the metal has continued very much in demand. The Bank of England possesses only 19,000*l.* of silver bullion; and our silver money has for some years only been kept in circulation by its value as bullion being much less than its value as coin. The scarcity of silver extends to the United States. Within four years nearly 8,000,000 of gold dollars, to supply the place of silver, have been coined; but such is still the scarcity, that one of the last acts of the late congress was to adulterate the silver coins, and lessen the bullion in them while their denominations are preserved, in order to keep them in circulation, by giving them (as coins) an artificial value. Every ounce of silver imported into England for many months past, has been immediately snapped up and exported to the continent of Europe, or to Asia. There has been, therefore, and there still is, a great want and real deficiency of silver, for purposes of commerce, though the supply has been for some years, and now is continually and very much enlarged.

It is also a fact about which there can be no dispute, that, during the period when these large additional supplies of Russian gold and American silver have been flowing into commerce, very great advances have been made in economizing the use of money. Banking, and all its ramified accommodations, particularly the substitution of cheques for cash in making comparatively small payments, and in settling an immense number of accounts, without making any payment at all—a stroke of a pen, a letter, the transmission of a piece of paper sufficing, instead of using thousands or millions of pounds sterling—has been within the last half century very much extended.

Such an improvement betokens a want of money, or it would not be advantageous; but while it has been going on, and substitutes to a very great extent have been found for money, there has been no rise of prices nor the least indication that money was too abundant. To compare these new facilities of exchange with the new gold discoveries may not be very practicable, they

being such different things; but we should conjecture that, so far as the use of the precious metals for money is concerned, the creation of money by banking facilities far surpasses in quantity all the produce of the mines of the world within the same period. The exact degree, however, is of less consequence than the mere fact that all these facilities, tantamount to a vast addition to the circulating medium, have had no visible effect in degrading the standard of value, or making money apparently more abundant.

These facts refer principally to the period immediately prior to the late discoveries, and it is in accordance with them that the large additional supply of gold recently obtained has only hitherto increased the demand for it. Of several commodities, such as hemp, flax, sugar, tallow, wool, &c., the supply was last year, from peculiar seasons and other causes, shorter than usual, and they have accordingly risen in price. But no general rise has taken place, nor any kind of rise that can be attributed to the gold discoveries, as augmenting the quantity of money, though they have stimulated exertion and led to much new enterprise, and promoted much additional consumption. At the same time, the increased quantity of gold coined has been enormous. The French mints have been actively at work; and of what has been done by them, and by the English, and the United States, we have the following accounts. The coinage of silver in England is wholly unimportant, and is therefore omitted.

Gold coined by the French Mints.

	Value
Average of the three years, 1848—1850, . . .	£1,842,181
„ „ ten months, 1851, . . .	10,077,252

And it must be remarked that the coinage in 1850, including probably some Californian gold, was 3,407,691*l.*; and the average of the two previous years was 1,159,427*l.* Thus in the last two years, 1850 and 1851, there was a large increase of the coinage in France, and, though we have not the official accounts, we know that the French mints have continued active throughout 1852 in coining gold.

Gold coined by the English Mint.

	Value
Average of the three years, 1848—1850, . .	£2,040,597
Average of the two years, 1851, 1852, . .	6,572,341

Total coinage of United States' Mints.

	Dollars
Average of the five years, 1845—1849, . .	10,400,929
Average of the three years, 1850—1852, . .	49,917,924

Thus in the two last years there was more than three times as

much gold coined in England as in the three previous years, on an average; and the quantity coined in 1852, be it observed, was 8,742,270*l.*, or more than four times the average of the preceding years. The increase in the coinage of the United States was entirely of gold; and there is abundant reason to believe that latterly the mints of other countries have not been idle, if they have not been unusually active. With all this additional supply of coined money, there is no abundance either in England, France, or in the United States. Quite the contrary; the money-market here has been comparatively stringent through the whole of the present year; the rate of interest, as every one knows, has advanced at least one per cent.; and the latest intelligence from the United States describes money as very scarce, and discount as varying between nine and ten per cent. for the very best paper. It is now nearly five years since gold was discovered in California, and hitherto its effects have been to stimulate industry, to extend trade, to raise the rate of interest, and increase the demand for money. If Australia and California have sent forth large supplies of gold, they have immediately raised up a large population, which demands money for its own purposes, and they have increased the demand for money wherever commerce extends. How much of the extra mintage of the United States may have gone to California we know not; but it is estimated that a sum of at least 8,000,000*l.* in sovereigns and half-sovereigns has been exported within a year from England to Australia.

Another obvious and important effect is an extension of the desire to possess gold; by finding it in the earth, and obtaining it by mere labour, it seems brought at once within the possible reach of all the labouring classes. 'They go to the 'Diggings' from all parts of the world to get it. The Chinese and the Hindoos are brought into contact with it, and acquire a passion for it which they are spreading over the whole continent of Asia. Already a gold coinage, though repudiated by the government, has become somewhat congenial to the wants of the Hindoos. Thus, a general desire always existing, we may almost say prepared beforehand as the gold was provided, has produced a corresponding and an effective demand for it. The knowledge of these discoveries has already spread over many countries, and awakened the slumbering desire for wealth in breasts which rarely felt it before. It stimulates exertion to get it, and to pay for it. It has already set enterprise in motion, from 'China to Peru'—neighbours by trade, though, in the eyes of the moralist, at the extreme ends of creation. A great part of the increased coinage has already gone into the hands of

the wealth-producing classes; and a very large increase has already taken place amongst the existing population, speaking of the whole world, of the number of persons who require and use gold either as ornaments or coins.

We state these facts first, in order to guard our readers from hastily adopting the prejudice that the quantity of gold alone is to be considered, and running to the conclusion that the recent discoveries of gold are to have similar effects to the increase of the quantity of the precious metal in Europe, consequent on the discovery of America, but greater in proportion to the greatness of the quantity. The question, limited to the effects on the currency of the increased supplies of gold, is not one merely of statistics and of finance, it is a very large question, embracing many moral considerations, and we can only hope, within the compass of this paper, to touch on some of them. To exhaust the subject is beyond our power, even if we had much more space and time than are at our command. The mere material part of the subject is astounding. Of all the high authorities, from Humboldt downwards, who have investigated the supplies of the precious metals, only one has at any time assumed the total annual supply of both gold and silver to be much more than 10,000,000*l.* At the beginning of the century his estimate was 10,200,000*l.*; but, according to Mr. M'Culloch, 'the average produce of the American and European mines was, in 1832, between 5,500,000*l.*, and 6,000,000*l.* including the Russian mines; or from 4,500,000*l.* to 4,000,000*l.* less than the annual produce at the beginning of the century' (*Dictionary voce Precious Metals*), or than Baron Humboldt's estimate. M. Michel Chevalier, who has studied the subject long, and written much about it, states that, owing to the increased supply from Russia subsequently to the beginning of the century, to a more plentiful yield of silver in Europe and America, and to a new supply from some parts of Asia, the production of the precious metals which reached the general market just before the discoveries of gold in California, was 975,000 kilogrammes of silver, and 72,000 kilogrammes of gold: or a total value of 464,000,000 francs — 247½ of which were gold, and 216½ silver. That is by far the largest estimate made by any person of the least authority, and it is much in excess of the table in his work we have already quoted. Taking the franc at 25 to the pound, it makes the total value of the annual supply of the two precious metals, 18,560,000*l.*; and the value of gold alone, 9,900,000*l.* We may assume therefore that, prior to the discovery of gold in California, the utmost amount of that metal produced by all the mines of the world, except those of

Japan and China, of which we know nothing, but which do not at present affect the bullion market of Europe, was 10,000,000*l.* a year.

The gold obtained from California and Australia amounts to more than three times that sum. The quantities of gold coined in the United States, the statements of mercantile circulars, the reports of shipping agents, all combine to assure us that the average yield of the mines of California in the years 1850, 1851, and 1852, was at least,—and it is greater in the present than in any previous year,—per annum £14,000,000

The latest accounts from Victoria assure us that the

annual yield will be 16,000,000

From the other parts of Australia the yield will be

at least 4,000,000

The total annual supply of the new gold will be

therefore 34,000,000

That is, nearly three times and a half as large a quantity of gold as was obtained before 1848. Large as that is, there is at present reason to suppose that it will for many years be every year augmented. Numerous emigrants are only now beginning to explore, and cultivate by all the helps of art, the vast gold fields of California and Australia. If we reason on the assumption that the depreciation of the value of money is to be in proportion to its quantity—or rather, according to the general rule, still greater, for a small excess of any commodity in the market depreciates its prices in a greater ratio than the excess—we shall jump at once to the conclusion that the sovereign in a short time will be only of the value of an attorney's fee. Say that the annual supply is only three-fold, shut out all moral considerations, and the arithmetical deduction is that the sovereign must speedily be worth only 6*s.* 8*d.*

Before that can be brought about the whole quantity of gold in the world must be affected. The estimate of M. Chevalier is that the total supply of gold to the European markets during the three centuries ending 1848, was of the value of 14,126,000,000 francs, or roughly 565,000,000*l.* If we assume that one-third of the total supply was annually wasted in all the operations of the arts, the wear and tear of coin, &c., &c., we shall roughly conclude that the whole quantity of gold in existence at the time of the new discoveries, and to be affected by them was 377,000,000*l.* To obtain an equal quantity from the new sources, at the present rate of supply, will require about eleven years. But, subtracting one-third for waste, we may assume that the whole quantity of gold in the world, to be employed as money, will be doubled in

about sixteen years. If we look only at the figures we shall be constrained to conclude that, in something more than twenty years, one-fifth of which is already gone, a bushel of wheat and a sovereign will about exchange for each other.

We cannot adopt Mr. M'Culloch's conclusion, that it will take a long period to bring about this change, if it is to come at all; for not only is the new supply relatively much greater than the new supply obtained on the first discovery of America, but the facility of communication is now so great, the precious metals are so readily diffused over the world, that if the depreciation is to be in proportion to the quantity, the chief foundation of the arguments of M. Chevalier, and of all the expectants of a great depreciation, the short time above indicated will be sufficient to bring about the result. The other consideration Mr. M'Culloch refers to, 'the vastly increased field for the employment of gold and silver,' must be relied on, if anything can be, to counteract the effects of the new discoveries.

M. Leon Faucher remarks, though not with strict truth, yet sufficient to indicate the source of a just hope that the value of the gold will not fall so rapidly and excessively as the quantity would suggest; that the washings of the Altai, California, and Australia, during a quarter of a century, would be required to produce a sum equal to the annual revenue (income) of England alone. M. Chevalier, too, observes, 'that vast as the whole sum of gold in the world is, it sinks into insignificance when contrasted with the aggregate product of other branches of human industry.' The chief use of the gold is as an instrument for measuring the value of other commodities, and for circulating them. If, therefore, they should be increasing as fast as the supplies of gold, little or no alteration may take place in its value; and the real thing to be ascertained, with a view to form correct conclusions as to the future value of gold, is the relation between the annual production of all other wealth, and the annual quantity of gold brought to market. Neither government statistics nor mercantile circulars inform us what that relation will be.

We have already stated some facts, to show that there was a great want of gold in the world. At present there is nowhere a great and a destructive war. At the period of the discovery of America the mass of the people of Europe were yet in the condition of serfs; industry, from being united with serfdom, was dishonoured; literature was just struggling into distinction; and the world, rather filled with men-at-arms than peaceful citizens, only honoured warriors, and was continually engaged in war. Now serfdom is extinguished nearly throughout Europe; industry is everywhere, but particularly in the United States and in

England honoured ; not only is war for the moment at an end, but the passions which lead to it seem to be dying out, and the general desire of all the industrious classes, now becoming throughout the world the most numerous and the most influential, is, that peace may be preserved. Wealth is everywhere sought by honest exertions. Ours is the age of steamboats, power-looms, gaslights, railroads, and telegraphs—the age of industry lightened, ennobled, and led on her path by the hand of genius,—the age of wealth created by skilful mental combinations, not crushed out of the bones of slaves,—and more admired for its origin than for its own sake.

What might have been the number of people in the world at the time of the discovery of America it is impossible to say. At that period the population of England and Wales was estimated at about four millions; but in 1851, it amounted to very nearly eighteen millions. We may safely assume, that it had increased in the interval four-fold. We dare not say that all the other nations of the world have increased in equal proportion; we know they have not, and that England has very much outstripped most of them in relative greatness. At the same time, none of the nations that were then in existence have died out or been extirpated; and there is good reason to believe, though most of them have fallen behind us, that they have all made some, and even considerable, progress. This is certainly true of France, Germany, Russia, the other northern nations which have almost kept their position relative to England. Spain has certainly not declined in population, nor has Italy much, taken as a whole, though it no more attracts to itself the wealth of Christendom. We shall scarcely overrate the increase of population in Europe generally since the discovery of America, if we assume that it has doubled. Within the same period, America has come to possess, including the British colonies in the north, the Portuguese and Spanish settlements in the south, the north and the centre, and including the American islands, a large gold consuming population, not less than fifty-seven millions, unknown to it at the period of its discovery. Thus, whatever might have been the population of the world at that time, we are quite certain, both from facts and the theory of population, that the number of people in the civilized world is now very much increased.

It is sufficient to have merely glanced at the progress of our own population and of the population of the United States, and compared it with the progress of population in other countries, to be satisfied that the number of people has increased faster in latter than in earlier times. All the peaceful arts by which men are clothed and fed, have gone forward, and so has population in

an accelerated ratio. In the last fifty-one years the population of England and Wales has nearly doubled; about the period of the discovery of America it required two centuries to make an equal progress. The population of the United States has almost doubled in twenty years. Thus not only is the gold consuming population of the world very much larger than at the period of the discovery of America, but it is now increasing very much faster. Provided food can be obtained, the law of increase is an accelerating ratio; and the present predominance of the peaceful arts gives us a hopeful assurance that in the same ratio food is multiplying.

To estimate, however, the ratio of increase of population and wealth in the world is beyond our power, and we shall not, therefore, undertake to say whether it equal or exceed, or how much or how little it may fall short of the new supply of gold. The fact, however, of the rapid increase of population and wealth within the last few years, and of the rapid increase of both, at present cannot be doubted. Even if the increase should not be great enough to preserve nearly unchanged the relation between the general supply of commodities and the supply of gold, we cannot fail to admire the coincidence. At the very time when population and wealth are increasing with unexampled rapidity, when trade is extending, forcing its way to freedom, and stimulating mankind to renewed and peaceful exertions, then large additional supplies of gold are given to form the necessary currency for a more numerous and a more wealthy population.

The contrast between the general pursuits of mankind, now, when the great majority are peaceful, industrious, and intelligent, when the fighting is left to the few the restless, and the stolid, and as they were, when the majority, as at the period of the discovery of America, were armed warriors and degraded serfs, vitiates all the arguments drawn, from what happened to the money of Europe in consequence of that discovery, to show what is likely to happen now. Most of the writers on the subject of the coinage have no other reason for now expecting a depreciation in the value of gold, than the depreciation which ensued then. Of that general contrast there is one feature which especially concerns the subject we are treating of, we mean the contrast between the manner in which gold is now and was then obtained. In California and Australia it is got by free labour, and is almost exclusively the wages of labour. The bulk of the precious metals brought from America was in the first instance, and for many years, the fruit of robbery and wrong. The Cortez's and Pizarro's of that day did not rank much above the Pirate-kings of an earlier age. They obtained their

gold by plundering people and priests, kings and temples, and they forced the wretched beings whom they conquered to work in the mines, where they perished by thousands and perhaps millions, to produce the gold and silver which overwhelmed Europe. In Mexico and Peru a similar kind of oppression of the Indians is continued to this day. The real getters of the gold are not allowed to enjoy the fruits of their own labour. A similar fact holds good of the gold obtained from Russia, which is gathered or collected by criminals. In general, till now, the precious metals have been obtained by forced and slave labour. We refer to the distinction for a scientific purpose, not merely from sentiment, though our sympathies are rarely at variance with correct science. The former are, indeed, so all-powerful in determining the course of society, that the science which appears to contradict them is not only to be mistrusted as *prima facie* incorrect, but never can be influential, and is to be discarded as worthless.

The mode of getting the gold both in California and in Australia is the very reverse of the mode by which the gold was got in America. It is gained by labour not under the direction of masters, and without the intervention of capital. Civilized man is thus again placed as it were under the primæval laws of nature, which bestows on labour all its produce, similar to the savage who snares game or spears fish for his subsistence, which he cooks and eats as he seizes it. The "Diggers," independent of capitalists in an extraordinary manner, considering the general relations of society, and little liable to the multiplied exactions of government, acquire, possess, and enjoy the produce of their own mere manual toil. Those who dig and find the gold have it, and when brought into the market of the world, their labour—happily by the richness of the natural reward estimated at a high price,—must be paid for by other men. At the first blush it would seem as if the cost of production of gold in California and Australia were reduced by the facility of finding it, in proportion, quite as much as its quantity is enlarged. But in relation to the supply of the precious metals from other sources, and to the price which must be given for them in the market, this is not the case. The diggers must be largely paid; the slaves got little or nothing. Another class or another agent is now brought into the operation. A free man has taken the place of a captive, and his labour is and must be richly rewarded. For other men or general society to have this new gold, they must pay a large price for it. The cost of production, determining its exchangeable value, will not be so little as at first blush it seems.

Light comes, light goes, and the produce of rapine, including

gold and silver, is speedily distributed, not measuring its value by the toils, the sweat, the miseries of the slaves, but by the comparatively easy physical labour of the masters. As they compete with one another, exercising force to compel exertions, and as they lose by misadventures and by mistaken enterprises, their labour becomes a measure of cost, and their slaves produce mingled with their own toil finds its level in the general markets. This has been the course with almost all other things as well as the precious metals. The misadventures of those who are engaged in production are always shared by consumers. A defective season, or the loss of a West India fleet, raises the selling price of sugar. The mismanagement of the Mexican government, and the carelessness or the profligacy of the many mine-owners allowing their mines to fall to ruin, led, in the early part of the century, to deficient supplies of silver, and to an enhancement of its price. The cost of the production of the precious metals in Australia and California must not be measured by the extraordinary success of one or two individuals, but by the labour of all the persons engaged in procuring them. The demand for them may be fairly described at present as unlimited, and therefore society at large, or the consumers, will have to pay the whole cost of the production of all the quantity that society requires. The great fact of all these new supplies being obtained by the labour of free men, while society is obliged to pay the whole cost of the production, including the misadventures as well as the successes, in order to have the supply, is of great scientific importance. Cheap as the gold may be to a few lucky finders, the cost of its production will be on the whole proportionably greater than the cost of the production of the existing and plundered precious metals that were obtained for three centuries from Mexico and Peru. On this principle the fall in the exchangeable value of gold obtained from California and Australia will not be equal to the fall in the exchangeable value of the precious metals in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

That the new gold is obtained by free labour, at first hand, is of great importance in another point of view. It supplies a new measure for the reward of labour, and coming into use in California and Australia, on which the eyes of mankind are fixed, and from which a knowledge of facts as well as their gold are rapidly diffused over the world, will soon influence the reward of labour in many other countries. Already we read of Chinese and Peruvian labourers returning to their own countries with "ounces" of gold. A stream of Hindoo coolies is flowing and ebbing between our sugar colonies and the plains of Hindostan.

It has begun to flow into Australia, and will soon flow back. The rewards not of European labour which were small enough, though much superior to the rewards of the coolies and the Chinese, but of labour in California and Australia, seem likely to become the standard and enlarge the rewards of labour throughout the whole continent of Asia. Already the gold discoveries have had a very considerable influence over the wages in the cities on the Atlantic seaboard of the United States, in every part of England and Ireland, and some influence in France, Germany, and perhaps in every part of Europe. The emancipation of the serfs throughout Europe was brought about in a great measure by the extension of trade, after the discovery of America, which made feudal landowners substitute foreign luxuries for trains of armed attendants, and we infer that the present rise of wages and improved standard for the payment of labour, are only the beginning of a very great and permanent improvement in the condition universally of the labouring classes.

Cheering as this prospect is for humanity, it will not be without great influence over the future value of gold. Whatever change may ensue in the relative condition of different classes—displeasing perhaps as some may find it, no longer to be in possession of exclusive privileges and enjoyments, the fact of the condition of all the labouring multitudes being improved will cause a wonderful increase in the demand for precious metals. Even if it should be deemed chimerical to conjecture that the bulk of the labourers throughout Europe and Asia should become gold consumers, so that every man shall have a piece of gold in his pocket, or gold ornaments, if he please, on his person—it is no conjecture, the fact lies close at hand—it is certain that these gold discoveries and the improvement in the condition of the labouring classes will very much increase the number and wealth of small capitalists, merchants, retail-traders, and others who immediately deal with the labourer, and by their means alone a great additional demand for gold will ensue. When a great depreciation of gold is predicted, facts like these may be referred to, and contradictory predictions hazarded, such as that all the new gold will very speedily be absorbed by a very large increase in the number of gold consumers. The probabilities seem as great that the new supply will be insufficient for the wants of commerce, as that it will be too abundant.

It is at least quite evident, that there are two sides to this great question, and that the details on which we have to frame our general conclusions are very numerous and complex, like all the affairs of society, mingled moral and material, the most

ethereal of motives, and the most palpable of statistical facts. To dogmatise on it when it wholly concerns the future, to judge of which the only precedent we have in the past is, as we have shown, a very imperfect guide, becomes no man. Our usual modes of reasoning about political affairs to which, from governments undertaking to coin and regulate money, this great question seems to belong, separated and restricted as mankind is, into nations, impart narrow views to all our minds, beyond which we must expand them to get a glimpse of the probable future. The almost universal use of the precious metals as money, obviously takes this question out of the category of ordinary national politics, and even out of the domain of *political* economy; as the science of wealth has been most unworthily circumscribed by modern writers, and places it in the science or natural history of society. The chief money of England is gold, of France both gold and silver; the chief money of Holland is silver alone; but bullion—the precious metals of which the money of all these States is made—is the money of the world. We can only come to an approximation, therefore, as to what will be the effect of the gold discoveries on what is called our standard of value, and on our monetary system, by ascertaining what will be their effect on the *value* of bullion throughout society. Whatever may be the material facts on which the estimate of exchangeable value is based, that is always an estimate of many and of conflicting or higgling minds, uniform as in most instances it comes to be. Those who pretend off-hand by a mere reference to the quantities of the precious metals at different periods, which are as often guessed at as ascertained, are hasty and imperfect generalizers who are to be mistrusted.

A long and an intense study might enable an individual to form a rational conclusion, but he must take a wide survey of facts of very different classes, and some must be included which yet lie in the future. The question is not ripe for a satisfactory solution, though some writers have hastily given one; and some governments have still more hastily acted. We must content ourselves with stating,—but this we must state very positively,—that all the phenomena—such as the growth of trade throughout the world, in past times as well as at present, the gold discoveries and the equal value nearly which men everywhere affix to bullion—show that the subject belongs much more to the natural than the political history of society. Governments do not determine the progress of population, the extension of trade, the value of gold, the rewards of labour, and must not fancy therefore that, by some petty regulations about coinage, they can have any great influence over the consequences of these great disco-

veries. They lie beyond the scope of all ordinary legislation, though it will have to model its proceedings by them. In that fact lies for us a very strong additional reason for renewing emphatically our warning against hasty conclusions, which are sure to excite governments to undertake hasty and injurious measures.

The two modes in which the gold discoveries will most immediately, it is supposed, affect the community, are by raising prices and lowering the rate of interest. Neither of those effects has yet become palpable, but there is undoubtedly a general and a strong conviction that they will take place. Most of the foregoing observations have tended to prove that the former is, to some extent, at least, a mistake. The finding of such a large supply of gold must have an effect either in keeping the prices of commodities high, which have been for years past all tending downwards, or in raising them beyond their late and present level, but we are not prepared to say to what degree, and in what lapse of time, either of these effects may become clearly demonstrated. Our present conviction, from the experience we have already had, is, that the effects of these discoveries on the prices of commodities will neither be very sudden nor very great; nor such, if the effects of the discoveries be not recklessly and ruthlessly interfered with, as to cause to any class or condition of men great inconvenience.

With respect to the rate of interest, that obviously depends on the quantity of capital, which is very often only another name for credit, or a right to receive future produce, and on the number of willing and respectable borrowers who have some property of their own, and hope by borrowing to gain by the loan. All loans for mere purposes of expenditure, whether contracted by individuals or by governments, may be put out of view, for whatever may be their temporary effects, the rate of interest will always be determined by the quantity of capital to be loaned, and by the number of willing borrowers, who borrow to carry on enterprises, expecting to repay the loan with interest, and obtain a profit to themselves. Now, the quantity of gold discovered recently is, undoubtedly, an addition to capital, but taking that word in its wide signification of commodities and credit to be loaned, the gold is so small an addition to the mighty sum as to deserve almost to be described as infinitesimal. At the same time, it calls into action a great deal of new enterprise, and multiplies the number of willing borrowers. How far one effect may neutralise or surpass the other, either temporarily or permanently, we will not pretend to say. It is the opinion of the writer of the city article in the *Times*, which we are glad to see, because that journal has generally sided with those who

look for a depreciation, that 'it is a fallacy that the gold discoveries are to have some wonderful effect on the rate of interest. Inasmuch, however, as the only alteration they can produce in that respect, will be by opening up new countries so as to increase the profits of commerce, and render the use of capital more valuable, whatever influences they may exert must be in a directly opposite direction.* If they are not to lower the rate of interest they may not lower prices.

The decline in the rate of interest, which may be said to have taken place generally in Europe since the first discovery of America, has obviously no connexion with the supplies of the precious metals, but is exclusively due to other causes, such as the greater security of property, the greater accumulation of capital, the restrictions on enterprise, and the increase of confidence. On this subject we are deceived by our words, and because we speak of the interest of money, the mere instrument for making exchanges, or the mere measure of value, we confound money with capital, and infer a great change in the wealth measured from a little change in the measure. The greater or less supply of gold, which is pretty equally diffused throughout Europe and America, and has been for many years past, has very little influence over the rate of interest, which has varied in the mean time at different periods and in different countries, between $11\frac{1}{2}$ and 12, or more per cent. What the general public has to regard is the average or usual rate of interest, and over that the new gold will exercise only an unimportant and temporary influence.

It may be some consolation, too, for apprehensive minds, to remember that the greatest effects anticipated over prices by the gold discoveries, have been equalled or surpassed in the ordinary progress of society where no such discoveries have taken place. We have seen in the short space of eleven years, between 1836 and 1847, the price of wheat, the main food of the people, vary between 36s. and 102s., or very nearly three-fold; and we have seen the price of cotton goods fall to less than one-tenth of what we recollect it to have been. Men of moderate age have seen Consols at 57 and 101; they have seen the average rate of interest vary between 6 and $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. here in England; greater changes these than the most sanguine or the most timid anticipate from the gold discoveries. There is nothing in them therefore reasonably to excite alarm, or to call for any action of any government; and we deprecate very much hasty conclusions, and still more we deprecate a demand for hasty legislation.

Government cannot be too careful in abstaining from inter-

* *Times*, April 10.

fering with those parts of society which grow, like all that concerns value and exchange, from great natural laws. To meet the present contingency most effectually, and prevent derangements in currencies from so large an increase of gold, they must encourage enterprise which they can only effect by giving freedom to industry. They are not, in general, likely to adopt this advice, but our own government has set a good example, which is recommended, though we fear in vain, by great prosperity, to their imitation. A great increase of trade, of business, and of wealth, requires a large increase in the quantity of money. Besides removing impediments to prosperity, governments should remove all limitations to the use of the precious metals. Our own government and the government of France places no limitation on the use of gold, and our government is even at the expense of coining it for general use. The government of France, too, places no limitation on the use of silver; our government does; and now it begins to feel alarm at the probable alteration in the relative value of the two precious metals. If it may, for purposes of policy that seem very ill understood, impose a heavy seignorage on silver to keep it, as it supposes, at a specific value—though, whether the metal changes in value, or all other things change in value, the result is the same—and keep it in circulation, why may it not do the same for gold, and try to make a seignorage keep pace with the expected decreasing value, as far as that can be ascertained, of the metal? To us, however, all such interference with the precious metals, when used as coin, seems to proceed on an erroneous principle; and just now the increasing supplies of both gold and silver, in a ratio unknown to the most enlightened statistician, but in vast quantities, warn them very emphatically to merely testify the weight and pureness of their coins, and leave the value and the use to be determined by the laws of trade.

The government of Holland—the first to take alarm—more than a year ago, prohibited the use of gold as a legal money, and adopted only silver, thus doing all in its little power to aggravate the evil, if any, which is to ensue from an abundance of gold. The East India Company has taken the same course, and prohibited the payment of taxes in gold mohurs, which began to be used, showing the extension already of the use of gold in India. What quantity of the precious metal might be absorbed by the many millions of people in that vast region, cannot be conjectured; but a very small step forward in civilization, making a gold currency desirable, and bringing it into use amongst them, might exhaust all the supplies of California. The Asiatics, generally, are fond of gold ornaments; and the government

which increased their freedom, and ceased to prohibit the use of gold as a legal currency, would increase very much the consumption of that metal, and relieve Europe of a surplus. The vast and continual imports of silver into that country would cease, and imports of gold would be substituted. Were other governments to remove their restrictions from the use of the precious metals, they would be more equally diffused than at present, and would be diffused according to the demands of commerce, and not according to the different and varying caprices of different rulers. Though it is too much to hope that any government will act on cosmopolitan rather than national views, and, above all, too much to hope that the East India Company—a trading corporation entrusted with the government of a great empire—should act on such views; yet we not only hope, we expect, we demand from every government, that it should do justice to all its subjects, and should lay no restrictions on their trade, their industry, or their use of the precious metals, whether for ornament or as money. What justice requires at the hands of the India Company, and at the hands of every government, looking only to its own subjects, is precisely the policy which, with respect to the most extensive use possible of the largely increased supplies of the precious metals, would be most advantageous for all nations. The newly-discovered gold, like most other events in modern times, is a forcible argument in favour of perfectly free trade, and requires that its principles be extended to the precious metals, as well as all other commodities.

ART. IX.—*White, Red, Black: Sketches of Society in the United States during the Visit of their Guest (Kossuth)*. By FRANCIS and THERESA PULSZKY. 3 vols. London: Trübner and Co. 1853.

AMERICA has been written about, and written about, till we have a perfect library of volumes treating of American society and its peculiarities. Yet the subject is far from being exhausted. There is, in particular, one quite new point of view from which America is only now beginning to be regarded, and from which it presents aspects not yet familiar even to those who are best acquainted with its social statistics.

Hitherto that which has most interested the rest of the world in the great transatlantic republic has been its history as a part of the earth disconnected from the other and older parts, a theatre

where an independent civilization has sprung up under new and remarkable conditions. At the time when Franklin and Washington were born, there were, perhaps, not more than half a million of individuals in the British colonies of America; and now the community formed by that half million and their immediate descendants, has swelled into a vast nation of twenty millions, possessing a continent over which its energies may expatiate for generations to come, organized on a basis of political arrangements such as the world has never seen before, and pervaded throughout its entire mass by sentiments, customs, and institutions, developed, it is true, out of germs taken from old Europe, but developed with a very extraordinary difference. To describe the constitution of this youngest addition to the great family of nations, to trace the successive steps by which it has become what it is, and to derive from its example hints for the instruction of older societies, have already been the laudable aims of many European writers and political theorists. But the world is beginning to be struck with an entirely new idea in reference to America. It begins to be felt that this reservoir, which has been gradually filling, has now reached such a point of fulness that it is very likely to run over. It begins to be felt that this great accumulation of the race on a new theatre, and under new conditions, has not been going on for nothing; that it is not any longer as a mere *spectacle* that America claims the interest of the cisatlantic nations; but that, having served long enough as a passive illustration of the working of certain principles and forms of government, she is rousing herself even now for a work of aggression and propagandism. For the America of to-day is not the America of Washington and Jefferson; nor can the maxims of these men serve any longer as the adequate breath and inspiration of so vast a body-politic. The America for which they lived and laboured was a mere strip of coast, separated by a voyage of six weeks from an old world, from which it had been politically cut adrift; the America of to-day has that preponderance assured to it in the general affairs of the world, which belongs to the virtual proprietorship of an entire continent. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that what America can do in the world at present, is limited only by what she herself chooses to attempt. Not what lessons the nations may spontaneously learn from America, but what lessons America will be apt to teach the nations whether they care to learn them or not—this is now the question; this is the new point of view from which America must be looked at.

Among the things which have awakened the attention of speculative politicians to this new view of the place and duty of

America in the general affairs of the earth, the most important by far has been Kossuth's trip across the Atlantic. The very purpose of the visit of the great Hungarian was to expound to America more clearly than she could do herself, her place and mission among the contemporary nations. Nor can this question be more appropriately discussed than in connexion with a book written by two of Kossuth's personal friends, who accompanied him on his visit, and whose impressions of American society were determined in the main by this very idea of what America could do if she were to let herself loose among the nations as a force of change and rectification. In the volumes before us, it is true, there are sketches of American society in various other aspects, and even criticisms of American manners and customs, as they appeared to minds capable of judging them by the highest standard of European refinement; but, on the whole, the matter of the volumes, and certainly their greatest merit, consists, not in social criticisms for the behoof of America itself, but in what is suggested and implied as to the function of America in a cosmopolitical point of view. It is to this part of the subject that Mr. Pulszky chiefly addresses himself in the portions of the book to which he lays claim; the less disquisitional portions, containing what may be called the gossip of Kossuth's progress through America, and the cursory delineations of American manners as they attracted the remark of the Hungarian visitors, come more appropriately from the pen of Madame Pulszky. What with the disquisition, and what with the gossip, the work is one of very great interest.

The first thing to be attended to, in a theoretical study of the civilization and destinies of any people, is the nature of the geographical theatre which they occupy or over which they are to expatiate; and we have very rarely seen a more admirable example of geographical description than in the following physical survey of North America, quoted by Mr. Pulszky from a native American authority, Colonel Gilpin. Let the reader observe particularly the closing portion of it, in which the geography of North America is contrasted with that of the continents of the Old World.

'The chain of the Andes, debouching north from the Isthmus, opens like the letter Y, into two primary chains, or Cordilleras. On the right the Sierra Madre (Rocky Mountains), with their *Piedmont*, the Black Hills, which mask the front of the Sierra, trending along the coast of the Mexican Gulf, divides the Northern Continent almost centrally, forming an unbroken water-shed to Behring's Straits. On the left the Andes follow the coast of the Pacific, warp around the

Gulf of California, and, passing along the coast of California and Oregon, under the name of Sierra Nevada, terminate also near Behring Straits. The immense interval between these chains is a succession of intramontane basins, and forms the great platform of the table-lands, being a longitudinal section about two-sevenths of the whole area between the two oceans, but walled from both, and having but three outlets for its waters, the Rio Grande, the Colorado, and Columbia. Columnar basalt forms the basement of this whole region, and volcanic action is everywhere prominent. Its general level is about 6000 feet above the sea. Rain seldom falls, and timber is rare. The ranges of mountains which separate the basins are often rugged and capped with perpetual snow, whilst isolated masses of great height elevate themselves from the plains.—Such is the region of the table-lands; beyond these is the maritime region, for the great wall of the Andes, receding from the beach of the Pacific, leaves between itself and the sea a half valley, as it were, forming the seaboard slope, across which descends to the sea a series of fine rivers, like the little streams descending from the Alleghanies to the Atlantic. This resembles and balances the maritime slope of the Atlantic side of the continent, from the Alleghanies to the sea; it is of the highest agricultural excellence, basaltic in formation, and grand beyond the powers of description, the snowy points of the Andes being everywhere visible from the sea, whilst its climate is entirely exempt from the frosts of winter.—Such, and so grand, is our continent towards the Pacific. Let us turn our glance towards the Atlantic and Arctic Oceans, and scan the geography in front. *Four* great valleys appear, each one drained by a river of first magnitude. First, the Mississippi valley, greatest in magnitude, and embracing the heart and splendour of the continent, gathers the waters of 1,500,000 square miles, and sheds them into the Gulf of Mexico; second, the St. Lawrence, whose river flows into the North Atlantic; third, the Nelson and Severn Rivers into the Hudson's Bay; and fourth, the great valley of the MacKenzie River, rushing north into the Hyperborean Sea. These valleys, everywhere calcareous, have a uniform surface, gently rolling, but destitute of mountains, and pass into one another by dividing ridges, which distribute their own waters into each valley, but whose superior elevation is only distinguishable among the general undulations by the water-sheds they form. Around the whole continent, leaving a comparatively narrow slope towards the oceans, runs a rim of mountains, giving the idea of a vast amphitheatre. Through this rim penetrate, towards the south-east and north, the above great rivers only, forming at their débouchés the natural doors of the interior; but no stream penetrates west, through the Sierra Madre, which forms an unbroken water-shed from the Isthmus to Behring Straits.

‘ Thus we find more than three-fifths of our continent to consist of a limitless plain, intersected by countless navigable streams, flowing everywhere from the circumference towards common centres grouped in close proximity, and only divided by what connects them into one

homogeneous plan. To the American people, then, belongs this vast interior space, covered, over its uniform surface of 2,300,000 square miles with the richest calcareous soil, touching the snows towards the north, and the torrid heats towards the south, bound together by an infinite internal navigation, of a temperate climate, and constituting in the whole the most magnificent dwelling-place marked out by God for man's abode.

'There we perceive in the formation of the Atlantic part of the American Continent, a sublime simplicity, a complete economy of arrangement singular to itself, and the reverse of what distinguishes the ancient world. To understand this, let us compare them.

'Europe, the smallest of the grand divisions of the land, contains in its centre the icy masses of the Alps; from around their declivities radiate the large rivers of that continent, the Danube directly east to the Euxine, the Po south-east to the Adriatic, the Rhone south-west to the Mediterranean, the Rhine to the Northern Ocean. Walled off by the Pyrenees, and Carpathians, and the Ural, divergent and isolated are the Tagus, the Elbe, the Vistula, the Don, and Volga, and other single rivers, affluents of the Baltic, of the Atlantic, of the Mediterranean, and of the Euxine. Descending from common radiant points, and diverging every way from one another, no inter-communication exists between the rivers of Europe; navigation is petty and feeble, nor have art and commerce, during many centuries, united so many small valleys, remotely isolated by impenetrable barriers. Hence upon each river dwells a distinct people, different from all the rest in race, language, habits, and interests. Though often politically amalgamated by conquest, they again relapse into fragments from innate geographical incoherence. The history of these nations is a story of perpetual war.

'Exactly similar to Europe, though grander in size and populations, is Asia. From the stupendous central barrier of the Himalaya and the table-land of Tartary run the great rivers of China, the Blue and the Yellow, due east to discharge themselves beneath the rising sun; towards the south run the rivers of India, the Indus and Ganges, with their tributaries; towards the west, the Oxus and Jaxartes; and north to the Arctic Seas, the four great rivers of Siberia. During fifty centuries, as now, the Alps and the Hindukush have proved inseparable barriers to the amalgamation of nations around their bases, and dwelling in the valleys which radiate from their slopes. The continent of Africa, as far as we know the details of its surface, is even more than these split into disjointed fragments.

'Thus the continents of the Old World resemble a bowl placed bottom upwards, which scatters everything poured upon it, whilst Northern America, right side up, receives and gathers towards its centre whatever falls within its rim.'

There is a stroke of Yankee genius in this comparison of the North American continent to a bowl right side up, which re-

ceives and gathers to its centre whatever falls within its rim. The next thing, of course, is to inquire what are the ingredients that have been put into the bowl. That whatever social material is deposited on such a geographical theatre will, by mere geographical necessity, be more thoroughly amalgamated, and made one homogeneous substance, than it could be in any continent of the old world, may, as Colonel Gilpin avers, be true enough; but, after all, the most important question is, whether the material there deposited has been such, that the resulting amalgam is sure to be not an amalgam of rubbish, like that which the continent has once already had in the native American tribes, but an amalgam of precious stuff, good to be looked at as a whole on its own proper area, and to be used in flakes and morsels for chemical commixture with the rest of the world.

On this point, fortunately, there is every reason to be well satisfied. The American people is an amalgam of all the picked races of the world, with the Anglo-Saxon predominant. English, Scotch, Irish, French, Spaniards, and Germans in large masses; Jews, Poles, Italians, Hungarians, Swedes, Danes, and Chinese in smaller proportions—such are the elements out of which the American nationality has been or is being formed; a nationality also comprehending within its bosom, though it does not civilly acknowledge, an immense population of Africans. In some parts of the Union there are still considerable knots of some of these races undissolved into the general mass—Spaniards, for example, in the south, Frenchmen on the Mississippi, and Germans in the western settlements; everywhere, however, the process of absorption is going on, and there can be no doubt that ultimately all the white population will be a tolerably homogeneous amalgam of the various constituent races united in their relative proportions, speaking one English language, which will also be common to the outstanding blacks. Whether the blacks, too, will ultimately be incorporated in this amalgam is a problem of the future. Of the ethnographical constituents as they now stand, the Anglo-Saxons are indubitably in the ascendant. A claim, indeed, has recently been advanced in favour of the Celts; and it has been maintained that, taking into account the immense Irish immigration of the last half-century, the actual majority of the American people are not of Anglo-Saxon, but of Celtic extraction. This claim, however, the fond illusion of some patriotic Celt, has broken down most completely under the figures furnished by the American census; and theorists are still at liberty to make as much as they like out of the fact, that the Americans are in the main a people of the Anglo-Saxon stock. After the Anglo-Saxons, the probable order of numerical pro-

portion, reckoning only the more important of the white ingredients, and omitting the blacks entirely, would be as follows:—Celts from the British islands, Germans, French, Spaniards. In some spots the Germans are a very large percentage, and there are still in the Union about a million of persons using the German language.

Now, though our ethnographical science is not by any means in such a state as to enable us to appreciate very precisely the effects of this amalgamation of so many races in one nationality, yet that a nation so formed must be different, in essential respects, from any yet existing on the face of the earth, may be assumed as self-evident. It seems even to be a natural supposition that such a nation is a nearer approach, than anything yet seen, to that final condition of humanity to which the whole world is tending. For, if there is to be progress at all, one of two things must ultimately happen—either the fusion of the nations of the earth into one population homogeneous in the main, or their organization in a confederacy in which all will be represented. In either case, the great question is, what elements are to have the preponderance, and what are to be eliminated. If the result is to be a fusion of all the races into one, what are the true combining proportions of the races, as they now are; if the result is to be a confederacy, on what principle of proportionate value are the nations to be co-ordinated? The mere attempt to consider such questions inevitably leads the thoughts to America. The proportions in which the races are commingled there, may not be the true combining proportions which theory would prescribe for the ultimate amalgam, but they are a practical experiment in that direction; and the amalgam they form must, at all events, be regarded as a necessary intermediate between our day and the final result. On the other hand, if confederacy is to be the rule, we have here, in the vast transatlantic nation, weight enough to break down any scheme of confederacy we may have been forming with reference only to the nations of the old world. It is not long ago since a theorizing Frenchman, propounding *his* scheme of the confederacy which was to take the lead in civilization, formulized it under the notion of what he called an Occidental Pentarchy, embracing the five great nations of western Europe—the French, the English, the Italians, the Germans, and the Spaniards. The common aspirations of these five nations—the *élite* of humanity, as he termed them—were to be represented and turned to account by a central committee, sitting at Paris (of course!); this committee to consist of twenty delegates, in the following international proportions—six from France, that country having the right to the

first place in virtue of its general superiority in all respects; five from England, to represent the 'practical sagacity' of our countrymen; four from Italy, that the 'admirable æsthetic spontaneity' of the Italians might have its part in the evolution; three from Germany, as the native country of the 'generalizing tendency;' and two from Spain, as the land of 'personal dignity and catholicity of spirit.' We sadly fear that, even at the time when this scheme of a pentarchy of the west was propounded, a due consideration of Russia and eastern Europe, not to speak of the interests of the Scandinavian north, would have sufficed to knock it on the head. But, in any case, the appearance in the other hemisphere of such a phenomenon as the American Republic, would rob the Pentarchy of aught like cosmopolitical precedence. *There* a power is forming itself, by the other process of physical fusion, involving all the tendencies of race (with the single exception, perhaps, of the 'admirable æsthetic spontaneity' accorded to the Italians), which it would be the office of the Pentarchy to adjust and co-ordinate by clever cogitation. And thus there would be a rivalry of method between the two hemispheres. In the American hemisphere, where divers elements are in process of union to form one body politic, the watchword of civilization would be 'Annex, intermarry, and speak English;' in the old hemisphere, cut up as it is into obdurate national masses, the watchword would continue to be, 'Fight each other as there is necessity, and co-operate as well as you can.' An Occidental Pentarchy in Europe would be but a cluster of separate nationalities, menaced by Russian Panslavism on the one hand, and taunted by American Pan-ethnicism on the other; while between Russia and America would lie the expanse of motley and incorrigible Asia.

Not only, however, is the American people an amalgam of a great variety of races and nations; it is an amalgam, moreover, of what may be called the ejected and expelled of those nations. This is a very important fact. America was colonized originally, and is being colonized still, not by the normal representatives of the various nations of the old world, but by men representing whatever these nations have produced extreme in sentiment, in character, or in systematic creed. Who were the first colonists of America? The Puritans and other sectaries of England, including the Quakers; the cadets of royalist houses during the civil wars; the most daring adventurers among the Spaniards; the most restless of French adventurers, including Jesuit missionaries. America, at the very first, was the refuge for whatever was either intellectually or morally extreme in the society of Europe—the most noble conscientiousness, the most reckless

blackguardism. And who have been the immigrants into America since? Still sectarians and refugees—Protestants too Protestant for home, such as Huguenots from France, and Moravians, Dunkers, Mennonites, and Schwenkfeldians from Germany; Catholics persecuted on the other hand for their ultra-Catholicism; Irishmen, full of fury against Great Britain; exiles of all lands flying from the pains of despotism. American society is thus an amalgamation of the extreme opinions, the extreme *isms* of Europe, whether in religion, in character, or in politics. All that Europe has rejected as too advanced for it, or as anomalous in it—this is the very material with which American civilization has set out in its operations, and which it is its business to harmonize and to work up. The statistics of religion in America are especially curious under this head. In the whole Union, according to Mr. Pulszky, there are upwards of 36,000 places of worship, belonging to the leading religious sects in the following proportions:—first, the Methodists, the most active sect in the United States, who, from having only 83 ministers in the year 1784, have increased so as now to have 6000 regular and 8000 local preachers, these representing, as we may suppose, about 13,000 churches; next, the Baptists, who, from having 900 ministers and 1150 churches in 1790, have now 8000 ministers and 13,500 churches; next, the Presbyterians, holding about 5960 churches; next, the Congregationalists, or faithful representatives of the original Puritans, holding about 2000 churches, of which 1400 are in New England; next, the Episcopalians, with about 1550 churches, chiefly in the larger cities; next, the Roman Catholics, with 1073 churches; and lastly, the Unitarians, chiefly in New England, with 300 churches. These statistics do not fairly represent the numerical proportions of the various sects in the population,—the Roman Catholics, for example, being estimated at a higher figure than the number of their churches would indicate, namely, at upwards of two millions. But it is clear from the above statistics that America differs from all other countries in this, that, while it offers a refuge to all creeds, it is, *par excellence*, the home of the extreme forms of the prevailing cis-Atlantic creeds. The broken-off tips, as it were, of the leading European creeds have taken root there, and shot up and spread so as to become the creeds of large masses; while again, out of these very creeds, new creeds with all kinds of names are budding and sprouting. The far west, especially, is said to be rife in new forms of belief and fanaticism.

Whatever the materials of which the nationality of the United States is composed, the mechanism, at all events, by which these materials have been and are being nationalised, the system of

political forms from which they have taken their impress, is of Anglo-Saxon origin—the admirable device of those practical Anglo-Saxon heads who had the business of making a constitution for America, after the War of Independence. Mr. Pulszky makes some very acute and suggestive remarks on the difference between this constitution and our cis-Atlantic forms of government, whether the parliamentary government of England, or the centralised monarchy of the continental countries.

‘When, during and since the great French Revolution, constitutions were devised for the different nations of Europe, they were always shaped, or at least said to be shaped, according to the English model, though it is fully understood that the English aristocracy is peculiar to the English, and that this institution, and the aristocratic spirit and legislature in respect to landed property, does not, and cannot exist anywhere on the continent. The study of public law has, by this means, become very much abridged, and the word constitution got a quite conventional meaning amongst the journalists, and professional politicians—viz., a combination of a King and a Parliament consisting of Peers and Commons.

‘The result of this combination in England was, that the Crown in conjunction with the Parliament destroyed, little by little, the municipal life, and introduced the uniformity of centralisation; that on the other side, the Parliament, backed by the masses, curtailed the traditional prerogative of the Crown, until at length *parliamentary omnipotence* was established, the representatives of a portion of the nation and the hereditary peers, exercising the most unlimited legislative power, leaving for the Crown but the theoretical right of the veto, the choice of the ministry from amongst one of the two aristocratic parties of the Parliament, and the dissolution of the latter. Towards the nation, Parliament is yet less checked. The member has, in fact, to give a palatable speech to his constituency before his election—but, generally speaking, he has not much to care for the opinion of the electors. He can absent himself at every important occasion, and he may vote against the wishes of his constituents, for he cannot be called to account; not to mention the inequality of the constituencies, which are so arranged as to give in every case a large majority of the seats in the House of Commons to the aristocracy of the country. Theoretically, it is a very illogical constitution, but practically, it works reasonably enough, because it does not obstruct the development of the nation, whose mind is sound, and whose character is sober and moral; and therefore, even the faults of the constitution become of value, as there is always something to be mended, and the great community can rejoice every year that their matchless constitution has again been improved.

‘For the Continent, the combination of King, Peers, and Commons, has a somewhat different meaning, according to the notions even of the English liberal newspapers and statesmen. In England, it means

parliamentary omnipotence; on the Continent, merely the omnipotence of the Crown, under the screen of legislative forms. In England, the government must retire, if defeated in the Commons after the appeal to the people by a dissolution, and the Crown must take its advisers from the opposition. On the Continent, on the contrary, the Commons must submit after a dissolution, lest the Crown declares that 'it is impossible to go on with this constitution,' and abolishes it altogether, rather than give up an unpopular minister or measure. The philosophy of English constitutionalism is evidently that the government and the majority of Parliament must be of the same principles; if there arises a difference of opinions between them, the one of the two must yield, otherwise it would be impossible to avoid either a revolution or a *coup d'état*.

'According to this theory, all the European journals predicted the French catastrophe long before it happened. The constitution of 1848 was criticised most severely for establishing two supreme powers—one legislative, the other executive—both responsible to the people, but neither of them so far superior to the other as to have the means of forcing the other to give way. . . . It was but a few days after the arrival of the tidings about the 2nd of December, that I came to Washington, under the impression of the *coup d'état*, and of all the previous diatribes on the inevitable consequences of a collision between the executive power and the Legislative Assembly, which, in all the papers of Europe, preceded the tragedy of Paris. But when I inquired about the constitution of the land and the party statistics in Washington, I found, to my great astonishment, two supreme powers established, both issuing from the universal suffrage of the nation—the executive and the legislative—the President not having the power of dissolving the Congress; and actually, I found a Whig President, surrounded by a Whig ministry, whilst the Whigs were in a considerable minority in the Senate as well as in the Assembly, and yet nobody seemed to be afraid either of a revolution or of a *coup d'état*, or of a standstill of the administration. The reason is, that neither the President nor the Congress has anything to do with the government of the individual States, which govern themselves as sovereign States. The executive and Congress have but the general direction of the Union, not its government, in the European sense of the word. The President has no nomination, nor any share whatever in the election of the officials of any State, nor has the Congress the power to interfere with the way in which the administration and legislation of the individual States is going on.

'I saw at once the difference of the basis of the constitution in America and Europe: in America they do not know anything about parliamentary omnipotence; in Europe, nothing about the inviolability of municipal autonomy, developed in America as State rights. I had later often the opportunity to see how the constitution of the United States leaves perfect freedom to each State, and how this admirable arrangement suits the wants of a country whose climate, population,

and interests, are so much at variance, and which occupies the whole extent of a continent from 28 to 49 degrees north latitude. The freedom and sovereignty guaranteed by the constitution to the individual States, gives to the Union so sound and broad a basis, that all the alarm about its dissolution, which excites the people, at certain intervals, turns out to be void of any serious foundation. And yet this constitution was framed at a time when the Union comprised merely the eastern sea-shore States, and had scarcely extended over the Alleghanies! Even the boldest statesman amongst the framers of the constitution could not anticipate that their work was to be recognised as the organic law over the whole temperate zone of North America. There is something providential in this most important social arrangement.

‘Never did the Americans aim at a uniformity like the French, or even like the English; never at concentrating the legislative power in the Congress; each State’s legislature makes and unmakes the civil and criminal laws for the State. They contract debts and tax themselves as they please; they regulate their banking system and financial administration; they provide for the education. Each State has its own full sovereignty, with the exception of a few powers ceded to the general government. They gave up the right to enter into any treaty, alliance, or confederation with another State or foreign power, or engage in war, coin money, or lay duty on imports, exports, or tonnage. To pass any bill of attainder, *ex post facto* law, or law impairing the obligation of contracts, or grant any title of nobility, to make a law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof, or abridging freedom of speech, or of the press, or the right of the people peaceably to assemble and to petition the government for a redress of grievances; all these points are forbidden to each State, as well as to the Congress of the Union. The right of the people to bear arms cannot be infringed by Congress, and the trial by jury is secured to every person.’

Such being the geographical theatre on which the American nation has reared itself, such the materials of which it is composed, and such the general political form in which it is cast, what, it may be asked, are the actual and observed qualities in the result which make it most interesting in a cosmopolitical point of view?

First of all, then, the Americans *are* a nation; they display and are pervaded by a most intense spirit of nationality. No small nation of the old world—not the Swiss, not the Scotch before the Union, not the Danes, are possessed and animated in so extreme a degree by the pure sentiment of nationality as this large and highly-factitious nation of North America. True, the Union is divisible into four groups of states, presenting very marked differences from each other, as regards interests, social

condition and even physiognomy. First, there is the New England group of states—comprehending Maine, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Connecticut, and Vermont—the land of the genuine Yankees, the hard-headed, laborious, dogmatic, shrewd, free, and enterprising descendants of the old Puritans. Next, there is the middle group of states—comprehending New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Ohio, and New Jersey—the seat of the great commercial interests, and of the more comprehensive political tendencies, of the Union. Then there is the southern group of states—Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, Missouri, Arkansas, Texas, Louisiana, Alabama, Florida, the Carolinas and Delaware—the seat of slavery, and of aristocratic leisure and luxury, and the population of which, though less industrious, enterprising, and even intellectual than the New Englanders, are yet distinguished as having supplied the greatest number of statesmen to the Union. Lastly, there is the western group of states—including parts of Kentucky, Missouri, and Ohio, and the states of Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin and Iowa—the land of independent small farmers, the paradise of the agricultural immigrant, and the home of absolute democratic equality. But though these four groups of states have their distinguishing characteristics, and even their points of antagonism, in some cases exaggerated (as in the slavery-controversy between the south and the north) into threats of political disruption; yet, on the whole, the inhabitants of all the four have no deeper feeling than that which displays itself in the boast that they are Americans. The nationality of the Americans is, as we all know, proverbially offensive. There never was a nation on the earth so vain of its own merits, and so contemptuous of the merits of others. ‘Are we not a great nation, Sir?’ is their salutation to every foreign traveller in the states; and the common phrases of bombast put into the mouths of Americans in works of fiction, ‘We are an almighty fine people;’ ‘we can put the Atlantic in one pocket, and the Pacific in another, and reduce the universe to nowhere and a spot of grease,’ are hardly exaggerations of the actual slang with which the Americans regale their own sense of their national importance. Disagreeable in individuals, this national braggardism is formidable and respectable when viewed as characteristic of a people in the aggregate; and its possession by a people composed ethnographically of such heterogeneous elements is an illustration of Kossuth’s remark, that the *nation* of every man is not a certain fragment of population marked out for him by considerations of race or even of language, but the seat of those social forms under whose

influence his being has been developed. Even a black in America disclaims being an African, and says proudly, when he is asked to what country he belongs, 'I am an American.'

In the second place, the Americans are not only a nation, full to the brim of the consciousness of nationality; they are also entitled, according to any test or measure that can be applied to them, to rank high in the cosmopolitical scale. Tried by the numerical measure of population they are already on a par with Great Britain, and will soon leave it behind. Even Russia, with its fifty millions, must regard America as a full grown nation. Again, tried by the test of exports and imports—that is, of commercial necessity to the rest of the world—the United States hold a place with the first. Further, if we make military and naval prowess the test of cosmopolitical importance, America will still stand second to none. She has already, in the past, given sufficient proof of her capacities for fighting, both by sea and land; and, if it be not yet admitted that the Americans are superior to the English at sea, it is at least certain that the despotic powers of the old world would be more chary of insulting the star-spangled banner, than of insulting the flag of England. A Yankee captain, indeed, is notoriously the most terrible thing going; and chips of the American block generally, though they are recognised everywhere as the most braggart and irreverent of the sons of men, are recognised, also, as the most dangerous to be locked up or called in question for anything they say or do. Add to all this, the consideration that in all departments of intellectual labour, America is a leading nation. In art and literature, indeed, as well as in the higher walks of pure speculative science, America is yet behind England; though there is evidence, even now, that a spirit of more original effort in such things is at work among the Americans. But in the application of science to social uses, in industrial invention, and generally in such exercises of the intellect as give a country practical eminence among the nations of the world, they have already an acknowledged superiority. Among the machines for agricultural and other purposes sent to the Great Exhibition, those sent from America were the most useful; and Colt's pistol is but one example of an invention proceeding from America, and claiming instantly the attention of the whole world. Essentially the same thing, in reality, with this claim of America to high cosmopolitical estimation in virtue of her Colt's pistols, her improved ploughs, reaping machines, models of ships and the like, is her claim to cosmopolitical estimation in virtue of the fact, that she is already in possession of a great many conclusions on important social questions, which are, by

their very nature, interesting to all the world alike, and that she is at present the richest known field of experimentation, with a view to the elucidation of other social questions. The very thing that most of all gives a country cosmopolitical importance is its ability to furnish out of its own experience answers to the questions that chance at the moment to be of greatest social interest to other countries, or to exhibit going on within its bosom processes and experiments, the issue of which is not yet clear perhaps even to itself, but which are curious, novel, and suggestive in their nature. Russia, in this respect, is almost a blank on the map. It has a claim to cosmopolitical respect, because it is a formidable power of conquest, and because it supplies us with hemp and the like; but who ever looks to Russia for solutions of problems common to all parts of the world, or for brilliant social sights and suggestions? America, on the other hand, is like a black board on which something new is ever being chalked up, whether in the way of solution or of interrogation. For example, the entire political system of America is a practical solution of the great problem, everywhere important, of the reconciliation of local self-government with federation. The question of national defences without standing armies is also set in a new light to us by the militia system of America; while the question of a competence of a people to act on the aggressive, without standing armies, also receives light from the experience of America in volunteer enterprises. A hundred such examples might be given of points of great social interest, on which America may be said to have fully made up its mind, while the other nations are still only bungling in the dark. Lastly, what are such odd manifestations as the Spirit Rappings, the Mormonite outburst with its consequences, and all the other similar developments of American inquisitiveness or credulity, but chalkings, as it were, on the black board of the world for the other nations to look at? If it be the case, that humanity has not yet filled out its utmost constitutional limits, but that from age to age it is continually efflorescing into new manifestations which seem at first anomalies, but are in reality normal and natural, where shall we look for the last efflorescence, the freshest sprouts, but in that country where human nature is newest and most advanced?

The third remark we would make about the American nation, regarded from our present point of view, is that no nation of the world seems to combine such an incessant and universal disposition to political activity, with such a beggarly show of internal political questions whereon to gratify that disposition. The American nation combines more conspicuously than any other yet

known, extreme sociability, that is, an extreme anxiety on the part of individuals to concern themselves with the general politics of the state, with extreme individual freedom—that is, an extreme want of apparent necessity for any political activity at all. The ancient Athenians, in the days of their palmy democracy, were not characterized by greater political zeal and activity than the Americans. Every American is an active politician; every American, as a citizen, has an interest in public affairs, widening from the little circle of his own neighbourhood to the great area of the federal government. Hence a development among the Americans of all kinds of political aptitude—aptitude in business arrangements for a political purpose, in public speaking on political questions, and the like—unrivalled among any other modern people. Stump-oratory among the Americans is as necessary a part of their civilization as was the eloquence of popular assemblies among the Athenians. And yet, with all this political energy diffused among individuals, the field of disputed points over which political energy may range, might seem to be less important and extensive than in any of the older nations. In America, the great questions of civil liberty, of the sovereignty of the people, of a state church or no state church, of secular or ecclesiastical education—these, and all the other great questions of life or death, which are and for a long time will be the standing difficulties against which political energy in the older countries must dash and display itself, have been settled and extinguished. Even pauperism has hardly the rank of a great public question in a country where there is such indefinite room for an expansion of the population. With the exception of the single matter of Slavery, there seems to be no question in the *internal* politics of America of very great magnitude, as measured by a general human standard. In short, that general ‘Condition-of-America question,’ on which the politicians and people of the United States divide themselves into parties, seems, to eyes looking on from the outside, to be a mere aggregate of a great number of little questions of finance and the like, floating on the wave of passing circumstances. Yet, out of this most hopeless condition of things, as it might seem, for political activity, the Americans have contrived to raise a whirlwind and palaver, such as has hardly ever been seen even in a country agonized by questions of death, and life, and liberty. Nowhere does party-spirit run so high as in the United States, nowhere is political controversy carried on with greater virulence and more tremendous excitement. And who are the antagonistic forces in this political strife, the Bigendians and Little-endians of this enormous war of Lilliput? They are the *Whigs*

and the *Democrats*—in other words, the great struggle which tears the vitals of America is the difference of opinion subsisting between one party calling itself the *Democratic Party*, and another calling itself the *Democratic Whig Party*! It requires a microscope to see the confessed points of difference between these two parties, from whose respective ‘platforms,’ *i. e.*, declarations of principles with a view to the Presidential election for the year 1852, Mr. Pulszky gives us several pages of extract. ‘Comparing the two platforms,’ says Mr. Pulszky, ‘we do not become wiser as to the questions which divide the parties. One of them is for liberty and order, the other for order and liberty. One is liberal-conservative, the other is conservative-liberal. We see only that both are for the Presidency on behalf of their nominees, and for the government patronage for the party and party leaders.’ Mr. Pulszky adds one or two elucidations, from which it appears that the two parties hardly differ from each other at all on the propriety of making Slavery a question for political discussion, and that the only questions of internal politics which ostensibly divide them at present are these—the question of the tariff, the question of improvements on the Lakes and the Mississippi, and a question relating to the western settlements embodied in a bill called the Homestead Bill. Yet, though separated by such a small array of ostensible differences, the two parties carry in them quite different traditions and tendencies, which Mr. Pulszky thus expounds:—

‘Notwithstanding this similarity of the two platforms no fusion of the two parties is possible; each of them is held together by unwritten principles, understood by every American, though not published in the platform.

‘The object to which the Whigs aspire, for the individual States as well as for the Union, is *an aristocracy* in the literal sense of the word—the government of the best, with the aim of taking the lead of the people; a government, therefore, which has the intention and the means to do good. Their principal aim is to enrich the nation, to make her industry independent of Europe, to develop the resources of the country—not to extend its territory. As a rule, they do not court the masses, but they endeavour to raise the standard of their morals and of their education. They do not object to higher taxation for the construction of canals and railways by the individual States; they advocate the protection of American steam navigation by premiums, of their fisheries by bounties, of their manufactures by a high tariff. They demand that the States should establish higher institutions for science; that Congress should open and repair harbours, and remove the obstructions of rivers; and are friendly to an expansive banking system. They are opposed to all war, but ready to confide power to the heads of the States or Federal administration: they

would give to the people the right of only electing representatives, not of binding them by instructions. To sum up their principles in a few words, the Whigs represent authority, commerce, wealth, and centralizing tendencies.

‘The Democrats, on the other side, take it for granted, that Government is nothing but a necessary evil. They think that, by the frailty of human nature, every Government is too apt to extend its power, to encroach upon the rights of the people, and to squander the public income. They require, therefore, a Government which does as little as possible; they claim only that it should not obstruct the free development of the people, according to its own wants and requirements. They like military glory, and territorial extension. Government, according to them, must be powerful and commanding towards the foreigner; protecting the citizens and their pursuits abroad, but not interfering in any way with their concerns at home—it has always to act according to the expressed wishes of the people, which has the right of directing the Government. The Democrats, therefore, are free-traders in principle, and advocates of a gold currency; they leave the construction of canals and railways to the speculation of individuals and of companies, and are generally averse to the Government support of such undertakings. They oppose the increase of the standing army, but war is always popular with them, because it extends the territory of the Union, and rouses the slumbering energies of the masses, to whose will and to whose passions they readily submit. Their representatives and senators are strictly *delegates*, and have to give up their seats if their instructions do not agree with their convictions. They affirm, as a cardinal truth, that the world is governed too much. They are enemies of centralization and of all restriction, and as every law is a restriction, they do not like much legislating, fully convinced that the people is always able to govern itself well, without being led by the officials. The Democrats represent liberty, self-government of the people, agriculture, and territorial expansion.’

To this account of the general principles and tendencies of the two great parties of the American political world, Mr. Pulszky adds an analysis of the American population as it divides itself between the parties, and an enumeration (much needed in this country) of the various sub-parties into which each of the great parties is cut up.

‘It is natural, from the above-mentioned facts, that the great bulk of the manufacturers, bankers, merchants, and of the wealthier inhabitants of the great cities, are Whigs; the commercial interest is theirs, whilst democracy sways over all the agricultural and planting States and communities, and especially over the slaveholding South; as non-interference on the part of the federal government—which, according to the Democrats, must follow the wishes of the people—gives more guarantee of stability to their peculiar institution than a

strong and meddling Whig administration going a-head of public opinion. The Irish and German emigrants are also a continual source of accession of power to the Democratic party, as its very name is a bait for the multitude coming from Europe, though European Democracy is somewhat different from the American Democratic party. The Whigs feel this very strongly, and they have, therefore, appended the designation of *Democratic* to their party-name. As far as I was able to find, this measure has remained without success, and the Irish and Germans take the Whigs generally for enemies, not only of the Democratic party, but also of Democratic institutions. They do it so much the more, as a set of narrow-minded Conservative Whigs, in the sea-port cities, have constituted themselves as the *Native Party*, wishing to restrict the laws of naturalization, thus to withhold the right of voting in elections from all the emigrants, and reserving the vote for those who were born in America. Some years ago, the native party found many theoretical supporters amongst the Whigs, and some few even amongst the Democrats; but after having created ill feeling amongst the emigrants, and driven all the naturalized citizens to the democratic ranks, it went on declining, and is only in a few places still of some local importance.

‘But the party-division does not stop here. In the ranks of the Democrats, as well as of the Whigs, there are different shades, each of them characterized by a nickname, and all quarrelling with one another, though at the elections fighting under the common banner against the opposite party. The Conservative Democrats, who sturdily oppose every progressive measure, got the nickname of *Old Hunkers*. They are always at hand when spoils are to be divided, and often get a share even of the Whig Government contracts. The progressive wing of Democracy was originally called *Locofocos*, or concisely *Locos*, from the fact that, at a great democratic meeting, where the Old Hunkers, after having carried their resolutions in a hurried way, adjourned, and put the lights out, the progressive section remained in the dark hall, and lighting the gas up by a locofocomatch (the American name for lucifer-matches) continued the meeting, and reconsidered the resolutions of the Conservatives. The name of Locofoco, however, is now applied to the whole party; for, to the Whigs, every Democrat is a firebrand. The thorough-going liberal Democrats got, therefore, in New York, another name—viz., *Barnburners*, from a phrase of one of their orators, who said that they must burn the barns in order to expel the rats; in Maine, they are called *Wildcats*. The *Softshells* form the transition between the Hunkers and Barnburners—they are half-and-halves; whilst the *Hard-shell Hunkers* are the most Conservative party in the world, averse to every social and intellectual movement. During our stay in the United States, a new party distinction arose amongst the Democrats—*Young America*, comprising all the ardent and generous minds of the party, in opposition to the *Old Fogies*, as the professional politicians were called by them.

'The Conservative-Whigs, the Fillmore men, are termed *Silvergreys*, as one of their chiefs, when attacked for his clinging to the old statesmen, who had devised the Fugitive Slave Bill as a compromise between the South and the North, exclaimed, that he remained rather a private amongst the *Silvergreys*, than a leader amongst the *Woolly-heads*. Those *Woolly-heads*, or *Seward-men*, are the Liberals amongst the Whigs, and got their origin in the political struggle about the compromise. They are opposed to the territorial extension of slavery; they wish to remove slavery from the pale of general legislation, therefore they endeavour to have it abolished in the district of Columbia and the territories; and they made a strong opposition against the Fugitive Slave-law, because it did not secure a trial by jury to the defendant. They agree in respect to this question entirely with the *Freesoilers* who belonged originally to the Democrats, but had seceded from them in 1848, whilst the Seward party remained in communion with the Whigs, in spite of the platform of 1852. Instead of forming a separate organization, they endeavour to carry their theories by getting first a majority for them in the party itself. This example was followed lately by many of the democratic bolters of 1848, amongst whom we notice the originators of the name and party, Martin and John Van Buren. But some of the original *Freesoilers* remained beyond the pale of the Whigs and Democrats, and were reinforced by many noble-hearted men, principally in Massachusetts, New York, and Ohio, who do not care for momentary success. They called themselves at first the *Liberty-party*, and got in Massachusetts the balance of power in their hands; but knowing the force of names, they constituted themselves at the late convention at Pittsburgh, as *Free Democracy*. Their creed is given in the resolution of the Boston Ratification Meeting:—'Resolved,—That no man on this earth can own another man; that the slave power in this country must be destroyed; that the Fugitive Slave Law should be repealed; that human bondage in *the territories and in the district* (Columbia), should be abolished; that all the new States should be free States; that our Government should acknowledge the independence of Hayti; that the rights of American coloured citizens in every State ought to be protected; that the general Government is a great organization of freedom, and should go for it everywhere; that it should always be on the side of the weak against the strong, the slave against the tyrant, the people against the despot.' The *Abolitionists* proper, the 'Gar-rison-man,' are a less numerous, but energetic party; they denounce slavery in the scriptural language of the prophets, which is not entirely Parliamentary.'

From this delineation of the parties and the politics of the United States, it will be seen that, with the exception of the slavery question, there is hardly a question of internal American politics that does not belong to a region of practical interests far in advance of those in which most other nations have still the

misery to be entangled. While many European nations are struggling for the first elements of liberty, such as free government, freedom of the press, open trial according to law, and the like, and while even England has the five-barred gate of the suffrage and other similar obstacles yet to clear, America is careering away far a-head among questions which she seems almost to create for the purpose of continued parliamentary exercise. That she makes such a fuss with these questions, raising clouds of dust, and filling columns of newspapers, and having periodical combinations of her *Hunkers* and the like against her *Silvergreys* and the like, and even fighting duels, and trying libel cases in the interest of Homestead Bills, and Improvement Bills, and all the thousand and one little controversies that arise out of liability of the federal government to collision with the rights of the States—is not, however, to be regarded as a waste of energy, or of time. These chance to be the questions of the day in America; and there is no more healthful thing for a community than the incessant discussion by all and sundry in that community of the questions of the day, whatever they are, and their willing co-operation, as citizens, with a view to settle them in the most sagacious possible manner. Were the Americans to cease from this display of political activity, and to sink into the condition of happy listlessness which their position as a nation that has already conquered for itself all the prime liberties of humanity, might permit, they would be untrue even to their own interests, and the tide of retrogression would set in apace. Still, however, it remains emphatically true of America that it is the country of the greatest amount of political palaver and political aptitude, with the smallest reserve of purely domestic opportunities for the exercise of what is properly called statecraft. America is rapidly nearing that goal of no-government, of the absolute independence of the social atoms of any control on the part of the social mass as a whole, which is described by theorists as the ultimatum to which all human society is tending.

Three questions alone seem at present to interpose between America and a state of sheer dissipation of her political energy among such social minutiae as indicate the approach to an era of no-government; three questions alone seem yet to afford her opportunities for the display of statesmanship as distinct from mere local activity in public meetings and committees. These are, *first*, the question of no-government itself in its practical aspects; *secondly*, the slavery question; and, *thirdly*, the question of international relations.

I. *The Question of Government or No-Government.*—This is

specially an American question. No other country in the world has arrived at such a stage of progress as to require its being entertained, or even to suggest the possibility of its being made a question. But in America it is constantly presenting itself in the form of disputes as to the limits which separate the rights of the federation from the rights of the individual states. From this, one step in descent will lead to the question as to the limits between state rights and municipal rights. In this standing controversy the Whigs are on the side of government, the Democrats on the side of no-government. The Whigs are for increasing the powers of the central government—they would authorize it to act as a kind of independent thinking organ for the nation at large, surveying the condition of the nation, and planting here and there over its surface a new institution, or a social improvement, for the accomplishment of any end that might seem desirable. The Democrats, on the other hand, would rather diminish than increase the powers of the central government, which they regard as properly fulfilling only a kind of negative function within the nation, that of preventing any interference with the spontaneous development of the people. On the whole, the Democrats seem to have gained the day; and the following passage from the Washington Address of their nominee, President Pierce, may pass as a guarded declaration of the sentiments now professed by the bulk of the American people on the point under notice.

‘The dangers of a concentration of all power in the general government of a confederacy so vast as ours, are too obvious to be disregarded. You have a right, therefore to expect your agents, in every department, to regard strictly the limits imposed upon them by the constitution of the United States. The great scheme of our constitutional liberty rests upon a proper distribution of power between the State and Federal authorities; and experience has shown, that the harmony and happiness of our people must depend upon a just discrimination between the separate rights and responsibilities of the States, and your common rights and obligations under the general government. And here, in my opinion, are the considerations which should form the true basis of future concord in regard to the questions which have most seriously disturbed public tranquillity. If the federal government will confine itself to the exercise of powers clearly granted by the constitution, it can hardly happen that its action upon any question should endanger the institutions of the States, or interfere with their right to manage matters strictly domestic according to the will of their own people.’

This is not very precise; but, on the whole, as compared with what a Whig President would have been expected to say on a similar occasion, it is a declaration in favour of the limitation of

the powers of the central government within the narrowest circle marked out by the constitution of the Republic. There is one point, we believe, in which many democrats would go so much farther than the president as even to disallow to the central government one of the prerogatives specially reserved for it by the constitution. By the constitution, the central government alone has the right of making peace or war; but we are mistaken if there are not democrats who would claim this right, in some cases, for the separate States—while it is not only in the case of the Lopez invasion of Cuba that evidence has been afforded of a disposition on the part of the Americans to arrogate the right of military enterprise to any private association of individuals who may have conquest or colonization in view.

II. *The Slavery Question.*—This is a question which will one day shake American society to the foundations, and the issues of which will have a cosmopolitan interest. At present, however, America has distinctly refused to make it a political question, and, under cover of the general declaration that the central government is precluded by the constitution from tampering with the domestic interests of the several States, has referred the question back into the vague category of unripe social problems. General Pierce's expressions of opinion on this subject are distinct and unmistakeable.

'I believe that involuntary servitude, as it exists in different States of this confederacy, is recognised by the constitution. I believe that it stands like any other admitted right, and that the States where it exists are entitled to efficient remedies to enforce the constitutional provisions. I hold that the laws of 1850, commonly called the 'Compromise Measures,' are strictly constitutional, and to be unhesitatingly carried into effect. I believe that the constituted authorities of this republic are bound to regard the rights of the south in this respect, as they would view any other legal and constitutional right, and that the laws to enforce them should be respected and obeyed, not with a reluctance encouraged by abstract opinions as to their propriety in a different state of society, but cheerfully, and according to the decisions of the tribunal to which their exposition belongs. Such have been, and are my convictions, and upon them I shall act. I fervently hope that the question is at rest, and that no sectional, or ambitious, or fanatical excitement, may again threaten the durability of our institutions, or obscure the light of our prosperity.'

Such are the words of the democratic president; but, if a Whig had been in his place, the declaration on the slavery question would not have been a whit different. In the Whig 'platform' put forth in reference to the last presidential election, there was a clause to this effect: 'We deprecate all future agitation of the slavery question as dangerous to our peace, and we

‘will discountenance all efforts at the renewal or continuance of such agitation in congress or out of it, whenever, wherever, or howsoever the attempt may be made, and will maintain this system of measures as policy essential to the nationality of the Whig party, and the integrity of the Union.’ Thus both of the great American parties alike drive back the slavery question into the limbo of mere social adjournments. It will probably not be on the political arena, therefore, or at least not there for a long time to come, that the question will be fought. But fought the question must be. An anomaly so huge cannot exist in any portion of human society, without the elements themselves being in a state of unrest all round it; and it is perhaps a providential fact for America herself, that, in her dearth of all ordinary domestic provocatives to the grief of great statesmanship, she still retains this stain on her conscience, this canker in her heart.

III. *The question of International Relations.*—This is the great question which makes the American republic indubitably the most important nation in the world in a cosmopolitical point of view. The question breaks itself into two—the question of the relations of the Republic to those portions of the New World which at present lie out of the limits of the confederacy; and the question of the relations of the Republic to the nations of the Old World. In regard to both these questions, the America of to-day is a very different thing from the America of Washington and Jefferson. The legacy of these men to the Republic over whose infant fortunes they presided, consisted in an earnest dissuasive from two things—war for the purposes of territorial extension within the American continent; and interference with the politics of the European nations. America has now flung aside these maxims as a full-grown child repudiates leading-strings. In vain has Whiggism striven to preserve some faint lingering of respect for such maxims; Democracy is now, and we believe finally, triumphant; and the mind of American Democracy, in reference to international politics, is summed up in two words—*Annexation* within the New World; *Interference* in behalf of popular rights everywhere out of it.

It is the apparent destination of the American Republic to become coextensive with at least the whole northern half of the American continent. Such space as is blank and unclaimed as yet by any other government, the Americans are rapidly over-running—Oregon, California, and the Mormon settlements lying between these outposts and the States proper, are the first patches over a surface yet to be covered. The elastic constitution of the Union will permit the ready recognition as states of the new

societies which start up in this region—to add a new state to the Union is but to add a star to the national banner. But even where the ground is already claimed and covered—as in the case of Mexico, of the Canadas, and of Cuba—the same tendency to territorial extension is evident. In vain have eminent statesmen and moralists protested against the policy of annexation. It is a popular instinct, coincident with wide-spread individual interest; and the very peculiarity of the United States consists in this, that, as the people is both sovereign and accustomed to the use of arms, anything that the people, or a considerable portion of them, have set their hearts on, will either be authorized by the government, or done in the face of the government by private association. Americans squatted in Texas, and the American government were obliged to annex Texas. And so also with regard to Cuba. There are three stages in the process for annexing this island—private enterprise discountenanced by the government; private enterprise authorized by the government; and public enterprise led by the government. The first stage of the process is probably over—the death of Lopez finished it; and we shall probably see the policy of annexation go through the other two. That Cuba will be annexed there is no manner of doubt. The following passage from President Pierce's Washington address is none the less significant that it is somewhat obscure:—

‘With an experience thus suggestive and cheering, the policy of my administration will not be controlled by any timid forebodings of evil from expansion. Indeed, it is not to be disguised that our attitude as a nation, and our position on the globe, render the acquisition of certain possessions, not within our jurisdiction, eminently important for our protection, if not, in the future, essential for the preservation of the rights of commerce and the peace of the world. Should they be obtained, it will be through no grasping spirit, but with a view to obvious national interest and security, and in a manner entirely consistent with the strict observance of national faith.’

Here there is no direct mention of Cuba, but, in one way or another, Cuba will very soon belong to the American Republic. Nor is it probable that this will be the only annexation. Any desirable territory which the government cannot get ceded to it by international arrangement, needs only to be lighted on by a cloud of volunteers from a nation all the citizens of which are sovereigns; and, in the end, the government, however reluctant, will be obliged to back these volunteers, and legitimise whatever they do.

And so, in the relations of America with the politics of the Old World. In Great Britain, where the government, though

theoretically representative of the people, is in reality a distinct agglomeration of sentiment and will, against which the general sentiment of the people fumes and breaks, with power to modify and alter, but not to dissolve or annihilate it—there may very well exist a universal popular sympathy with the cause of oppressed freedom on the Continent; and yet that sympathy may receive the faintest possible expression when translated through the recognised organs of international action. But in America it is different. There, if the mass of the people are really interested in the cause of struggling European freedom, they have only to associate to carry their sympathies into practical results. They may subscribe money, or contribute arms to assist the patriots; they may even organize a volunteer expedition of American rifles, and steam across the Atlantic on a mission of propagandist warfare. Government might frown, but were the enterprise based on a sufficiently extensive popular feeling, it could do nothing but hold back for a while, and then submit. Such development has the system of volunteer warfare received in America that we verily believe that, if it could be shown that the enfranchisement of Italy or Hungary by American arms would pay as a speculation, the contract would be taken to-morrow by an American firm, and all the stock subscribed for in a day or two in New York or New Orleans. Were the island of Sicily, for example, made over to an association of American citizens, on condition of their enfranchising the rest of Italy, and setting it up as an independent republic, who shall say the thing might not be done. The Americans are a nation of sovereigns; they are also a nation trained to the use of arms; and the very theory of central government in America is, that what the people desire, it shall at least not prevent them from carrying out. Whenever, therefore, whether for the purposes of gain or of philanthropy, the American people, or a great mass of them, are desirous of actively bestirring themselves in behalf of political freedom in the Old World, America is on the verge of asserting her cosmopolitical importance by a direct crusade among the nations for the compulsory propagation of her own principles of equality and freedom. There are but three steps in the process—first, volunteer enterprise discountenanced by government; next, volunteer enterprise authorized by government; next, a national crusade with government at its head.

How near we are to such an assumption by America of the greatest cosmopolitical function that can devolve upon a nation, it is difficult to say. One thing is clear—that Kossuth's visit to America has been productive of immense effects. Direct assistance in the way of arms or money he seems to have received but in small measure; but this, at least, may be said—that, when he

landed in America the mind of the nation was full of the Whig sentiment of non-interference, and that when he left it the American mind was full of the notion of its cosmopolitical function. We do not think that, prior to Kossuth's visit to America, such language as the following would have been used by an American President.

'Of the complicated European systems of national polity we have heretofore been independent. From their wars, their tumults and anxieties, we have been, happily, almost entirely exempt. While these are confined to the nations which gave them existence, and within their legitimate jurisdiction, they cannot affect us, except as they appeal to our sympathies in the cause of human freedom and universal advancement. But the vast interests of commerce are common to all mankind, and the advantages of trade and international intercourse must always present a noble field for the moral influence of a great people. With these views firmly and honestly carried out, we have a right to expect, and shall under all circumstances require, prompt reciprocity. The rights which belong to us as a nation are not alone to be regarded, but those which pertain to every citizen in his individual capacity, at home and abroad, must be sacredly maintained. So long as he can discern every star in its place upon that ensign, without wealth to purchase for him preferment, or title to secure for him place, it will be his privilege, and must be his acknowledged right, to stand unabashed even in the presence of princes, with a proud consciousness that he is himself one of a nation of sovereigns, and that he cannot, in legitimate pursuit, wander so far from home that the agent whom he shall leave behind in the place which I now occupy, will not see that no rude hand of power or tyrannical passion is laid upon him with impunity. He must realize that, upon every sea and on every soil, where our enterprise may rightfully seek the protection of our flag, American citizenship is an inviolable panoply for the security of American rights. And, in this connexion, it can hardly be necessary to reaffirm a principle which should now be regarded as fundamental. The rights, security, and repose of this confederacy reject the idea of interference or colonization, on this side of the ocean, by any foreign power, beyond present jurisdiction, as utterly inadmissible.'

This is guarded, but at the same time bold. President Pierce is evidently full of the notion of the cosmopolitical function devolving on America in the present state of the world. Whether there is any such understanding between the political party which he represents and Kossuth, as may pledge him in his place, as President, to a course of direct interference on behalf of European freedom, it is impossible to say; but we should not wonder, if, before the expiry of President Pierce's term of office, we were to see the American volunteer uniform, or hear the crack of the American rifle, on the coasts of Italy, or on the plains which separate Pesth from Vienna.

OUR EPILOGUE

ON

AFFAIRS AND BOOKS.

THE hour of darkness for Europe has not passed away. Might is still in the place of right. The Juggernaut of despotism moves on as heretofore, and its victims—its involuntary victims—are crushed and destroyed beneath its wheels by hundreds and by thousands, day by day, as heretofore.

But times make men, and men are made for times. The genius—the military and political genius—to wield the forces now everywhere waiting for it, will come. This is the great want, and what an age wants, it comes in its time to possess. Providence has its analogies, and its analogies are laws.

In the meanwhile, our English statesmen have their flatteries to dispense to the oppressors, and their libels to fling at the oppressed—are ashamed that refugees should show themselves patriots, not ashamed that their persecutors should show themselves tyrants—can frown on the madness which breaks forth under the endurance of wrong, and then turn, full of smiles, towards the power which generates the madness, by inflicting the wrong.

The words of the leader of our Lower House, to a certain priest-ridden duke, were manly and hopeful. But the spirit which gave England her freedom, is not the spirit of our cabinets or senates. It is in our people, it is rarely found in those who should be their leaders,—least of all in that class of our traffickers, who, to 'get gain,' can descend to play the sycophant in the presence of arbitrary power, however perjured or bloodstained; and can congratulate a nation, in the sight of all Europe, on the good condition of its markets, as realized at no greater cost than the loss of its liberties.

The season of despotic rule is naturally the season of papal encroachment. Had the recent aggression in this country taken place under our Plantagenets, the tools of the Foreign Priest engaged in it would have been liable to imprisonment, confiscation, and exile. Had the papal letter addressed to the French clergy within the last few weeks, been addressed to that body a hundred years ago, the Bourbon would instantly have suppressed it, as an invasion of the prerogatives of the crown, and of the liberties of the Gallican church. While the present league between the sword and the crosier shall last, no man can say what may not be attempted, nor what may not be submitted to. The worst things ever professed are now professed again; and we see not why the worst things ever done may not be done again. If England and America could be put out of the way, nothing can be clearer than that the two forms of despotism would divide Christendom between them.

BOOKS.

THE function of a Quarterly Review has come to consist, not so much in the reviewing of books, as in a treatment of topics, of particular or general interest, after a more full and thorough manner than is possible in other sections of the periodical press. From the first, we have endeavoured in some degree to combine the two objects, by means of a supplement to each number consisting of notices of books. To this last department we mean to assign a larger space, and care will be taken to ensure that the pages so appropriated shall present a faithful analysis and criticism of the more important works in our current literature.—EDITOR.

Bases of Belief; an Examination of Christianity as a Divine Revelation by the light of Recognised Facts and Principles. By EDWARD MIALL, M.P. 8vo, pp. 425. London: 1853.

This is not an every-day book. The contents of the volume are divided into four parts, under the titles—the Phenomenon, the Revelation, the Seal, and the Record. The Phenomenon intended is that presented in the position which Christianity has acquired for itself in the world's history. It is then shown that this conspicuous fact has come into this prominence on the basis of a message claiming to be received as a supernatural Revelation. This revelation has its Seal in the attestation of miracle; and the revelation thus attested has its fixedness for all coming time in a Record.

The root of the Phenomenon intended, presents itself in the ministry of Jesus. The results of that ministry, directly or indirectly, have been alike remarkable for their spirituality, their extent, and their permanence. The means by which these results were achieved, appear to have been anything but adequate to the production of them; and while the early triumphs of Christianity were realized in the face of high intelligence most hostile to its pretensions, its intellectual and moral hold upon humanity has continued to be among the more enlightened and purer communities of mankind. Here is the phenomenon—the great fact, which the sceptic has to account for, if he may, on merely natural principles.

Of this fact the Gospel offers its own explanation. It has done this great work because it is a Revelation from God to this end. Is it unreasonable to credit its pretensions in this respect? In answer to this question, it is to be remembered that the Gospel has come to men, not so much to teach them that God is good, or that virtue is good, as to awaken them to a life of virtue, of goodness, of religious-

ness. These susceptibilities of religiousness in man, suppose the presence of whatever is needful to their fair development. But the needful to this end does not come from the nature of man, nor from the material universe. What the nature of the cases teaches in this respect, experience confirms. Revelation through nature only, has not been adequate to human necessity. But Christianity has its own adaptations to the cravings of the religious sentiment in man—especially as bringing near to us the character of God through a personal history, employing the human to lead us upwards to the divine. The idea of a Revelation as thus conveyed is not repugnant to reason; it is, on the contrary, in beautiful harmony with the general laws of nature and providence.

But admitting that a revelation in this form *may* be true, is *this* supposed revelation true? Yes; it has its attestation, its Seal, in miracles. Miracles, it is contended, are the fitting attestation of a supernatural revelation. No complete manifestation of God can take place without them. No form of proof can be so well adapted to arrest attention, or more consonant with the expectations of humanity in such a case. The objections taken to the evidence of miracles are not tenable, inasmuch as they forbid the subordinations of the physical to the moral, of the less to the greater, in the divine government—and necessitate, also, such a rejection of evidence as must end, if logically pursued, in universal scepticism. The miracles of the Gospels, moreover, are, from their nature, beautifully in harmony with the import of the communication to which they give their sanction.

The revelation thus needed, thus adapted, and thus attested, has its place in a Record. Some such mode of giving certainty and permanence to the divine communication was indispensable. The revelation and the record are two things, not one; but the former must depend for its fixedness and perpetuity on the latter. In the latter, too, there may be much along with the revelation that is not of it. It is enough that the moral and spiritual element is faithfully given. The human element mixed up with that higher element may take something like its usual amount of error along with it; but the man who believes in other histories, notwithstanding such signs of the imperfect, should believe in this history notwithstanding such appearances. The Gospels are at least as historically truthful as other records of remote time, and should be as much credited as those records. To credit the narratives of the Evangelists, however, as men credit other narratives, is to find the natural in this case so allied with the supernatural, as to issue, if reason be allowed to do its perfect work, in the admission, that the New Testament should be received as the record of a special revelation from God to humanity.

It will be evident from this summary that there is nothing really new in the course of argument indicated by the four terms which Mr. Miall has adopted to make the successive stages of his reasoning. His aim, indeed, through the greater portion of the volume, as stated by

himself, is to show that 'the arguments of that class of apologists for Christianity, in which the first place in the order of time may be assigned to Tertullian, and in logical decision and force to Dr. Paley, have not been bowed out of court. They have not been neutralized. They are by no means obsolete. The conclusiveness once believed to attach to them, attaches to them still' (p. 276). In a field so long occupied, and by minds so variously stored and gifted, little was to be expected in the way of originality as to material. It is not on this ground, accordingly, that Mr. Miall's pages have their value. In common with the author of the *Eclipse of Faith*, he has entered freely into the labours of those who have gone before him, but in such a form as to have concluded that no charge of plagiarism could be urged against him, though obligations, by no means inconsiderable, should pass without acknowledgment. Nor do we see anything strictly new in that common-sense-philosophy style in which Mr. Miall proposes to deal with this large controversy. This is ground that has not been left to be occupied now for the first time. Paley, Chalmers, and others since, have done much towards taking this great question out of the arena of obscure erudition, and towards commending it to the natural sense and feeling, apart from training in school subtleties.

Nevertheless, as we have intimated, Mr. Miall's volume is not a common book. On the contrary, it is a book of great worth; and we are not a little gratified to see the acute and skilful mind of the author given to usefulness in this direction. There is a power of analysis, a power of logical development, and a precision and beauty of language pervading the argument, which must win for Mr. Miall no faint commendation from every intelligent and candid reader. If he has not added largely to the thoughts to be found in this department of our literature, he has unquestionably given forth the material pertaining to it with a distinctness, a consecutiveness, and a completeness, which bespeak the hand of a master, and which will secure for his treatise a place of its own. We have had a great deal of flippant and sciolist talk of late about 'evidences,' as though all the matters usually comprehended under that term had done their work, the criticism of our age having, as a matter of course, outgrown such dry and childish things. It is, for this reason, a special pleasure to us to see Mr. Miall take this ground as he has here done. We earnestly hope that some who have greatly needed this rebuke may have the grace to profit by it.

We agree with Mr. Miall that the sceptic has no right to insist upon other evidence in reference to scripture history, than in reference to general history. Once cede the contrary of that maxim, and the enemy will soon so exaggerate the improbable on the one side, and so rise in his demands of extraordinary evidence on the other, as to render discussion useless. But though the sceptic *ought* to believe in scripture history, notwithstanding such minor discrepancies and errors as belong to other histories, the question remains—is it a fact that the sacred writings are disfigured by such signs of imperfection, much as we find

in other merely human writings? Mr. Miall's argument does not require that he should attempt to settle this question. But he must bear with us in saying that he has gone too far to allow of its being wise that he should not go further. Critics whose faith in Christianity—if anything really Christian can be said to be retained by them—is of the smallest description imaginable, have not been slow to note, that neither in this volume, nor in the one preceding it from the same pen, is there anything to bespeak the adhesion of the author to an evangelical creed. In this insinuation the wish has no doubt become father to the thought; but Mr. Miall has intimated that he may some day submit his thoughts to the public concerning the import of the message contained in the Record, and, for many reasons, we wish he would so do. For we are not, we must say, altogether satisfied with the manner in which some parties who appear to be taking Mr. Miall as an authority, are pleased to express themselves in reference to evangelical opinions, and in reference to the people generally who profess them. It is no mean authority which describes Mr. Miall and his adherents as having diverged from the opinions commonly held among us much too far not to be obliged to go much further. We should like to see this sinister prophecy thoroughly falsified; and we sincerely trust that it is reserved to Mr. Miall to do good service in this way. In the treatise before us there are points in which we think the author has failed to see the whole truth; and others in which we think he has missed his way, and has opened a path to conclusions not his own—but the book, as a whole, is so good, that we are not disposed to dwell upon exceptions, and shall probably find other occasions for directing attention to portions of it which we deem open to exception. The following is one of Mr. Miall's summaries—we give it as a specimen of the style in which the work is written:—

‘We have already observed, and, we think, clearly shown, that the New Testament is not a revelation of God, in the strict sense of that term, but a record of one vouchsafed in the facts of a human life. Whether the Creator could appropriately disclose to us his moral character, relationship, and purpose, through one man's history, from birth to death, is an *à priori* question, requiring to be decided by abstract, intellectual, and moral arguments. By similar means we must arrive at a conclusion, affirmative or negative, as to whether supernaturalism may fitly, and must needs, form part of any disclosure of the Deity, made through such a medium. These two points having been disposed of according to their assumed merits, the further question remaining to be considered is mainly, if not exclusively, one of facts. Christianity is still operating upon the world as a spiritual power. It traces up its existence to the life of Jesus Christ, who professed to be, in a peculiar sense, the Son of God, ‘sent’ to make known to men their Father, who is in heaven. Such a profession we are justified in regarding as an introduction to us in the shape of external fact, of the speculative and abstract conclusion previously settled upon what appeared to be sufficiently solid grounds. We saw in our own nature certain religious capabilities, susceptibilities, and irrepressible yearnings; and we saw, in a revelation of Deity through humanity, a congruous objective provision for their exercise and satisfaction. That some man, therefore, should appear in our midst, claiming to be a representative of the Supreme, assumed to our reason, thus prepared, the appearance of a fact in accordance with just expectations. We proved that such a man, presenting himself to us on such a mission, could substantiate his claim no otherwise than by miracles; and that, in such a service,

miracles are not only not at variance with, but are themselves a fitting exemplification of, the known principles of the Divine Government. An immense body of historical facts, then, which no one can think of impugning, bears us back to Jesus Christ, who claims to have appeared amongst men for the realization of a purpose we have seen to be desirable, and who assumes to make good his claim by an appeal to proof we have seen to be fitting and necessary. Such being the case, the record, it is clear, must be treated as a record of facts likely, in the nature of things, to have happened at some period of the world's experience; and certain, from the same cause, to happen but once. What, then, can we reasonably demand of the history, but that it should fairly abide the tests by which we examine all other history in relation to singular, but not improbable occurrences? Now, we make bold to say that the evidence adduced in support of the historical trustworthiness of the writers of the New Testament is as various, as weighty, as logically impregnable, as can be collected in favour of any history whatever. More than this, we contend, is not absolutely required; but more than this is forthcoming on demand.'—pp. 348—350.

A Tour of Enquiry through France and Italy, illustrating their present Social, Political, and Religious Condition. By EDMUND SPENCER, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. Hurst & Blackett. 1853.

Mr. Spencer is not a novice in travel. His volumes on European Turkey are full of information relating to countries little known. His style sometimes rises to eloquence, but is, for the most part, simple and natural. He never becomes either brilliant or profound, but, on the other hand, he never sins either against good taste or good sense. His manner is so free from all straining for effect as to give you an agreeable impression of trustworthiness; and he has withal a manly sympathy with freedom, dealing in all cases as an educated Englishman should do with oppression, whether civil or ecclesiastical, as it comes before him. Our report concerning these volumes is, that they are exceedingly agreeable reading, well-timed, full of instruction; and we urge our readers by all means to make themselves acquainted with them.

Mr. Spencer's account of France does not fill more than a fourth of the space assigned by him to his account of Italy. It is, as will be supposed, in relation to the latter country that the publication is chiefly valuable. But the observations on France give us the impressions of an intelligent Englishman, as the result of recent and free intercourse with the people of that country. His opinion is, that the terrible scourge which has come upon France is to be traced mainly to two sources—to priestly influence, which undermines all public virtue after one fashion; and to infidelity, which does the same work after another fashion. France has always included, and includes still, intelligent and high-minded men, who would be an honour to any country; but the great mass of her people have been long divided into the two great parties mentioned—the professors of no religion, or the professors of a very bad one. The bad faith of the one party has so disgusted the other, as to have caused them to have done with religious faith altogether. Such, in fact, has been the effect of Romanism throughout Christendom—at least, through all the countries where it has not been powerful enough to keep down all

intelligence. But we shall allow Mr. Spencer to speak for himself on this subject:—

‘It would conduce little towards enlightening our readers on the real state of France, were we to follow the various plans of Louis Napoleon and his supporters in their crusade against the liberties of the French people, and show how they succeeded in placing on the brow of their idol an imperial diadem; the leading events are already well known, and might have been anticipated in a country where public virtue and public morality have been snapped by venality and selfishness. But the secret history, the deep game, by which democracy was urged onward to its destination, is still to be written, effected as it was through the machinations of an army of priests, Jesuits, and their allies, the pope and the despotic rulers of Europe, who, confounding civil and religious freedom with anarchy and infidelity, and democracy with socialism, raised a panic, in which universal barbarism, the destruction of property, and of all social order, were the dangers threatened. How easily these exaggerated and unfounded representations were believed by a people, who, taken in the mass, are the most visionary, credulous, and least sound-judging of any in Europe, we have abundant proofs in the events of the last few months. •

‘We have already shown to our readers the deplorable ignorance and superstition of the lower order of agriculturists and peasants of France, the endeavours of the clergy and the higher classes to perpetuate their debased condition, the intolerance and bigotry of the ultramontane press in France, the blasphemy of the St. Esprit brotherhood, and the facility with which the people in general resign themselves to any sudden impulse, political or religious, at the instigation of any clever eloquent charlatan who may possess sufficient power to win the hearts of his hearers. We have shown in what manner the clergy have become an element of political power in France, a society banded together by the same indissoluble chain which has so long held together the Jesuits. We have shown how, through their influence and intrigues, and the prestige of a name, Louis Napoleon was enabled to corrupt the military, and trample on the laws and liberties of a people he had solemnly sworn to defend. We have shown how admirably the drama was played by those men of the past, their acolytes, and a host of impoverished eager adventurers, who, seeing a brilliant future before them, gave life and vigour to the movement. But perhaps our readers are not aware, and we do not make the assertion on slight grounds, that this well-laid conspiracy was concocted at Gaeta, when the pope resided there as an exile; and that the Church and the despots of Europe contributed ample funds for supporting this well-organized system of chaining down the minds and intelligence of the only people who, from their geographical position and the general prevalence of their language, were capable of influencing the inhabitants of every other country on the continent.’—pp. 337—340.

Our author supposes that nothing short of the present humiliation and suffering of the French people, under this influence, could have sufficed to reveal to them the deadly working of this cancerous priestism. He is persuaded, moreover, in common with nearly all the independent and thoughtful men he has conversed with on the Continent, that in this throw, by means of France, despotism and priestcraft have played their last card, and that a losing game, to be among the most memorable in the world’s history, is awaiting them. No doubt the most intelligent nations of Europe are at this moment charged throughout with disaffection, which, like an electric element, needs but the fitting touch to explode. Europe will not be righted by oratory or by statesmanship, though both may contribute to that end. The main-spring—thanks to the all or nothing policy of the despots—will have to be supplied by some military genius, which shall be adequate to the exigency both in the cabinet and in the field. In the history of providence, when the hands ready to be used for any

special object multiply so fast, the head to use them is rarely long in coming. The parties profiting by the new order of things in France do not, indeed, see things in this light. The following is Mr. Spencer's account of the talk of some of them about the future, and about ourselves :—

'If we visit the *Salons* of the *parti prêtre*, we shall be told, that he [Napoleon] has come among men at a time of universal infidelity, invested with full authority to re-establish the Church of Christ in all its primeval grandeur among the nations of the earth, and that his first crusade is to be against England, the head quarters of the Evil One, the upholder of all the heretical doctrines of republicanism and socialism, which have distracted the world during the last three centuries, in which laudable undertaking he is to be assisted by the combined armies of papal Europe. In like manner, if we converse with the military of any grade they will tell us that the Rhine is the natural boundary of France; Switzerland must be divided, Belgium, Saxony, and Holland, annexed; we shall hear of a German protectorate, an Italian protectorate, kings of Rome and Naples, expeditions to Egypt, Turkey, and India, the capture of Malta, Gibraltar, and Corfu, the sea wolves entirely driven from the element they have so long usurped, the Mediterranean a French lake, and France the sole arbiter of the destinies of the world! Cowherds are to become generals, swineherds marshals of the empire, and peasants governors of foreign kingdoms and provinces! The agricultural classes, comprehending those small proprietors who cultivate the ground, are equally satisfied. Have they not elected a *plébiscite* emperor, the man of their choice, and of their own order—the saviour that heaven has sent to preserve them from total ruin?'—pp. 345, 346.

In this manner, under the plea of securing right and glory to France and to the Church, the soldier of France is to become the spoliator, and the priest the inquisitor, of all the peoples that may be brought under their sway—the plunder and humiliation of ourselves being the consummation most devoutly to be wished. Not very consonant this with the sentimental talk we have heard of late about the peaceful and brotherly intentions of our Gallic neighbours, and of the man who has become their master. The parties dominant in France have served themselves at the cost of everything that gave worth or greatness to their country—and are these the men to scruple about serving themselves at similar costs elsewhere? France has swept away her aristocracy, her millions of peasants are doomed by that act to a state of passive ignorance, her intelligence being restricted to a remnant of her people in her towns and cities, and among these division and weakness may always be sown by the baits of office as emanating from a central government. What France needed—what Europe needed, was, that the position of their aristocracies should be reformed, not that they should be annihilated. It is the error committed in that direction that has shut Europe up to the alternative of republicanism or despotism.

Mr. Spencer's account of Italy presents it as a bed of discontent—of suppressed abhorrence of its tyrants, from the Alps to Sicily. Even a portion of the priests share in this feeling. But as is the tendency to revolt, so is the force of the pressure laid on to prevent it. Mr. Gladstone has opened to us some of the prisons of Naples; Mr. Spencer affords us a glance at those of Rome. There are, we are

told, two species of cells in the prisons of the Papal States, *la Segritina*, and *la Largo*. The cells of *la Segritina* are constructed to receive but one prisoner, and are so small as to receive no more air than medical science has pronounced to be necessary to the health of the one person. Since the revolution, such has been the number of accused or suspected persons seized, that each of these cells has been made to receive four persons, in one or two instances, six; care being taken that they shall be mixed with ruffianly brigands and assassins! The unhappy victims are not allowed to leave their place of confinement *for any purpose whatever*, and all this in a sultry climate like that of Rome—no marvel that they are known to climb on the shoulders of each other that each in turn may inhale a little of God's fresh air! Each prisoner has a portion of straw for a bed, but it is never changed, and soon becomes filled with vermin. The daily food consists of sixteen ounces of bread, two ounces of salad, and a glass of weak acid wine. As they have fallen into the hands of priests, there must, of course, be a sacred distinction on fast days, when their usual fare is reduced to a meagre supply of beans and vegetables. Some go mad, others fall victims to the diseases naturally generated by such treatment; and one exercise of jesuit malevolence has been to mix jalap with the daily supplies of bread, that the screw of torture laid on upon one side, may not favour the release of the victim by death upon the other! Men who have suffered thus for a week only, become almost incredibly changed in their appearance as the consequence. Two youths of healthy forms and intellectual acquirements were thrown into one of these pits of misery, on the charge of having taken part in the late insurrection; in a few weeks they were released, but it was only to die, as the effect of their sufferings, in the arms of their broken-hearted parents. Italy, at this hour, is full of such scenes and such doings. There is not a depth of perfidy or cruelty to which the powers now dominant in that beautiful but ill-fated country have not descended—and all this, not in the age of Machiavelli, but in the face of Europe in the middle of the nineteenth century!

It must not be supposed, however, that Mr. Spencer's volumes are filled with details of this terrible complexion; they possess the interest of works of this class on general subjects; but we must confess that to us, they are chiefly interesting from what is stated as their special object,—viz., to illustrate the 'present social, political, and religious condition' of France and Italy. Even on this subject their information is not so thorough as we had expected, but they are well-timed, and adapted to produce a just and salutary impression.

A First Letter to the Rev. S. R. Maitland, D.D., on the Genuineness of the Writings ascribed to Cyprian, bishop of Carthage. By the REV. E. J. SHEPHERD, M A., Rector of Luddesdown. *A Second Letter, &c. A Third Letter, &c.* Longman.

These letters are evidence that the spirit of a sound historical criticism is not extinct among us. Great consternation and displeasure have been produced by them in some quarters. But the case pre-

sented by Mr. Shepherd, is one that must be dealt with after his own manner, and so dealt with, the conclusions at which he arrives will, we think, be found to be unavoidable.

According to certain letters in a correspondence ascribed to Cyprian, there was an interval of a few months in the lifetime of that prelate, when an intimacy subsisted, not only between the churches of Rome and Carthage, but between persons belonging to those churches, of the most familiar description—such as would seem to bespeak the Christian fellowship of the same neighbourhood, rather than churches on different continents, with hundreds of miles of sea between them. At the same time, ecclesiastical history, prior to that interval, and subsequently to it, during some five hundred years, is wholly silent as to intercourse of any kind between the churches of Rome and Africa. This intimacy between Rome and Carthage during the years adverted to, supposes such intimacy to have existed long before, and suggests that it must have been continued afterwards—but a number of authorities that should have made us acquainted with this fact, if fact it had been, are silent respecting it. The conclusion, on grounds of this nature, is, that the distinction we make between the spurious and genuine epistles of Ignatius has to be extended to the epistles of Cyprian.

In his second letter, Mr. Shepherd pursues a similar course in reference to certain councils said to have been convened in Carthage in this time—and with a similar result. There was an end to be served by this series of fictitious letters, and by this series of fictitious councils, and Mr. Shepherd has shown in his third letter, what that end was. The following is the picture of the authority of the bishop of Rome as given in these Cyprianic forgeries:

‘Let us begin by casting our eyes directly south. The African diocese is before us. In that wide extent of country there are nearly two hundred bishops, all with their eyes on Rome, and more or less in communication with her bishop.

‘Looking across the Libyan sands, we see the Egyptian diocese. There, too, the bishops of the Pentapolis are looking to Rome, as well as their chief, the bishop of Alexandria. He is in distress. A charge of heresy has been carried to Rome by his own bishops, and the Roman bishop has called upon him for his defence. He is now writing it.

‘Carrying our observation on to Arabia, we behold drooping churches imploring aid, and Roman clergy, messengers of mercy, toiling through the desert to afford it.

‘Syria furnishes the same angelic picture.

‘Looking in the direction of Antioch, we see Roman clerks on their way to this Queen of the East. We may also see the Oriental bishops looking to Rome to receive their chief from her hands.

‘The Asiatic bishops are in great confusion, and are angry; but their eyes are all towards Rome.

‘Approaching the Alps, a reverential homage paid to the Roman bishop is conspicuous.

‘Passing onwards to Gaul, there is the same reverence. All eyes are on Rome.

‘And Spain, even to her remotest limits, is acknowledging the fisherman’s seal.

‘Is not this a most extraordinary picture of the state of the Christian Church in the middle of the third century? Is it not worth mounting the hill to behold?—to see the Roman prelate, the centre of all the churches of the earth, ‘the observed of all observers,’ exercising the authority and raising the deferential homage due only to a universal bishop?’—pp. 31, 32.

Against such a representation the reader has to place the fact, that, with the exception of Eusebius, the Christian writers of the first four centuries make scarcely any mention, either of the bishop of Rome, or of the see of Rome. Even Eusebius, with whom the supremacy of St. Peter, and the descent of that supremacy to the bishop of Rome, would have been points of the highest importance, had they been facts, makes no mention of the one doctrine or the other. What we *do* know concerning the bishops of Rome about this time, from the recently recovered treatise of Hippolytus, stands in very significant contrast with this attempt to fix precedents for the later encroachments of the papacy, in an age so remote as that of Cyprian.

We feel deeply indebted to Mr. Shepherd, for the uses to which he has applied his scholarship in these letters, and in the volume on the early history of the church which bears his name. We hope to meet him again on this ground, where he is well qualified to do both the state and the church no mean service.

Two Thousand Miles' Ride through the Argentine Provinces. By WILLIAM MAC CANN. With Illustrations. 2 vols. Smith, Elder & Co. 1853.

In the year 1848 Mr. Mac Cann, having landed at Buenos Ayres, buys horses, and rides out into the prairie—the ambassador of Commerce. He would fain learn what prospect mercantile enterprise may have among the dwellers in those boundless plains of verdure, men who live in the saddle, whose best description is the old Homeric epithet of ‘horse-tamer.’ His account of the two rides, one to the south and the other north of the province of Buenos Ayres, will enable the reader vividly to realize the regions he has traversed. His book is the unlaboured yet animated narrative of an observant and sensible man, who describes simply what he saw and what he thought. The second volume contains much general information of value to commercial men, and statistical results, at present necessarily imperfect, but still to be thankfully accepted as a step in advance. The work includes also a full history of the recent civil war, down to the period of publication. The latest tidings from South America have verified the unfavourable prognostications of the author as to the issue of the struggle. The elements of strife are, as yet, too potent for the prosperity of commerce. Mr. Mac Cann is convinced that neither the Unitarian nor the Federal scheme can secure peace. The antipathies existing among the thirteen provinces are too strong—their interests too conflicting, to admit of permanent union. On the other hand, a Hegemony (as an ancient Greek would call it) which would give to Buenos Ayres a political and commercial supremacy, something like that of Athens over her dependencies, would be resisted to the last by the provinces of Corrientes, Entre Rios, and the Banda Oriental. Monte Video is to Buenos Ayres what Pisa was to Florence—a natural rival, less powerful, indeed, but by position, and as it were by inheritance, a jealous and formidable competitor. Rosas, Federalist as he professed to be, would have maintained, at all hazards,

the supremacy of Buenos Ayres—a course grateful to the holders of Buenos Ayrean Bonds, but fatal to the general interests of commerce. Mr. Mac Cann believes—we think with reason—that peace cannot be established till the northern provinces form a confederation separate from those on the south of the river, leaving its waters open as a highway for all nations. Such an arrangement would destroy the monopoly so coveted by Buenos Ayres, but it would be in perfect harmony with the natural position of the States, and would eventually secure the prosperity of the whole Argentine territory. But, for some time to come, traffic in that direction can realize but precarious returns. These are the author's concluding words:—

‘While our own colonies of Australia and New Zealand offer such rich and boundless fields for the profitable employment of capital amongst our own countrymen, there is less inducement than ever for merchants to risk their capital and energies amongst a race of people where the wealth of nature is wasted by the combined operation of ignorance, unstable government, and interminable warfare.’

If you accompany Mr. Mac Cann in imagination on his gallop across those interminable grassy levels, you may enjoy something of the exhilarating novelty and freedom, without the fatigue of riding half-broken horses, ‘fit only to be perches for birds,’ without inflaming your gums by gnawing the very hardest beef for many weeks together, and narrowly escaping cutting off your nose (if a long one) when you have to fasten your teeth upon a spitted joint, and sever with your hunting-knife the mass of meat on which they have laid hold,—without the annoyance of losing your way, of having your horses stolen, of pricking thistles, and of stinging insects. You see the prairie dotted to the farthest distance with wild horses and with cattle; here and there you arrive at the large cattle-farms scattered over the country, occupied mostly by Spaniards, often by Scotchmen, sometimes by Englishmen; everywhere you are hospitably received; you watch the processes of horse-taming and horse-steaming, of marking the cattle, of driving them together into herds by riding round and round them, their capture by the lasso and the bolas; you behold that grand sight, a herd of wild horses dash by you, shaking the ground with the thunder of a thousand hoofs; you see gorgeous sunsets, and pools ruddy with the reflected plumage of flocking flamingoes; you follow at full speed, just for the excitement of the chase, a mingled troop of horses, colts, deer, ostriches, and oxen. You come among the Indians; you see their filthy huts, or toldos, studding the plain; you find that they never clean them; but when the offal and the putrifying carcasses of horses have become intolerable even to Indian olfactories, the hovel is pulled down and erected somewhere else. You are reminded (for of course you are a philosopher) of the French people, who can never cleanse, but must, every now and then, pull down about their ears the social edifice. At Santa Fé you find the most quiet and dreamy of capitals, inhabited by a mixed population, where Spanish, Indian, and negro blood are combined in every possible variety of shade. You walk out in the middle of the day—it is all as still and slumbrous as the

enchanted palace of the Sleeping Beauty—the poor man is reposing literally under his own vine and fig-tree; the shops are shut, the streets deserted; under every tree in every garden lie the sleepers; all ranks alike are folded softly in a common oblivion. Somewhat farther, at Parana, you see houses which are not places to live in, but rather pantries or closets for keeping food and clothes; the real house is the earth and sky; and after supper, when they have wished each other the most courteous of good nights, the family separate, each to seek out some pleasant nook, embowered by the rich foliage, and over-arched by trees, where he or she may pass the night, fearless of harm from man or beast; as though the leafy quietness of Eden were a reality once more, the silken grass man's couch, the hanging flowers his brodered curtain, the odorous airs his unseen whispering ministers. Wisely did the old Greeks paint their genii with a vessel full of fruits and flowers in one hand, and a scourge in the other. Man sinks into lethargy if nature visits him only with bounty, and never with hardship. In that delicious climate men are spoiled and idle children—mere creatures of instinct and of sense. The law which condemned man to the sweat of the brow might seem a curse as he looked back on Paradise—it was a boon as he looked onward and outward to the world before him.

The remarks of the author on the probable result of missionary effort among the feebler races of mankind, are stated with modesty, and evince a thoughtful breadth of view, but too rarely exercised on such subjects. His opinions may startle the sanguine enthusiast, who can view but one aspect of the question; they will not surprise those who have carefully observed the history of European intercourse with native barbarism throughout the globe. While admiring the spirit, and acknowledging the services rendered to humanity by missionary zeal, he cannot close his eyes to the fact that, in spite of such endeavours, and sometimes as the indirect and unavoidable result of them, (since they have frequently opened the first communication between the white men and the aborigines,) the native races are everywhere dwindling away before the advancing footsteps of the European. The morals of the savage are purified, and his nature humanized by the influence of Christianity—souls are saved from among tribes which, ere long, must vanish, and be forgotten. But to look for anything beyond this is to forsake analogy and fact for the dreams of a benign romance. Mysterious as may be the cause, the fact is manifest, that the native mind does not amalgamate with the European—cannot be grafted into its civilization, and must therefore disappear before the energy it cannot share. Conversion itself does not raise the feeble intellect of the native into the sphere of another order of mind; he may become a Christian, but he remains ever a Christian of a type distinctly his own. But though the races cannot mingle, though the vigour and the progressiveness of the Anglo-Saxon cannot be imparted to the native, much may be done by accompanying the tide of emigra-

tion with abundance of religious agency. Mr. Mac Cann observes, with justice:—

‘No doubt it is a wise ordination of Providence that while immediate and spiritual good is conferred upon the weaker races, who embrace the Gospel, they are not exempted from the general law, which dooms them to extinction, and to give place to races of a superior order of mind, with which they come into contact. Although the ambitious aims and selfish policy of the stronger races may precipitate the ultimate result, it is, perhaps, enough for us to know that while such a process is going forward, influences that shall outlast the revolutions of time have been exerted upon the very races eventually doomed to be swept away from the face of the earth.’

Länder und Völkerkunde in Biographien. Von Dr. PH. HEDW.

KÜLB. ‘Voyages and Travels, Voyagers and Travellers, from the earliest ages to the present hour.’ 4 vols. 8vo. Berlin: 1846—1852. London: David Nutt.

The German mind is essentially encyclopedic; whatever it approaches, it aims to comprise its totality. If it frames a nursery-book, it includes therein the whole subject, or department, of which it treats. If it turns to history, the history which it studies forthwith assumes a universality. Bits and scraps it cannot endure; whatever it does it does thoroughly. Was anything ever more comprehensive, yet more minute, than Ritter's *Erdkunde*? (‘Knowledge of the Earth’), which is to geography and ethnology what the Bible is to religion—truly exhaustive. Well, here in these four thick volumes, the title of which is too compressed (so symbolizing the work) for literal translation, and which, consequently, we have felt obliged to paraphrase—here, we say, in these four volumes is the substance, and more than the substance, of Ritter's most rich, most complete, and most extensive cyclopedia. More than the substance of Ritter do these volumes contain, because while they comprise the general outline of Ritter's *Erdkunde*, they offer, in one respect, details which Ritter was compelled to suppress. In those details is found the characteristic excellence and the specific recommendation of these four bulky volumes. We allude to their biographical character. What more interesting or instructive than a book of travels? What more tedious and wearying than a manual of geography? There are few of our adult readers who do not look back with sadness on the hours wasted, and the dreariness experienced, in what, in our school days, was called ‘learning geography.’ Of all wretched compilations, the most wretched, perhaps, are those which, in the schools, are (or were) known by the name of *Geographies*. Of *Goldsmith's Geography* (alas! poor Oliver's name has been very freely used in school literature) we still retain very painful recollections, not merely because the book is dull, but also because our pedagogue was duller, and not only dull but ignorant—ignorant altogether of the art which he professed to practise, and by which he got his bread; and because, being ignorant of his business, he compelled his pupils to learn the book by heart, with no reference either to dictionary, maps, or globes, and with no explanations, no examina-

tions—nothing but a bare recital, required as a test of the accuracy with which we had committed the task to memory. Compare the state of mind produced by this stupifying process, and the eager curiosity and intense pleasure felt by the explorer of a new country, and unconsciously pictured by him in the narratives he has left of his attempts, his adventures, and his perils. What a difference! A similar difference is felt on reading ordinary manuals of geography and ethnology, and the work now under our notice. Yes, the learned author has seized the right idea. A knowledge of the earth and of its inhabitants should be sought for in a knowledge of the great travellers, voyagers, and explorers of all ages. While studying what they essayed, and what they did, and what they wrote, you become acquainted with the men themselves; you are a sharer in their enterprises; you fall into their perils; you escape at their side; and being a companion in their labours, are a companion also in their success, their triumphs, and their fame. Sea and land, rivers, hills, and mountains, assume to you a human interest, while you are insensibly drawn on to a minute familiarity with more material things, and learn to know not only men and manners, but also ‘the great globe itself,’ the scene of their operation. Even the sciences were better taught of old in those famous classical nations than they are now in this ‘age of exact knowledge’—better taught, we say, far better taught to the people at large. The pedagogues of ancient Greece did not weary and torment their students of geography with manuals dry as dust, but put into their hands the *Odyssey*; and there, in the journeyings and perils of Ulysses, did the young Greeks readily, because gladly, learn all that Homer could teach them of the earth’s surface and inhabitants. The consequence was, that the boys left the school without, indeed, the *petit-mâitreism* of latitude and longitude, acquired to display, and then to be forgotten, but with not only a knowledge of the actual earth and the living world, but also a cultivated taste, quickened sympathies, national loves, and personal desires and aspirations.

A good service, then, is this which Dr. Kùlb has rendered. But let us state precisely what the service is. From the days of Moses down to the days of Franklin, there have been a series of men who, urged by the love of conquest, the love of discovery, or the love of fame, have explored unknown parts of the globe, and after their labours were over, have, for the most part, made their efforts and their discoveries known by word of mouth or in written characters. These narratives have furnished the materials out of which other men whose business it was not to travel, but to sit at home and think, to read and systematize what their informants had seen, heard, and described, constructed systems and theories, and theories and systems, in long succession, until, with a constant elimination of error, and a constant enlargement of truth, they at last formed and perfected the sciences which now bear the name of geography and ethnology, including meteorology, natural history, &c. Those narratives Dr. Kùlb has undertaken to present us, corrected and explained by the advanced

knowledge of the present day, so that in perusing his pages you have the vivid interest of actual adventure, and the excitement of progressive discovery, without the drawbacks and abatements arising from the error, mistake, illusion, and falsities under which the men of whom you read suffered, and by which they were tossed about. And in order that your interest in those men should be at once the more intelligent and the more lively, the author has given a general outline of their lives, so that the student of his pages not only learns the specific subject which they handle, but becomes familiar with some of the brightest and noblest names in the history of the world.

The execution of the work is as good as its conception. Dividing the immense subject, the treatment of which extends over nearly three thousand pages, into nine books, the laborious writer details in the first the rise and progress of a knowledge of the earth and its inhabitants in the ancient world; in the second book he carries his subject through the middle ages. With the beginning of the third book he is compelled, by the abundance of his materials, to survey the parts of the globe separately; he therefore surveys Africa and Asia during the period 1415—1550. Passing in the fourth book to America, he reports the lives and discoveries of the explorers of the new world from the year 1492 to the year 1550. The improved knowledge of the earth's surface, and the increased facilities of navigation, which, in the beginning of the sixteenth century, followed as a consequence of the revival of letters, drew the attention of bold and adventurous spirits toward the extreme south and north. Accordingly, our author, in his fifth book, which extends over the interval from 1520 to 1768, narrates what was achieved in Oceania, and the regions of the north pole. Having described the stirring adventures and wonderful novelties of that virgin age of discovery, Dr. Külb proceeds into Asia, and from the middle of the sixteenth century brings his subject down to the present day. In the seventh book, African discovery is narrated in the same way. The eighth book treats of America and the expeditions to the Northern regions during the same important period. And in the ninth book, resuming the subject of Oceania, the author speaks of discovery in the South Polar Regions, from the efforts of James Cook to the present hour.

The subject is of immense interest and compass, yet is it handled with clearness and effect. The writer was master of his materials before he took pen in hand, and so has given order, perspicuity, and interest to a topic on which what the French call 'the embarrassment of riches,' must have been peculiarly felt.

The interest, however, which belongs to these very instructive narratives cannot be appreciated unless we recal to the reader's mind a few of the great men that here appear and pass along the stage. Who would not like to accompany the blind Homer in those poetical wanderings, in which, with the aid of begging, he gained a scanty and precarious subsistence? Who would not like to have travelled from land to land with the inquisitive Herodotus, everywhere gathering

traditions while yet traditions were fresh, and surveying the wonders of the Nile Valley before the hand of time had been laid too roughly on them? Here may the reader, under the guidance of Niarchus, visit India,—while India, though old, is not too old to be comparatively young. Here may the reader pass in the ranks of Cæsar's legions into the Britain of barbarous times, and behold his half-naked and painted forefathers. But we must content ourselves with a list of names, leaving those who may wish, to supply the description proper for each, from these teeming and attractive pages:—Here, then, are geographical sketches of the great travellers and navigators of all ages,—for example, Marco Polo, John Mandeville, Diaz, Da Gama, Pinto, Colombo (Columbus), Cabot, Cortez, Pizarro, Las Casas, Morgalhaes, Drake, Tasman, Dampier, Bougainville, Chardin, Burckhardt, Bruce, Salt, Mungo Park, Lander, Humboldt, Raleigh, Herdson, Ross, Cook, Bligh, Flinders, d'Urville.

We must in justice add, that the work is not a mere compilation. Dr. Kûlb has brought to his task not only care and industry, but research and science. On some points, therefore, he has thrown new light, as well as in general produced a work creditable alike to himself and the literature of which it forms a part.

The Fine Arts, their Nature and Relations. By M. GUIZOT.

Translated, with the assistance of the Author, by GEORGE GROVE.

Small 4to, pp. 214. Bosworth. 1853.

This is a reprint and a translation of criticisms on Art, by M. Guizot, which made their first appearance a short time prior to the redistribution of the treasures of the Louvre on the fall of Napoleon. It is an elegantly-printed volume, and enriched with a number of effective wood-engravings—without which, indeed, the criticisms must have been to most readers of little interest or worth. We can readily suppose that it is pleasant to the author to return from the stormy and disastrous scenes of his political life to these noiseless and refined speculations of his earlier years. The opening of the preface to the edition of 1851 suggests thought of this nature:—

‘The study of art possesses the great and peculiar charm that it is absolutely unconnected with the affairs and the contests of ordinary life. By private interests, by political questions, and by philosophic problems, men are deeply divided and set at variance. But beyond and above all such party strifes, they are attracted and united by a taste for the beautiful in art; it is a taste at once engrossing and unselfish, which may be indulged without effort, and yet has the power of exciting the deepest emotions; a taste able to exercise and to gratify both the nobler and the softer parts of our nature—the imagination and the judgment, love of emotion and power of reflection, the enthusiasm and the critical faculty, the senses and the reason.

‘The very differences and debates arising from an intellectual exercise at once so varied and so animated, have the rare advantage that they may be eager without becoming angry, that in their pertinacity there is nothing of rancour, and that while they rouse the passions, they at the same time disarm them of their bitterness. Such power has beauty over the mind of man, that the contemplation of it can efface, or at any rate materially weaken impressions, which would lessen the delight afforded by it.’—pp. 5, 6.

That criticisms published some forty years since should still so far

commend themselves to the judgment of the author as to appear worthy of republication, is evidence that his mind is one of the class which ripens early—not one of the sort which seems to be ever outgrowing its former self. The criticisms are restricted to certain pictures of the Italian and of the French school; the pictures of the former school selected being thirty in number; those of the latter, seven. But it is the Introduction to the volume, on the relations and differences between sculpture, painting, and engraving, that has been to us of most interest. Engraving has become to the arts very much what printing has become to authorship—a power of multiplying transcriptions. It is well adapted, from its simplicity of colour, to the representation of sculpture; and it has, at the same time, much of the higher expression of painting. The engraver cannot do all the sculptor has done, nor all the painter has done,—but he can do much, and he can suggest more. The painter gives you an object as it appears from one point only, the sculptor gives you the same object as it appears from all points. But the painter can give colour and expression as the sculptor cannot. So the engraver, if he falls short of the painter from the want of colour, he has advantage of the sculptor as possessing a higher command of action, expression and perspective. The fact that painting can represent action and strong feeling so much more successfully than sculpture, marks off the difference of subjects most appropriate to the two departments. On this point M. Guizot has some just observations. The volume indeed is rich throughout with elucidation deserving the attention of the student of art.

The Bible, the Missal, and the Breviary; or, Ritualism as illustrated in the Liturgical Books of Rome. 2 vols. 8vo. By the Rev. GEORGE LEWIS. Edinburgh: Clark.

This is a novel book on a very old controversy. There is no part of her system on which Rome so much prides herself as on her ritual. It is by this means that she aims to awaken, to nurture, and regulate the spiritual life of her votaries; and it is in this respect that she presents herself in her most attractive and imposing form to those beyond her pale. But judged even on this ground, Rome is found wanting—more than wanting, a dispenser, to an extent not commonly suspected, of poison, under the semblance of the children's bread. Mr. Lewis has here given, for the first time in our language, the entire text of the Roman Missal, with Rubrics and Prefaces, translated from the Latin; with preliminary Dissertations, and Notes from the Breviary, Pontifical, and other documents. The Missal forms the text, on which is engrafted, as notes and illustrations, whatever has appeared to be most interesting and characteristic in the other liturgical books of Rome. Of these the Breviary furnishes by far the larger portion, as being the most important and comprehensive of all her church books, designed at once to be the Bible, the Bible commentary, the church history, and the private liturgy of her adherents—especially of the more devout among them. Beside the Missal and

Breviary large use is made in these volumes of the *Rituale Romanum*, the *Episcopale Romanum*, and the *Pontificale Romanum*. These regulations are in use through all the churches, and among all the religious orders included in the papal communion. Taken as a whole, these volumes present abundant and instructive testimony to those conservative elements which have contributed to give perpetuity to Romanism, and testimony not less decisive to those errors and corruptions which have marked its history, and which are here shown to be, as it were, woven through the entire web of the system. The following passage will suffice to indicate the manner in which the author has acquitted himself in this path of investigation:

‘The ecclesiastical year of Rome is so thoroughly furnished for this peculiar training, that it supplies ritual worship, not only for each festival of the church, but for each month and day of the month, and each hour of the twenty-four, should any feel inclined so to occupy his all of time. To the discernment of truth from error, Rome offers few helps. The man of justice and integrity is left to develop himself as he best can; and for the training of the unpretending Christian, who, putting his trust in his Saviour, seeks to fulfil life’s daily duties, private and public, humbly and cheerfully, finding in them his happiness and content, she does not concern herself. Her ideal Christian melts all his days and nights into tears of penitence, or raptures of devotion, and arouses himself to the consciousness that God has given him other faculties, and called him to other engagements only when the church constrains, and so long as she constrains. For the training of such, her liturgical books make large provision. Men so nurtured in her retreats, where piety has been sublimated into mysticism, or darkened into fanaticism, have more than once restored her ascendancy as a church, and created new fervour under what seemed the very ribs of death. Such men, when gifted with eloquence or genius, she never fails to use for her occasions, and by their sincerity and self-devotion has recovered old and attempted new conquests.’—p. 6.

From this brief extract the reader may infer, that these volumes are not made up of dry erudition, or of commonplace views of the papal controversy—they are rich in documentary material, and hardly less so in sound and searching observation; no protestant divine who can afford to purchase the work should be without it.

M. Minucii Felicis Octavius. The Text newly revised from the Original MS., with an English Commentary, Analysis, and Indices. Edited by the Syndics of the University Press. By the Rev. HERBERT ASHTON HOLDEN, M.A. Cambridge and London: 1853.

According to the most probable evidence, Minucius Felix wrote his defence of Christianity about the year 225. It is a work which, from the elegance of its style, the cogency of its reasoning, and its general literary excellence, has its place among the most valuable productions of its class. It comes from a highly educated mind in the commencement of the third century, and enables us to see both Christianity and heathenism as they were then viewed by such minds when brought under Christian influences. We feel bound to express our deep obligation to Mr. Holden for what he has done. The text has been compared with the only existing MS., that in the Royal Library of Paris, and every assistance in the way of dissertations, notes, and indices, to be expected from a thoroughly competent editor, has been supplied.

It is refreshing to see so much ripe and patient scholarship brought to a subject so worthy of it.*

Die Könige; Entwicklungs Geschichte des Königthums von den ältesten Zeiten bis auf die Gegenwart, (Kings: a History of the Rise and Progress of Kingly Power, from the most ancient times to the present day.) By Dr. H. F. W. HINRICHS, Professor in the Royal University of Halle. 1 vol. 8vo. London, 1852. D. Nutt, 270, Strand.

A work avowedly written, as is the present, in favour of royalty, is, in the actual state of Europe, a somewhat strange phenomenon, at least when proceeding from an independent and cultivated mind. Not hastily will an Englishman's feelings reconcile themselves to a defence of kingly power at a time when, as now, that power has, with the exception of England, prostrated in Europe all political rivals, and employs the advantage thus gained in acts not a little oppressive and unjust, and often cruel. It does seem mysterious, that at a time when the universities and the schools of the continent have done so much for the instruction and formation of the popular mind, and when, as in Germany, a new literature has scattered the quickening elements of a fresh, vigorous life over nearly the whole surface of society,—at a time when commerce has relaxed its bands, and machinery multiplied its facilities for locomotion, and when, in consequence, currents of intercommunication, both numerous and strong, have been set in movement in all directions, intermingling cities, provinces, tribes, and nations together; and so giving fresh activity and concentrated effect to the intellect and the will of the many,—it does at first sight seem mysterious that this should be the very period when royal authority should have reached a height, and obtained a prevalence, no approach to which did it ever make before. Such, however, is the fact. Under what qualifications the fact exists we do not intend to inquire. How long the actual despotism may endure is a speculation into which we do not enter. But the possibility of its prevalence at the present day, proves beyond a question that royal authority has its seat very deep

* Mr. Holden has also recently edited the valuable tractate published in 1795 by Dr. Cæsar Morgan, intitled '*An Investigation of the Trinity of Plato and of Philo Judæus. The University Press.*' The design of Dr. Morgan is to show the effects which a study of the writings of Plato and Philo had on the principles and reasonings of the fathers of the Christian Church. The conclusion at which the author arrives, as the result of much learned research, is, that the doctrine of the Trinity was the doctrine of the primitive Church, but that the Church derived it from the Scriptures, and derived nothing but the corruption of it from Plato and Philo. It is contended that the discovery of this doctrine in the writings of Plato was not made 'until philosophers became Christians, and Christians became philosophers.' The treatise is a thoroughly able one, and the reader of Bunsen's *Hippolytus*, if not so far gone as to condemn all English scholarship because it happens to be English, would do well to make himself acquainted with it. We so restrict our advice in this particular, because there is a certain stage in the Germanic passion upon which no *grave* argument, however powerful, must be expected to produce any hopeful impression. There is a thick hide of complacency to which some men of this sort attain, that no spear must be expected to penetrate, except that of ridicule.

in the human heart. On this assumption is founded the work to which we now ask attention.

Kingly power is no accident. Thrones are not mere parchment fabrications, set up this moment to be thrown down the next. Royalty is not a transition, but a permanence. The sceptre and the crown are not baubles, but symbols of power—of power which may vary in its forms, but is stable in its essence, and constant in its influence.

The reason is, that man is a king-loving animal. Royalty is almost an essential part of his nature. Free subjects have shed the blood of their monarchs, and the populace of Naples scold and even beat their idols. But the quarrel only makes the reconciliation more fond; the subject returns to his allegiance with tears of sorrow in his eyes, and the Lazzaron gives a new and a more costly necklace to the harshly-treated saint.

You ask a proof that man is deeply attached to royalty? Have not men always had kings? From the multiform royalty of the petty Vale of Siddim (Gen. xiv.) to the almost boundless sway of Queen Victoria, the kingly, in one shape or another, has been the prevalent form of government throughout the globe. And so thoroughly does it commend itself to human nature, and so strong an element is it in human progress, that not only has it flourished in all ages, and rooted itself almost everywhere, but it has superseded other forms of government, sprung up again with fresh and augmented vigour when violently cut down, and adapting itself to the most dissimilar states of culture, has at length gained such prevalence as almost to indicate that it is the ultimate condition of civil society.

Actuated by convictions such as these, Professor Hinrichs holds that the great problem which has to be solved in political life is, how royalty may be made most useful to the world. This general theorem involves minor questions, namely, under what conditions may the evils of royalty be limited or destroyed; by what alliances may it be most efficiently supported; under what restraints may it be beneficially placed, and what is its ideal form? These are questions which speculation alone can in no way answer. Fact in such an issue is the chief authority. History in consequence is here put into requisition; and as a German professor must begin from the beginning, so Dr. Hinrichs passes in review all the forms in which royal authority has appeared on the face of the earth, from the Chinese 'son of heaven,' down to 'the king of the barricades,' and the Napoleonic darling of the jesuits. In four successive books the learned author treats of 'the kings of the east,' 'the kings of the ancient world,' 'the kings of the middle ages,' and 'the kings of modern times;' describing the position, characterizing the power, and defining the influence alike of Augustus, Constantine, Louis XIV., Napoleon the Great, and 'Napoleon the Little;' as well as the several dynasties that have governed men—'the kings of the Jews,' 'the Homeric hero-kings,' 'the Hohenstaufen,' 'the sham-constitutional kings,' and 'the kings

of England;' ending the treatise by a chapter entitled 'The Future of Kingly Government.' Such a work must to the mere English reader appear a novelty, and somewhat of a novelty the work truly is. But it is more and better than a novelty. It is a philosophical treatise on the principles of kingly government, written in a calm and dignified spirit, by one who is possessed of all the material that can conduce to the formation of a correct judgment. Without declaring that we concur in the writer's views, we can conscientiously say that many of those who are loudest in their praises of Republicanism, would probably find in these pages considerations to make them pause, and instructions which might at least modify their convictions. And to those with whom the love of country is stronger than the love of theory and the thirst for novelty, special pleasure and satisfaction must be afforded by the very favourable light in which, amid surrounding shadows and darkness, rises the popular throne of these islands.

Professor Hinrichs appears in this work in two characters; he appears as an historian, and he appears as a philosopher. In the first character he has simply to narrate facts; in the second character he has to set forth the lessons which these facts contain. In both offices he is faithful, moderate, and judicious. Leaving his conclusions to pass for what they are worth, we shall conclude this critique by translating a few of his words, so as to give him an opportunity of stating his views and doctrines for himself.

'Royalty is not an accidental addition to the State, but its incorporation; people and king are related to each other, not as parties or opposites, but as the inseparable members of a whole body. The people say, 'our king,' and the king says, 'my people,' for the two of necessity belong to each other. My Essay contains an exposition of the history of the world in the form of kingly power. In the course of that history kingly power has gone through a constant succession of changes, and has thereby been brought nearer and nearer to its ideal form. Kingly power represents the movement of history, for it appears before us a succession of developments, each of which has its own prerogatives, but only within the period of culture when it existed. The individual kings of history create and represent a stage in the development of royalty, and therein lies their imperishable memorial. And if history creates new forms of royalty, it does not thereby destroy the old ones, but continues them either one after another or one in another. Kings are weak, erring men, like all other men; but with kings as such we have here nothing to do. It is with the idea of royalty that we are concerned; that idea which makes kings the channels and the representatives of social power; so that they, furnished with the resources of a nation, give scope and effect to its interests, and make those interests universal in their bearing on the condition of the world.'

—*Preface*, pp. 9, 10.

Exposition of the Grammatical Structure of the English Language; being an attempt to furnish an improved Method of teaching Grammar. For the Use of Schools and Colleges. By JOHN MULLIGAN, A.M. London: Simpkin & Marshall. 1852.

With the progress of science in every other department, it seems strange that Mr. Lindley Murray and grammarians of his class should still be tolerated as the instructors of many school-boys, in the structure of their own language. We hail every attempt to teach

English on scientific principles, and to point out its connexion with kindred languages. Whilst Dr. Latham has opened the way in this direction, we think he has left room for others to follow in his wake, and we regard the work before us as, in many important particulars, better adapted for the learner than any we have hitherto seen.

There are many things to which we should take exception, but our space will not allow us even to point them out, unless we should pass by the various grounds of commendation which seem to call for a moment's notice.

In the first place, then, this is a carefully written volume; there are no traces of hurry and confusion. Mr. Mulligan not only understands his subject, but knows how to address his readers, so that they also shall understand it. At the foot of each page we have questions well adapted for testing how far the text has been understood, and now and then there are grammatical exercises for the reader's practice.

Mr. Mulligan commences by explaining the nature and use of language, then treats the proposition, defining, classifying, and analyzing it; and points out that the analysis of propositions is the chief business of the grammarian. Having thus shown the object of his labours, and interested his reader in the subject which he treats, he passes on to consider the various parts of speech under the following heads:—Nouns; verbs; modification of the subject and predicate by nouns; prepositions; adjectives; adverbs; interrogative and imperative propositions; compound propositions; combination of independent propositions; interjections and exclamatory words and phrases; with an appendix on punctuation and versification.

It will thus be seen at a glance, that a consistent plan is followed throughout the volume; although it may well be questioned whether such a plan is upon the whole superior to that of separating the etymology, syntax, &c., entirely from one another. What is gained in interest may be lost in clearness and precision.

Mr. Mulligan, however, carries out his plan well; and has presented us with a volume which we are happy in commending to the attention of instructors, as one containing a great deal of information and sound thinking, not hard to understand, exceedingly interesting, and above all, adapted for the purposes of tuition. The connexion of language and thought, and therefore of grammar and logic, may, to a great extent, also be gleaned from these pages.

Memoirs of the Lives of Robert Haldane of Airthrey, and of his brother, James Alexander Haldane. By A. HALDANE, Esq.

London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co. 8vo. pp. 676.

This is a piece of highly interesting biography. Two boys, at the ages respectively of ten and six, are deprived of both parents, and left to the care of Admiral Lord Duncan, and of his brother, Colonel Duncan, with ample means to secure for them the best education, to set them forward in life, and to give them no mean standing in society. Their own predilections, as well as the bias of their friends, disposed their thoughts towards a seafaring life; and at a suitable age

they are both introduced, under the most favourable and flattering auspices, to the navy. Robert Haldane so distinguished himself in an action, that the admiral of the fleet, Sir John Jervis, afterwards known as Earl St. Vincent, predicted that he would one day be an ornament to his country. The prediction was verified in a different sense from that intended. While Mr. Robert Haldane was thus promising, by his skill and bravery, to rise high in his profession, his brother James, though a few years behind him as to age, was not a whit behind him as to promise of success. He had obtained a post on board the *Duke of Montrose*, East Indiaman, at the age of seventeen, under an officer of high reputation. He made three voyages to the East Indies; and was in his twenty-fourth year when he was made second officer of the *Duke of Montrose*—a skilful navigator, a good seaman, and, as an officer, distinguished alike by firmness and suavity. He was regarded by his companions as a fortunate young man, of superior talents, attainments, and prospects. Subsequently, he becomes captain of the *Melville Castle*; and being outward bound in the year 1793, we find him waiting in the Downs with a large fleet of East Indiamen, detained partly through adverse winds, and partly through want of convoy, from Christmas till April. The following striking narrative will illustrate the character of Mr. James Haldane as a sailor:—

‘A mutinous disposition was detected in three or four men on board the *Dutton*, Captain Samson, in December; but the captain, with his officers, after consultation, released those men from confinement, on promise of good behaviour. On the 31st, the *Melville Castle*, and two other East Indiamen, anchored at Spithead. The *Carnatic*, and many others, followed, till they came to be styled the grand fleet. By the 19th of March, however, in paying off certain men at Portsmouth from the *Dutton*, such a spirit was shown as made it necessary for the captain to apply for assistance to his Majesty’s ship, the *Regulus*. On the evening of the 19th, Lieut. Lucas, of the *Regulus*, with his boat’s crew, came on board, to demand four of the ringleaders, the same men formerly mentioned; when the greatest part of the crew hastily got up the round shot on deck, threatening that they would sink the first boat that came alongside. The crew emboldened, and increasing in fury, the lieutenant thought it prudent to leave the ship, as did also the captain, under the impression that their absence might assist in restoring peace and quietness. The crew, however, getting outrageous, were going to hoist out the boats. The *Carnatic*, Indiaman, hearing the confusion, fired several alarm guns; and armed boats from the other ships were now advancing. By this time the crew of the *Dutton*, being in a most serious state of mutiny, had begun to arm themselves with shot, iron bars, &c., and made a determined attack on the quarter-deck. The officers, having lost their command, were firing pistol-shots overhead; when one seaman, getting over the booms, received a wound in the head, of which he died six days after.

‘It has been said, that the mutineers threatened to carry the ship into a French port; but, at this moment, far more serious apprehension was felt lest the men should gain access to the ship’s gunpowder, and madly end the strife by their own death, and that of all on board. One of the two medical men on board had serious thoughts of throwing himself into the water, to escape the risk. It was at this critical moment that Captain Haldane, of the *Melville Castle*, appeared at the side of the vessel. This approach was the signal for renewed and angry tumults. The shouts of the officers, ‘Come on board! Come on board!’ were drowned by the cries of the mutineers—‘Keep off, or we’ll sink you!’ The scene was appalling; and to venture into the midst of the angry crew seemed to be an act of daring almost amounting to rashness. Ordering his men to veer round by the stern, in a

few moments Captain Haldane was on the quarter-deck. His first object was to restore to the officers composure and presence of mind. He peremptorily refused to lead an immediate attack on the mutineers, but very calmly reasoning with the men, cutlass in hand, telling them that they had no business there, and asking what they hoped to effect in the presence of twenty sail of the line, the quarter-deck was soon cleared. But observing that there was still much confusion, and inquiring, at the same time, from the officers, where the chief danger lay, he was down immediately at the very point of alarm. Two of the crew, intoxicated with spirits, and more hardy than the rest, were at the door of the powder-magazine, threatening, with the most horrid oaths, that whether it should prove heaven or hell, they would blow up the ship. One of them was in the act of wrenching off the iron bars from the doors, whilst the other had a shovel-full of *live coals*, ready to throw in! Captain Haldane, instantly putting a pistol to the breast of the man with the iron bar, told him that if he stirred he was a dead man. Calling, at the same time, for the irons of the ship, as if disobedience were out of the question, he saw them placed first on this man, and then on the other. The rest of the ringleaders were then secured; when the crew, finding that they were overpowered, and receiving the assurance that none should be removed that night, became quiet, and the captain returned to his own ship. Next day, the chief mutineers were put on board the *Regulus*, king's ship, and the rest of the crew went to their duty peaceably.—pp. 67—69.

But a great transition in the mental state of these heroic brothers was at hand. Both had been taught to reverence the Scriptures; and though wholly destitute of anything like spiritual religion, yet they felt occasionally the admonitions of conscience, and were induced to read the word of God; if for no other purpose, still to quiet that conscience with the feeling that they had done something that was religious and proper. Both, within a short time of each other, were so influenced by the word of God that they resolved to quit the sea, and to apply themselves to religious inquiry, especially in the study of the Scriptures. The result may be anticipated: both became eminently pious and devoted men. Their property and estates were amply sufficient for the supply of their wants, and for the promotion of benevolent objects. But as time confirmed their religious convictions, and quickened their religious feelings, they began to mourn over the moral darkness both of the world in general, and of their native country in particular: for at that period the universities and the Church of Scotland were extensively infected with deism, socinianism, and infidelity. The influence of such men as David Hume, Adam Smith, and their party, had spread through the literary circles a proud and scoffing spirit of scepticism, while the Church, withering under the same influences, had become little better than 'an organized hypocrisy.' God sent the Haldanes home to their own country to fight a harder and a sterner battle for Him than they could ever have waged on board ships of war.

Soon after they began to feel the comforts of home and family, they felt their spirits stirred within them to do something for the diffusion of the Gospel. First, they planned a mission to Bengal, and engaged suitable assistants, hoping that they might persuade the Government and the East India Company to permit them to proceed in the character of Christian teachers to the Hindoos. But this fails through the pertinacity of the Prime Minister, Pitt, and the rapacity

of the East India Company, who were afraid their gains would be diminished. Defeated in their purpose, the brothers next give themselves to attempt the revival of spiritual religion in their own country. They presently find a few others, such as Rute, Ewing, Innes, and Aikman, with John Campbell, of African notoriety, all prepared to make extraordinary efforts, and to use means out of the common track to effect the object dear to their hearts. A large building, called the Circus, is taken in Edinburgh, for preaching in; itinerances through the north, the west, and the south, with out-door preaching to large congregations, began to attract public attention, and startle the grave Presbyterians of the Church out of their deadly torpor. Mr. Robert Haldane sells his paternal estate, that he may readily command the means of carrying forward the plans he entertained for the revival of a piety that should be something more than a creed or a form. Opposition was, of course, excited, and means used by the Church to stay the movement, while the press teemed with every species of calumny and ridicule. But the work went on triumphantly; immense good was accomplished by the fervent preaching of the new evangelists. It soon became evident that the word of God was taking effect in other directions besides those in which these irregular advocates were spreading it, and that a new era was dawning both upon the Established Church and the Presbyterian Dissenters. They all had the form of sound words, and the form of godliness, but now they began to feel the power and the life. But the work of extending the Gospel to the whole population of Scotland could not have been effected by the Haldanes and their coadjutors; so God took it off their hands and entrusted it to others. After a few years the Haldanes changed their views respecting baptism, and introduced what has been called '*liberty of prophesying*,' which consisted in throwing the public teaching open to any and every brother who thinks he is prompted by the Holy Spirit, or has vanity enough to presume that he can edify others. As might have been expected, controversy and division soon made their appearance among the leaders of the movement. The system, though commenced under the most favourable auspices, was soon found to be impracticable. The large Church and congregation gathered by the Haldanes in Edinburgh dwindled down to a remnant. An evil influence was felt by most of the churches and congregations which had been gathered during the excitement, and congregationalism in Scotland received a shock from which it did not for some time recover. There can, however, be no doubt that the Haldanes and their assistants were the means of imparting a mighty impulse to the good old piety of our Presbyterian neighbours; and that these irregular labours contributed to effect the resurrection of spiritual religion from the grave of infidelity and formalism into which it was at that time more than half sunk.

The unhappy state of affairs which ensued among these zealous missionaries of the Cross was, however, over-ruled for the accomplishment of great good in another and a different sphere. Mr.

Robert Haldane turned his attention to the state of the Protestant churches in France, Switzerland, and Germany. Leaving his brother to minister in Edinburgh, he passes through France, and after many discouragements and some disappointments, fixes his abode for several years at Geneva. Here he was made eminently useful to many distinguished men, in leading them to the reception of Evangelical truth. Malan, Merle D'Aubigné, Gaussen, Charles Rien, and a host of others, have attributed to his conversations and lectures the enlightenment of their minds in the true doctrine of the Gospel. At Montauban, also, his efforts were attended with similar success. He says, in a work published in 1829,

'At Montauban, where I resided more than two years, I proceeded in the same manner as I had done at Geneva, in what appears to me to be the spirit which the Scriptures both inculcate and exemplify. I spoke plainly to the students, and to all with whom I had an opportunity of conversing. With pastors who came from a different part of France I entered into such close conversation as led us at once to discover the points on which we differed, and then discussed them fully. I endeavoured to expose everything false in doctrine that I heard from the pulpit, and to point out to all to whom I had access whatever appeared to be erroneous.

'The pastor, who at that time was President of the Consistory, and a member of the Legion of Honour, who has since left Montauban, was one of the ablest speakers in France. He had a very superficial knowledge of the Scriptures, and opposed the Arian and certain other heresies held by so many of the French pastors; but, after all, he did not preach the truth as it is in Jesus. Of this I had great difficulty to convince some whom I particularly wished to convince, and to show them that, after all, he was a false teacher; nor was I able to do so till he preached from Luke x. 25—28, when, on talking over his discourse, they clearly perceived, that if he had understood the Lord's answer as well as the lawyer did to whom it was addressed,—which is proved by the reply of the latter, he, 'willing to justify himself,'—he would have preached a very different sermon.

'He afterwards showed himself to be completely destitute of the knowledge of the truth. At the election of a professor to fill the divinity chair at Montauban, he gave his casting vote against a servant of God, in favour of an Arian who had been educated at Geneva.

'The Lord was graciously pleased to give testimony to the word of grace which I was enabled to declare at Montauban, both among the students and others.

'This I have no reason to believe would have been the case had 'I avoided all controversy,' and dwelt only on truths common to all churches, and interesting to every soul of man, and acted in any way to conceal or to keep back any part of the truth respecting the great fundamental doctrines of the Gospel; or had I flattered its enemies, saying, peace, peace, when I was persuaded there was no peace. A general attention to the Scriptures was soon excited, and much discussion took place.

'Some were turned to the Lord, and the hearts of his servants were encouraged, and their hands strengthened. In the letter addressed to me of December, 1827, by the present President of the Consistory there (M. Bonnard), he writes:—'Believe it, that your abode in the midst of us has been blessed to many, and the word of truth is announced this day in many churches where they would not, perhaps, have yet heard anything but the teaching of a fatal Rationalism, if we had not had the advantage of knowing you.'

'Testimonies to the same effect are borne in all the letters of the venerable Bonnard, of MM. Marzials Père, Chabrand, Adolphe Monod, John Courtois, and others; and it was not the fault of the Arians that Mr. Haldane's labours at Montauban were not put down by the strong arm of the government. Unhappily, they were not successful; partly because they were not themselves in favour with the ruling powers, being generally tainted with Republican or Napoleonist principles, and partly because the government considered any form of religion as better than none.'—pp. 461, 462.

After these and various other labours abroad, particularly in publishing a French edition of his *Commentary on the Romans*, Mr. Haldane returned to Edinburgh to take an active part in the controversy respecting the Apocrypha, which so long agitated the Bible Society. This led to important discussions upon the canon of scripture, in which Dr. Pye Smith, Dr. Carson, and others, were engaged. A pretty full history is also given of the rise of Irvingism, and the controversies consequent thereon, in which Mr. Haldane, Dr. Andrew Thomson, Mr. Drummond, Captain Gordon, and others, took prominent parts. Mr. Robert Haldane was not the man to keep still while any controversy was on foot, which concerned what he believed to be the interests of revealed truth. Very interesting notices are given in the Memoir of all the stirring movements and discussions of those days. Up to the year 1842, he continued an active, useful, intrepid labourer in the cause of the Bible, and the spread of evangelical truth.

Mr. Robert Haldane reached his seventy-eighth year, and Mr. James A. Haldane his eighty-third—both full of good works, full of honours, and of usefulness. The Memoir is ably written, and contains a very complete and extremely interesting account of the lives of two of the best and busiest men of their time. They took their share in most of the great religious enterprises which marked the close of the last century, and the beginning of the present. Such a pair of brothers have rarely appeared in the world. But while they were one in object, they were not in all respects one. James Haldane was the preacher, the pastor, the visitor of the sick and of the poor—and ever ready to contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints, but he did not always see eye to eye with his brother as to the occasions calling for such contention. Robert was much more belligerent. It was *his* conduct that so deeply offended the Rev. Greville Ewing; it was his pen that was directed with so much sharpness against the Bible Society on the Apocrypha question—and against Dr. John Brown on the Annuity Tax. In these discussions James took no part. Nor can we conceal from ourselves that the labours of both diffused the seeds of mischief along with their better influences. 'The extreme democratic-*'brethrenism'* doctrine into which they fell, was a leaven which operated injuriously wherever they went—so that they often seemed to be pulling down with one hand, as they aimed to build up with the other. Robert found his speaking brotherhood scheme become such a nuisance in Scotland, that he was obliged to take upon himself to determine who should be deemed competent to speak and who not—assuming the function of the despot in the name of freedom.* It

* Some of our readers will be aware, that an attempt is being made just now in some quarters to subject our own congregational churches to an experiment of this description. Did we wish to inflict the most disastrous blow possible on English Congregationalism, and through it, on the great principles and truths which have been so effectively sustained by its means, we should just do as the parties adverted to are now doing. The common sense of our people, however, will

must be remembered, moreover, that the volume before us is written by a gentleman who is the son of one of the Haldanes and the nephew of the other. It would be expecting too much not to suppose that the colouring of the narrative is somewhat partial. As a whole, however, the volume is not only interesting, but adapted to be useful. Honour to the men who commenced a work which so much needed to be done, and honour to those also who took up the work, when its originators were found to lack the discretion necessary to its more permanent and wider efficiency.

Life and Letters of Mr. Justice Story. By his Son. London: John Chapman.

It is a trite saying that sons are the worst biographers of distinguished fathers, and some recent examples have served to confirm its truthfulness. The tenderness of filial affection, however beautiful in itself, is not the qualification that will best fit a man to form a candid and just opinion of another's character, or to tell the story of his life in the manner most calculated to interest and instruct. The natural tendency of such a sentiment is to exaggerate mere trifles into importance, and with all the anxiety there may be to do the strictly just, to give too exalted an idea of the man. The result is, that such lives too often weary by their minuteness, or disgust by their partiality, raising their subject into a hero whose glories are to be celebrated, instead of regarding him as one whose life is to be faithfully written, that his virtues may serve for an example, or his failings operate as a warning, to others. We must confess, therefore, that when these two ponderous octavos were placed in our hands, we were somewhat alarmed at the prospect before us, and feared that we should find no little trouble in our attempt to wade through a son's record of mere trivialities in his father's history, or his elaborate encomiums on his many virtues. Justice to the author compels us to say that such ideas have not been realized. Without pretending to assert that the work is entirely free from such blemishes, we can heartily commend it as a correct and faithful account of one whose life well deserves such a memorial. The style is finished and elegant, and at times verges on the eloquent; the incidents of personal history that are pre-

prove, we doubt not, their safeguard against notions and measures tending so manifestly to evil. The Rev. A. Reed, of Norwich, has exposed some of the main points of fallacy in these proposed schemes of reformation, in his work intitled *The Christian Warrant*. Some of the points require a fuller discussion; and there is an occasional sharpness of expression in the course of Mr. Reed's argument. But when good men, conscious of pure intentions, find themselves exposed to insinuations and calumnies of the most offensive kind, not only in public and in print, but through many channels which they cannot reach, it would be strange if the sufferers did not sometimes evince a disposition to speak of such conduct in terms really descriptive of it. The notes of truth may at times sound harsh, but men who have sinned against both truth and candour have no right to complain if compelled to listen to a sound so little agreeable to them. On the whole, however, we think Mr. Reed has acquitted himself creditably, both as to talent and temper.

served are, in the main, such as possess a general and permanent interest, and though we have not many of the doubtful shades of character thrown in, yet there is no attempt on the part of the writer unduly to magnify his father's worth, while the tribute which is paid to his distinguished talents, his high-toned political principles, and his social worth, is not more affectionate than just.

Judge Story was a man of world-wide reputation. We might have been tempted to think that American critics, with the natural disposition to exaggerate the value of everything of home growth, had raised him too high, were it not that Englishmen, whose authority cannot be disputed, and whose prejudices would lie rather in a contrary direction, fully concur in the estimate. Our present Chief Justice has not hesitated to give him a position as a jurist, second only to that of Blackstone, while our legal reviews all unite in their testimony to the soundness of his decisions as a judge, and the almost unrivalled value of his works as a writer on jurisprudence. But though thus eminent in the law, he was far from confining himself to the dry subjects of his profession—his powers were as versatile as they were profound, and while he had an acquaintance with the legal writers of England seldom equalled, he had a familiarity with the lighter class of its literature which showed that his eminent success had not been purchased by the neglect of a line of study peculiarly congenial to his taste. Few great lawyers have possessed so much of the poetic element—his imagination was peculiarly vivid and active, and he was not only enthusiastically fond of works of romance and poetry, but he indulged a little in poetical composition himself. The general influence of these pursuits is seen in the style of his judgments, so full of eloquence, and so different from the ordinary productions of their class. America has reason to be grateful to him, for few of her sons have rendered her more useful service, and none have done more to raise the character and extend the fame of her legal administration.

Joseph Story was a New Englander—a native of Marblehead, a fishing village in Massachusetts, and a scion of a good old Puritan stock. We are inclined to attribute very much of his subsequent eminence to the wholesome training of that Puritan household, where a noble-minded mother stimulated the ambition of the boy, and a grave and judicious father supplied those wise counsels which alone could conduct to success. Their grandson would have us believe that the old couple were the votaries of a gloomy and repulsive Calvinism, but he will excuse us if we question the accuracy of his decision on this point. It is certainly possible that they may have held the doctrines of that creed, which was then maintained with a strictness almost obsolete now; but Mr. Story's subsequent remarks on his father's religious history may, at least, warrant the doubt whether this gloomy Calvinism was anything more than the simple creed of Evangelical truth. Be this as it may, Justice Story early renounced the opinions of his Puritan ancestry, and, after passing through a transition state of dark scepticism, settled down at last into a respect-

able Unitarian. This change of religious views took place while he was at Harvard University, and the explanation of it is so remarkable, that we cannot forbear alluding to it.

'Change of place and companions wrought a complete change of religious views. The sterile rocks and moaning sea of Marblehead had overawed his imagination. The rocks seemed like Fate, baffling the blind longings of the sea. But in the teeming luxuriant country, with its flower-strewn fields, his heart assumed its natural hue of cheerfulness, and he no longer believed in the total depravity of man. As he wandered under the sweeping elms, and saw the sinuous Charles lapsing quietly to the sea through its level basin, or listened to the 'wandering voice' of birds while he trod the piny carpet of 'sweet Auburn,' he could not but feel that God's blessing was on the world and his creatures. The beauty of Nature proved the beneficence of the Creator. A weight was now lifted from his heart. He saw the shining thread of love lead through all the dark labyrinths of life. And from being a Calvinist he became a Unitarian.'

This is certainly a very beautiful theory as to the causes of Mr. Story's change, but if it be a true one, we can only say that he decides on the case of 'Calvinism (or rather Trinitarianism) *v.* Unitarianism,' on principles, and in a mode, which he certainly would never have applied to any question that came under his judicial cognizance. Imagine him sitting as a judge to adjudicate on the guilt or innocence of a prisoner, and refusing to hear evidence or examine the law, and deciding solely according to the favourable or unfavourable impression made on his mind by the individual at the bar. Yet this is the very thing which his son represents him as doing in reference to the most important subject that can engage the attention of the intellect. There is a book of God that gives a decision on this point that must be received by all who admit its Divine origin. We do not find that Judge Story, however troubled by doubts at one period, was to be classed among those who questioned its authority; yet we are given to understand, that on the most momentous question of which it treats, he came to a decision without consulting it at all, and was governed solely by the influence of surrounding scenery. Marblehead rocks made him a sour Calvinist; Cambridge verdant meadows changed him into a cheerful, happy Unitarian. On such a theory a man's creed might be expected to alter with every change of residence—the religions of mankind might be apportioned according to the different character of scenery and locality—all would be equally right, and all equally wrong, because all would be harmonious with surrounding associations, and we should speedily come to the conclusion, that man, being only a creature of circumstances, was free from all responsibility, either for belief or for conduct. Irreligion has its cant, and to us it is as offensive as the cant on the other side.

Story's life is not fruitful of incident. It was simply the career of a man who, combining great natural abilities with unwearied application, gradually worked up his way to power and distinction. His legal talents were so conspicuous, that he was called to the bench at the early age of thirty-two, and during a protracted course, discharged his duties with eminent credit to himself, and satisfaction to the country. Before his judicial elevation he was a keen politician,

but his thorough independence of character prevented him from becoming an eager and uncompromising partizan. Indeed, though he entered the legislature as a democrat, he was frequently found the strenuous advocate of measures to which his party was opposed. Jefferson, then the democratic leader, could ill brook his manly freedom, and his conduct towards Story afforded another proof that the loudest advocates of liberty are not always prepared to work out their own principles. In the latter part of his life he attached himself to the Whig party; but after his assumption of the ermine, never took a public part in political strife. It was his glory, despite all the obloquy to which it exposed him, to be a strong opponent of America's monster evil—slavery. He did not hesitate to assail it even from the bench, and though opposed to the violence of some of the abolitionists, he was desirous to employ all possible efforts of conciliation and counsel to obtain emancipation. In social life he was distinguished by the integrity of his character, the purity of his morals, the vivacity of his manners, and the warmth of his domestic affections. He was justly beloved by his own family circle, and the conduct of various public bodies on his death showed how wide-spread was the esteem for his worth.

These volumes, we should add, are enriched with many sketches of eminent American statesmen, which give them considerable interest, and from which, had our space admitted, we would gladly have made some extracts.

An Elementary Treatise on Logic, designed chiefly for the use of Schools, Colleges, and Private Gentlemen who wish to acquire a knowledge of the reasoning science. By the Author of *Antidote to Infidelity*, &c., *Short Treatise on the Sabbath*, &c. London: Chapman. 1852.

With a great parade of originality, and treatment most contemptuous of all the logicians, of whom the writer seems only to have heard of Aristotle, Watts, Whately, Leechman, *Mills*, (Mr. J. S. Mill is evidently intended), and De Morgan—with capital letters, to denote the doings of 'Our Humble Selves,' this book is essentially a borrowed book. The only original part is what the author calls argument 'from particulars to particulars,' and which he illustrates by 'This candle burnt me; therefore, That candle will burn me,' which we might replace by—This man borrowed from me; therefore, That man will borrow from me.

Accuracy even in copying does not belong to our author; thus, in his table of definitions on page 14, he has borrowed the example of the watch, as well as the table itself; but having heard of Geneva watches, has written Geneva, where the original has Germany. The examples on page 57 we have traced elsewhere in the very order in which they stand (saving the blunders in the Latin), and so of much else throughout the volume. Let the author of the *Antidote to Infidelity* remember the fable of the jackdaw.

A Visit to the Holy Land, Egypt, and Italy. By MADAME IDA PFEIFFER, Author of 'A Woman's Journey Round the World,' &c. Translated by W. W. DULCKEN. Ingram, Cooke, & Co.

This is a pleasant book; not the less so, because the writer, as she tells us in her concluding paragraph, disclaims 'the idea of thrusting herself forward into the ranks of those gifted women,' of whose travels and sentimentalizing *we* have had quite enough, for some few years at least. Now Ida Pfeiffer really seems to have set out simply from a singularly strong desire to see foreign lands; while the diary she kept was merely to retain the recollections of her tour, and to supply an account to her children of the various wonders she had seen. Thus her narrative begins merely with alluding to the wish to visit the Holy Land, which she had cherished for many years, and the arrangements she made—including making her will—ere in March, 1842, she set forth from Vienna by the steamboat, down the Danube. Like all travellers, Ida Pfeiffer expresses her admiration of Constantinople, and she naively remarks, 'I could only wish that I were a poet, that I might fitly portray the magnificent gorgeousness of the sight.' The most curious portions of a lady's travels in the East generally relate to female society, and to this our authoress, though without any previously preconceived theories, paid much attention. This is her first impression of the women of Constantinople:

'In the garden which is set apart as the place of meeting of the Turkish women, several hundred ladies reclined on the grass in various groups, surrounded by their children and nurses, the latter of whom are all negresses. Many of these Turkish women were smoking pipes of tobacco with extreme enjoyment, and drinking coffee. They seemed also partial to dainties; most of them were provided with raisins, figs, sugared nuts, and cakes, &c., and ate as much as the little ones. They seemed to treat their slaves kindly; the black servants sat among their mistresses, and munched away bravely. As no one of the male sex was present, all were unveiled; I noticed many pretty faces among them, but not a single instance of rare or striking beauty. Fancy large brilliant eyes, pale cheeks, broad faces, and an occasional tendency to corpulence, and you have the ladies' portraits. Smallpox must be rather prevalent in these parts, for I saw marks of it on many faces.'

Ida Pfeiffer saw most of the 'lions' of Constantinople during her stay, including the interior of the four principal mosques; these she only just mentions, which is as well, since, possessing no knowledge of architecture, her descriptions—as is the case with those of many other more ostentatious travellers—would be more likely to mislead than to inform.

Our traveller was much struck with the beauty of the country surrounding Smyrna; the cypresses, olives, oleanders in full blossom, and the pomegranate trees with their deep crimson flowers, forming a rich foreground, while 'the wild and rugged rocks on the one side of the valley,' had a singularly picturesque effect. In Smyrna, too, she found the most beautiful women she had yet seen. They were Greeks, and we believe the superiority of the Greek women over the Turkish in this point is generally admitted. From Smyrna she sailed to Rhodes, where she puzzled some of the inhabitants by inquiring after 'the site of

the celebrated Colossus.' The account of this wonder Ida had doubtless read in her school books, but she is evidently wholly ignorant of the history of this island, which seems to have in turn been the vantage-point of each successive dynasty that lorded it over the East. She was, however, much gratified with the remains of the buildings that belonged to the Knights of St. John; remarking, like a pious Catholic, that they have departed to a better home. From hence she sailed to Beyrout, and from thence to Joppa.

As might be expected, Ida Pfeiffer's account of Jerusalem, and all its holy places, is given with full assurance of faith; and she visits the Via Dolorosa, and Pilate's house, and that of St. Veronica, and the grave of St. Nicodemus, with as complete a freedom from every heterodox misgiving, as the all-believing pilgrim of the ninth or tenth centuries. She, however, is compelled to bear witness to the scandalous riots which distinguish Easter, on which occasion, the old strife of the Eastern and Western Churches seems annually resumed, and the spiritual weapons of anathema and excommunication are supplied by the more tangible ones of cudgels, and broken heads, and combats, from whence some are often carried away dead. 'What opinion can these nations, whom 'we call infidel, have of us Christians, when they see with what hatred 'and virulence each sect pursues the other?' is her very proper remark. The sterility of the neighbourhood of Jerusalem struck her, and the utter absence of both birds and insects; the latter deficiency, however, rather belongs to the advanced season of the year when she visited Syria. She visited the Dead Sea, with 'a feeling of painful emotion 'mingled with awe, at the wreck of the works of proud and mighty 'nations;' a little scriptural knowledge would have told her that, 'the cities of the plain' had little splendour to boast of. A pleasant scriptural incident occurred in her homeward journey, when, arriving at a Bedouin encampment, they asked for a draught of water, but, as in the days of Sisera, some dishes of excellent butter-milk were brought out to them instead. 'Never,' says she, 'did I partake anything with so keen a relish.' The extreme cold of the nights in Palestine surprised our traveller. Even on the 12th of June, she tells us, that although she slept in a tent, their thick clothes were scarcely sufficient to shield them from the night air. Towards eight o'clock, this severe cold was succeeded by intense heat, and during the day it was necessary to keep the head thickly covered, for fear of a *coup de soleil*. The extreme ugliness of the Syrian women, their dull brown complexions, matted hair, and flat figures, astonished our traveller. Even in the harem of the Pacha, not a single beautiful woman was to be seen, but there *embonpoint* prevailed. According to her views, these caged women seemed like great children;—only with a degree of indolence which children certainly do not exhibit. They were very inquisitive about her dress, and offered her a portion of all their eatables; 'their features are so entirely without any fixed character or 'expression,' she says, 'that I do not think these women capable of

‘deep passions or feelings, either good or bad.’ In this, Ida Pfeiffer is most probably mistaken, and the sterner judgment pronounced by Harriet Martineau we should accept as much nearer the truth.

From Beyrout our traveller proceeded in a Greek vessel, amidst all manner of discomforts, to Alexandria, where she endured nine days’ quarantine. She was struck with the European appearance of the city, and the motley character of the inhabitants,—

‘Franks in the costume of their country, among the turbans and fez caps of the orientals; and tall women in their blue gowns wandering amid the half-naked forms of the Arabs and Bedonins. Here, a negro running with agility behind his master, who trotted along on a noble horse: there, Frankish ladies mounted on asses, and coming from the dreary monotony of the quarantine house: this sight made a peculiar impression on me. . . . There was a great deal to see round the canal: barques came and departed; long processions of camels moved to and fro; the soldiers passed by, to the sound of military music, to exercise in the neighbouring square; there was continually something new to see.’

She took her voyage to Cairo, in an Arabian barque, and was much struck with the kindness of the Arab women on board.

‘They wished me to accept a share of everything they possessed, and gave me a portion of each of their dishes. When we landed at a village, the inhabitants would inquire, by signs, if I wished for anything. I wanted milk, eggs, and bread, but did not know how to ask for them in Arabic, so I had recourse to drawing: for instance, I made a portrait of a cow, gave an Arab woman a bottle and some money, and made signs to her to milk her cow and fill my bottle. In the same way I drew a hen and some eggs beside her, pointed to the hen with a shake of my head, and then to the eggs with a nod, counting on the woman’s fingers how many she was to bring me. In this way I always managed to get on.’

Two days she floated pleasantly on the Nile, the villages increasing in size, and the mosques and country houses becoming more frequent as they approached Cairo. On the third day they entered the Delta, and disembarked at Bulak. Here is a pleasant picture of the crowded streets of Cairo.

‘Many of the streets are so narrow, that when loaded camels meet, one must always be led into a by-street until the other has passed. Here are people mounted on donkeys, and horses towering above the moving mass; but the asses appear like pigmies beside the high, lofty-looking camels, which do not lose their proud demeanour even under their heavy burthens. Men often slip by under the heads of the camels; the riders keep as close as possible to the houses, and the mass of pedestrians winds dexterously between. Here are water-carriers, vendors of goods, numerous blind men groping their way with sticks, and bearing baskets of fruit, bread, or other provisions, for sale; numerous children, some of them running about the streets, and others playing before the house-doors; and lastly, Egyptian ladies, who ride on asses to pay their visits, and come in long procession with their children and negro servants. Let the reader further imagine the cries of the vendors, the shouting of the drivers and passengers, the terrified screams of flying women and children, the quarrels which frequently arise, and the peculiar talkativeness and noisiness of these people, and he can fancy what an effect the whole must have on the nerves of a stranger.’

In the new palace of Mehemet Ali, everything is after the European model; even the dining-room has ‘a large table, handsome chairs, and two sideboards.’ Truly, the despot of Egypt must have imposed a heavy penance on himself, in thus adopting customs so opposite to those of the East. Even his religious scruples had to

yield to his zealous adoption of the forms of European civilization, for on the wall is hung an oil painting of his son Ibrahim Pasha. Our spirited traveller ascended one of the pyramids, and also made a journey to the Red Sea. On her way thither, she suddenly descried it, and calling to her servant,—

‘Pointed out the sea to him, and expressed my surprise we had sighted it so soon. He maintained, however, that what I beheld was not the sea, but a *fata morgana*. At first I refused to believe him, because the thing seemed so real. But after an hour had elapsed, we found we were as far from the sea as ever; and at length the mirage vanished. I did not behold the real sea until six on the following morning, when it appeared exactly like the phantom of the preceding evening.’

Ida Pfeiffer returned to Europe, touching at Malta and Sicily. At the latter place she visited Messina and Palermo, and expresses much admiration at the beautiful scenery, and especially the unexampled fertility of the surrounding country. Her homeward journey was continued through Italy, where her pilgrimage to Jerusalem obtained her some additional advantages, not the least being an audience with the Pope, his especial blessing, and permission to kiss his slipper. The journal of her return through Italy contains merely a few notices of the chief objects. This is as well, since a writer, unless really acquainted with the arts, could not fail to fall into numerous mistakes, and most probably would describe that which was least worth describing. At the close of the year 1842, Ida Pfeiffer reached her native town in safety, ‘and had the happiness of finding my beloved ones all well. ‘During my journey,’ she remarks, ‘I had seen much, endured many ‘hardships, and had found very few things as I imagined them to be.’ This last remark, we think, will be assented to by most travellers. We have been much pleased with this unpretending little volume, and recommend it to our readers.

The United States' Exploring Expedition.

Narrative of the United States' Exploring Expedition during the years 1838, 1839, 1840, 1841, 1842. By CHARLES WILKES, U.S.N., Commander of the Expedition. In two volumes, with numerous engravings. London: Ingram, Cooke, & Co. 1852.

The squadron whose voyagings over the globe are presented in this English republication of the American original, and which quitted the shores of the United States on the 18th of August, 1838, consisted of the following vessels: the Vincennes, a sloop of war, of 780 tons; the Peacock, a sloop of war, of 650 tons; the Porpoise, a gun brig, of 32 tons; the tender Sea-Gull, of 110 tons; the tender Flying-Fish, of 96 tons; and the Relief, a new vessel, originally intended as a store-ship for the navy. Standing right across the Atlantic, the squadron touched at Madeira; thence by the Cape de Verd Islands, it struck over to Rio Janeiro. Running south, it rounded Cape Horn; and after a considerable delay at Terra Del Fuego, made for Valparaiso. Chili and Peru being surveyed, as Brazils had been before, Commander Wilkes set out to explore Polynesia. He begun

with the little-known western group of islands, called by him the Paumotu Group, or, as it is denominated in the Society's Atlas, 'the Low Archipelago.' Proceeding easterly he visited the Samoan Islands, and then sailed to New South Wales, preparatory to a cruise in the Antarctic regions. His object being accomplished, Commander Wilkes put his ship's prows towards the north, called at New Zealand, surveyed the Feejee Islands and the Sandwich Islands, and then running to the north-east, came upon America on the side opposite to that on which he had left it. Then he surveyed Oregon and California. The Columbia River was his extreme point on the Western Coast of America. He then prepared for his return voyage. He again visited Polynesia, and proceeded to the Phillippine Islands. He circumnavigated Africa, and so entering the Atlantic, made his way to New York; which he reached in June, 1842, after an absence of five years.

This great achievement, in the performance of which Commander Wilkes visited and surveyed all the least known parts of the globe, is set forth in these volumes, we presume, by the navigator himself, in a simple, unpretending, earnest, and, for the most part, correctly written narrative, which befits both the subject and the sailor-character. We commend the writer for saying so little of himself, but we feel the want of information respecting some of his associates. Placed as he was, at the head of a scientific expedition, he might well have informed the reader what scientific men he carried with him, rather than have left us, as he has done, to discover the presence of such persons in the course of the narrative. Equally appropriate would have been a distinct statement of the objects contemplated by the undertaking. These deficiencies, however, if they are not to be set down to modesty, certainly contrast favourably with that proneness to display and boasting which has been imputed to the American character; and while we excuse them on the ground of their amiable moral aspect, we readily acknowledge that, in its general qualities, the execution of this narrative comes near to perfection. We might, indeed, have here and there desired a greater amount of information respecting religious opinions and usages; and we quite think that our young friends would have been thankful for more anecdote and detail; but considering the immense space of land and water traversed, and the very numerous tribes and nations visited, the narrator has not been unsuccessful in giving to his story the interest which can arise only from minute particulars regarding human life and human destiny. It was an exploring expedition which Captain Wilkes commanded. This character seems never to have been forgotten. In the equipment, every preparation was made which was likely to promote the advance of general and scientific knowledge. An interesting sight it is to see a number of the best instructed and most cultivated men of the civilized parts of the earth, combining and going forth with all the array of material and scientific power which the nineteenth century can give, and very much of the high moral culture of the Gospel, in order to visit and survey unknown or little known countries, to form

an acquaintance with barbarous and semi-barbarous tribes, to communicate to such some notion of civilized life, to aid such in some degree to rise in the scale of human existence, and to enrich the several sciences which enlighten and refine our nature and augment man's power at once over the earth and over himself. Such is the sight which is presented in these volumes. Nor is the gratification produced by their perusal abated by the intrusion of any low, sordid, or brutal passion. Commander Wilkes, possessed of a high moral tone, and of great firmness of character, aware of the responsibility under which he lay in visiting so many foreign and heathen nations, had the skill to preserve discipline in his vessels without the employment of severity, and to make his country's flag respected without resorting to force; one or two exceptions to the last remark only serve to show the extent to which it is true, and to excite our wonder that so large a portion of the semi-barbarous climes of the earth should have been visited at so small a cost of human quiet and human life. The absence of disturbance and conflict renders the narrative less exciting than the voyages and travels of an earlier date, and may cause the lovers of adventure to feel a little want in the perusal, but cannot fail to afford a deep pleasure to the cultivated man and to the Christian, who knows how frequently, in previous expeditions, both civilization and the Gospel have been grossly misrepresented before the eyes of ignorant and brutish races, who were made more foul and more degraded by contact with Europeans. The contents of this work are very various. Almost every subject that can relate to half-civilized tribes, and excite a question in the reader's mind, is here touched on, or treated with some degree of fulness. Provided with scientific instruments, the learned men on board the ships explored the countries visited, botanically, geologically, meteorologically, and astronomically; and if the results of their investigation are mainly reserved, as we suppose, to fill the pages of expressly scientific works, much valuable information is presented in several parts of this general account, which will instruct the well-informed as well as interest the ordinary reader. In everything that relates to the general aspect and productions of the numerous countries visited, and in regard to the origin, language, condition, character, and usages of the inhabitants, full and minute particulars are supplied; so that the work forms a sort of miniature cyclopedia of the less cultivated portions of the globe.

There are several great social questions towards the solution of which the attentive reader will find help in these volumes. One impression at least lies too much on the surface to escape any thoughtful mind. All these nations and all these tribes are men; they are each and all members of the one great human family. Wherever their dwelling-place, whatever their condition, whatever their hue,—from New York to the extreme regions of the south, and from Manilla to Madeira, and from New Zealand to California—they are all men, they have all heads to think, and hearts to feel, and souls to save. This fact can no longer be denied. Such a narrative as that of Commander Wilkes

will hereafter prevent the fact from being any more blinked. Slavery has for ever lost one of its excuses. No, they are not—those coloured people are not necessarily doomed races. Lower in condition than some Europeans they are; but equally are they now and then found possessed of virtues of which other Europeans are destitute, while as soon as the excitement from without comes—that excitement which seems a necessary first impulse in the path of civilization—they begin to make progress, and give promise in time of acquiring and displaying the higher qualities of Christian civilization. This pleasing prospect is offered in this work specially in connexion with the labour of the Missionary, and most satisfactory must it be to the lover of the Gospel to find here repeated proofs of the very various and very ample good, even of a material kind, conferred on the world by the spontaneous exertions of Christian benevolence.

The reports bearing on this point made by Commander Wilkes are the more valuable, because they are the words of a sailor, and not of a professed teacher of religion, and because they come up naturally, in the course of his narrative, as a simple record of facts. And such is the degree and extent of this benign operation on the general culture of the globe, that great as in these civilized parts is the progress made and the prospect given, especially of late years, scarcely less remarkable is the improvement that has been begun or completed in the darker parts of the earth. Certainly the friends of humanity and religion, when grieved by the vices and oppressions of our old civilization, may find some relief by sailing with this circumnavigator into remote regions, which have, somewhat too hastily, perhaps, been designated barbarous; he may behold points of light with which to cheer his mind. Nor have we found it possible, in the survey which this book has led us to make, wholly to shut out the feeling that the wide earth is preparing for a great ordinal change, if not for the second advent of its Redeemer.

Among the instances of the improvement effected by the introduction of Christianity, our age has fallen on one which deserves remark, not so much for any rich fruits, as for the barrenness of the soil. The eastern islands of the Low Archipelago in Polynesia are rarely visited by Europeans, except to procure pearls; and then, the visitors are very unfitted to leave a salutary influence behind. The natives, in consequence, are in a very low condition. Yet has the gospel proved of essential service even in their secular relations. Thus does Captain Wilkes show the favourable effect of Christianity in the island called Raraka, one of the Paumotu group:

‘Nothing could be more striking than the difference that prevailed between these natives and those of the Disappointment Islands, which we had just left. The half-civilization of the natives of Raraka was very marked, and it appeared as though we had issued out of darkness into light. They showed a modest disposition, and gave us a hearty welcome. We were not long at a loss as to what to ascribe it; the missionary had been at work here, and his exertions had been based upon a firm foundation; the savage had been changed to a reasonable creature. Among the inhabitants was a native missionary who had been instrumental in this

work. If the missionaries had effected nothing else, they would deserve the thanks of all those who roam over this wide expanse of ocean, and incur its many unknown and hidden dangers. Here all shipwrecked mariners would be sure of kind treatment, and a share of the few comforts these people possess. No savage mistrust and fear were seen here. The women and children came about us, receiving our trifles; they showed much joy and curiosity at the sight of us, and were eager to supply our wants. I was particularly struck with the modest and quiet behaviour of the native missionary, who was a Tahitian; he kept himself aloof, whilst all the others were crowding round to partake in the presents we were distributing, and seemed much gratified and astonished when I selected him out as the recipient of a present similar to the one I had given to the chief. This was the first island on which we observed the dawning of Christianity and civilization. The native missionaries, although they are still ignorant of most of the duties enjoined upon a Christian, still do much good in preparing the way. Many learn to read, and some even to write, under their tuition; yet they have many impediments thrown in the way of their efforts by the introduction of spirits by the whites. The old chief and others are much addicted to the use of it; and the vessels resorting here for the pearl-fishery generally employ native divers, and pay them for the most part in rum or whisky.—vol. i. pp. 121, 122.

Lest the reports we have made of the tokens of improvement visible in the world should produce an undue impression, we advert, in conclusion, to a dark, a very black feature, which still fixes its blot on humanity. This work puts it beyond a doubt, that human sacrifices and cannibalism still survive. In the Feejee Islands, where religious opinions are found which in form resemble some that prevail around us, both human sacrifices and cannibalism are practised on a large scale, and in very revolting forms.

“Formal human sacrifices among the Feejees are frequent. The victims are usually taken from a distant tribe; and when not supplied by war or violence they are at times obtained by negotiation. After being selected for this purpose, they are kept for a time to be fattened. When about to be sacrificed, they are compelled to sit upon the ground with their feet drawn under their thighs, and their arms placed closed before them. In this position they are bound so tightly that they cannot stir or move a joint. They are then placed in the usual oven, upon hot stones, and covered with leaves and earth, when they are roasted alive. When the body is cooked, it is taken from the oven and carried to the *enbure* (‘spirit-house’), when it is offered to the gods, and is afterwards removed to be cut up and distributed to be eaten by the people. Human sacrifices are a preliminary to almost all their undertakings. When a new *enbure* is built, a party goes out and seizes the first person they meet, whom they sacrifice to the gods; when a large canoe is launched, the first person—man or woman—whom they encounter is laid hold of and carried home for a feast. Human sacrifices are also among the rites performed at the funerals of chiefs, when slaves are in some instances put to death. The eating of human flesh is not confined to cases of sacrifice for religious purposes, but is practised from habit and taste. The existence of cannibalism, independent of superstitious actions, has been doubted by many. There can be no question that although it may have originated as a sacred rite, it is continued in the Feejee group for the mere pleasure of eating human flesh as food. Their fondness for it will be understood from the custom they have of sending portions of it to their friends at a distance, as an acceptable present; and the gift is eaten even if decomposition has begun before it is received. So highly do they esteem this food, that the greatest praise they can bestow on a delicacy is to say that it is as tender as a dead man. Even their sacrifices are made more frequent, not merely to gratify feelings of revenge, but to indulge their taste for this horrid food. In respect to this propensity they affect no disguise; I have myself frequently spoken with them concerning it, and received but one answer, both from chiefs and common people, that it was ‘*vinaka*’—good. The bodies of enemies slain in battle are always

eaten. The flesh of women is preferred to that of men, and stratagem and violence are resorted to for obtaining it. When they set little value on the lives of their own countrymen, it is not to be expected that they should regard those of foreigners. It is necessary, therefore, while holding intercourse with them, to be continually guarded against their murderous designs, which they are always meditating for the sake of the property about the person, or to obtain the body for food. Several recent instances are related where crews of vessels visiting these islands have been put to death.'—vol. ii. pp. 62—67, abridged.

The Religious Condition of Christendom, exhibited in a series of Papers prepared at the instance of the British Organization of the Evangelical Alliance. Edited by the Rev. EDWARD STEANE, D.D., one of the Honorary Secretaries. 8vo. Nisbet. 1852.

This portly volume, of more than six hundred pages, treats of the state of the Christian religion, and of the influences favourable or unfavourable to its advancement in Great Britain, Ireland, France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Switzerland, Piedmont, Algeria, and the United States. The 'contents' of the volume, giving the various topics, and the names of the writers, will suffice to assure the reader that a series of papers from such men, on such subjects, must, taken together, be of great value.

An Inquiry into Human Nature. By JOHN G. MACVICAR, D.D. 8vo. Sutherland. 1853.

By human nature, in this treatise, Dr. Macvicar means human nature in the sense of Bishop Butler—that is, human nature in the condition proper to it, according to the primary laws of the human constitution. The chapters of which the treatise consists bear the following titles:— 'Introduction — The Characteristics of Human Nature—The Unity and Immortality of the Soul—The Activity and Liberty of Man—On Belief, and the Limits of Intellect in Man—The First Principle of Morals—Of Man as a Member in this World—Of Instincts, Appetites, Habit, Custom—The Emotive System in Human Nature—Of Volition and Perception—Of Personality and Reason—Of the Memory and Suggestion—Of Taste and Conscience.' We scarcely need say that this is a very respectable bill of fare, and we can honestly say that in a volume extending over little more than two hundred pages, this variety of material is presented in very respectable fashion. Dr. Macvicar, it appears, has been for some years in India, and the greater part of the volume has been written under an Indian climate, but there is no slumber of the mental powers in the author that would indicate that fact, and his acquaintance with the best and the most recent works on mental science in Europe show that while resident in the other hemisphere he has been fully alive to everything interesting in the progress of speculation in our own. The book abounds with proofs of learning and acuteness, and its general tendencies are eminently good—good, as tending to check that 'moral and political recklessness,' and that 'renunciation of religion' into which so many are now driven by the shallow philosophy prevalent among us.

The Isthmus of Darien in 1852. Journal of the Expedition of Inquiry for the Junction of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans.
By LIONEL GISBORNE. With Four Maps. Saunders & Stanford. 1853. pp. 238.

In the spring of last year Messrs. Fox, Henderson, and Brassey, despatched Mr. Gisborne to examine the Isthmus of Darien, that he might ascertain with accuracy the most feasible method for effecting the projected communication between the oceans. The present work contains the engineer's report in a letter, addressed to his employers, by Mr. Gisborne, and appended to the journal of his expedition. The reader will best enjoy the journal after perusing the report and looking at the excellent maps, on the good old principle of business first and pleasure afterwards.

Mr. Gisborne, and his assistant, Mr. Forde, landed at port Escoces in June, and proceeded up the country. Their apprehensions of opposition from the Indians were realized. A canoe of armed Indians came in sight; they were compelled to follow them as their prisoners: a council was held, and our travellers, with some difficulty, obtained leave to return to their vessel, with the assurance of their captain that if they caught them again it would be the worse for them. But Mr. Gisborne had his eyes about him, and, on the route by which the Indians conducted him, made observations very important to his purpose. A great point was gained by the discovery he then made that the Cordilleras, which from the sea appear to run in an unbroken range, are divided by an intervening valley, and that the summit level between the oceans must be about the centre of the Isthmus, or nearer to the Pacific. He then sailed to Navy Bay, crossed the Isthmus to Panama, and thence, coasting in a small schooner, reached the Gulf of San Miguel. His object now was to explore the country from that side in the direction of Caledonia Bay, along the course of the Savannah river, or its tributaries. He penetrated to the territory of the Indians who had before turned him back, and then prudently returned, having carefully surveyed the nature of the country throughout the interjacent line between Caledonia Bay and Port Escoces on the one side, and the Gulf of Miguel on the other. The actual breadth of the Isthmus at this point, between the tidal effect of the two oceans, he ascertained to be thirty miles, and the summit level 150 feet; a subsequent examination may discover a level yet lower. The author has prepared two plans, the first (to which both he and his employers give decided preference) for a cut from sea to sea, without locks, sufficiently deep and broad to admit vessels of the largest class; the second, on a scale equally large, but less expensive, involving, however, the inconvenience of a series of locks of great magnitude joining two levels. The cost of the former he estimates at twelve, of the latter at between four and five millions. For the former scheme we are likely to have the assistance of the French, and the government of New Grenada has granted the requisite concessions of land and privilege. Care will be requisite in an arrangement with the natives, who have been un-

molested by the foot of the European since the days of the bucaners, and are exceedingly jealous of intrusion, though more favourably disposed towards the English than to the Spaniard. Mr. Gisborne reports more favourably concerning the climate than we could have expected; there are no swamps or river floods beyond the range of the tide, and the general character of the surrounding neighbourhood is comparatively dry. Speaking of the native inhabitants, Mr. Gisborne says,

‘I feel more satisfied than ever that it is only just that this nation (for a nation they are as much as England or New Grenada) should be treated as a free and independent state; and if any portion of their territory is necessary for the facilities of commerce, the position they now hold should be secured, and a treaty of neutrality entered into. On such terms, I have no doubt, these Indians will willingly cede a tract of land to England on reasonable terms; and having once made the agreement, I am satisfied they will hold to it. An acknowledgment of their independence by a power like Great Britain will do more to civilize them by contact, than a thousand futile claims of possession like that put forward by New Grenada can do by compulsion or oppression. . . . The Indians naturally fear that if the Yankees make a communication across the country they will not stick to the road, but when gain is to be got on each side they will strive for it, and gradually annex the whole country. England, on the contrary, has never, in this continent, at least, wrested land from the natives without some show of giving a *quid pro quo*, and her countenance and protection will not only be acceptable, but eagerly sought for, when other nations are striving for possession.’

Mr. Gisborne’s lively narrative is full of interest and information: he pictures spots, before known to most readers only as it were algebraically, by the representative dots and lines of the map. Right gladly, when we can lay hands on the account of an observant traveller, do we exchange the sign for the thing signified—the notation of the geographer for the scenery of the tourist—or, as Arnold expresses it, the grand plan for the landscape. The author describes the change which the great California pilgrimage has made in Panama, rendering the town an architectural miniature of the social fabric of Europe some three hundred years ago, when thought, diplomacy, and commercial enterprise, were displacing the rudeness of feudalism and chivalry, and the transition was taking place between mediæval and modern history.

‘To describe Panama as it was before California transformed it into a commercial city, would be a repetition of Carthagenæ or any other Spanish American fortified town; large houses, with overhanging balconies, and heavy tiled roofs, range monotonously along narrow paved streets, the whole surrounded by massive fortifications of the sixteenth century. At Carthagenæ, this antiquated architecture reminds one of past days and old age, with nothing but a gradual decay in prospect; at Panama, on the contrary, there is a quaint mixture of modernized antiquity. The moat is filled in, and the drawbridges removed; the gloomy shadow of projecting balconies is enlivened by the display of silks and cottons, hardware, and provisions; what was the hall of reception is now the store of the merchant; in every direction hang large boards, with the names of competing traders. French pastrycooks, English cutlers, German jewellers, and American stores (which comprise a *multum in parvo*), supply every article of necessity and luxury, at prices about 100 per cent. over the home cost. Apothecaries and tavern-keepers are the most numerous class; their trade is of mutual benefit, for nothing is so deleterious as the use of spirituous liquors, and yet nowhere do you hear more extensive orders for sherry-cobblers, sangaree, gin, cock-tail, &c. The heat incites thirst, and the satisfying of the latter produces fever and dysentery—the only two ailments which are fatal to whites.

'The whole coast of Panama, on both oceans, has always borne the character of being one of the most unhealthy places in the world; and yet, except in swampy situations, like Chagres and Navy Bay, I do not think such is at all the case. There is no doubt that a hot sun and heavy night-dews require to be guarded against, and it must not be expected that Europeans can pursue their avocations in exactly the same manner as they would at home. It is said of a lady whose husband was once well known in certain circles in England, that, in excusing her son's extravagance on his foreign tour, she said, 'You know when one is in Turkey, you must do as the Turks do.' To no place is the misquoted adage more applicable than to this Isthmus, and nowhere is it broken more indiscriminately by those who pass through the country.'

At some period yet far distant, after the Darien Isthmus has been severed—when, by degrees, the country has been cleared, the very climate modified, and the centre of a great and thriving commerce established there, some future Hakluyt or Harris may give to Mr. Gisborne's little book its niche among the old travellers; and posterity will read with wonder, almost with doubt, of the swamps, the matted mangrove woods, and the tangled thickets, through which he and his companion had to creep and hew their way as best they might, advancing a few hundred yards an hour, covered with slimy mud, and torn by gigantic thorns.

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